May 12, 1934

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

**George Creel Courtney Ryley Cooper Quentin Reynolds
Roland Pertwee Sax Rohmer Frederick Hazlitt Brennan**

May 12, 1934

BUILT BY Firestone

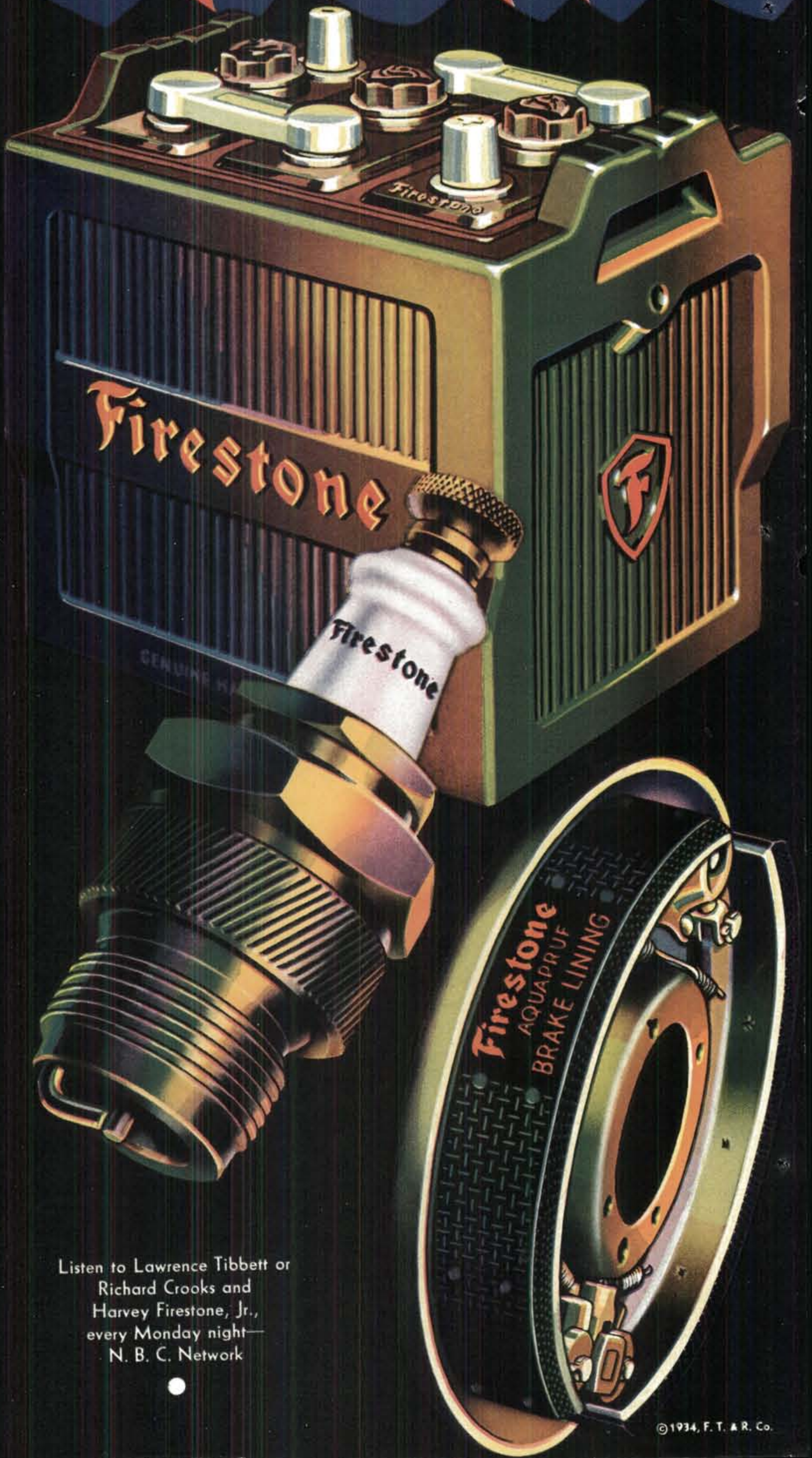
THREE years ago Firestone established its own factories for the manufacture of batteries, spark plugs and brake linings to give owners of automobiles, trucks and buses the extra quality and service in these important automotive products that Firestone builds into its tires.

Firestone engineers and chemists developed a new porous rubber separator for Firestone EXTRA POWER batteries which allows the full sized, pure antimony lead plates not only to operate more efficiently—give extra power and quicker starting, but also give longer life.

In the manufacture of spark plugs Firestone Steel Plant Metallurgists developed and perfected new center electrodes of very fine texture which provide greater resistance to disintegration. These new electrodes assure hotter spark, more power and greatly increased life.

Firestone chemists and brake engineers found the way to make brake lining waterproof. This has been accomplished by the Firestone AQUAPRUF process whereby every asbestos fiber is saturated and coated with a special compound that gives positive braking control and freedom from chatter and squeal.

The Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store in your community will inspect your tires and test your battery, spark plugs and brakes without charge. See him today and get these better services and greater values.



Listen to Lawrence Tibbett or
Richard Crooks and
Harvey Firestone, Jr.,
every Monday night—
N. B. C. Network

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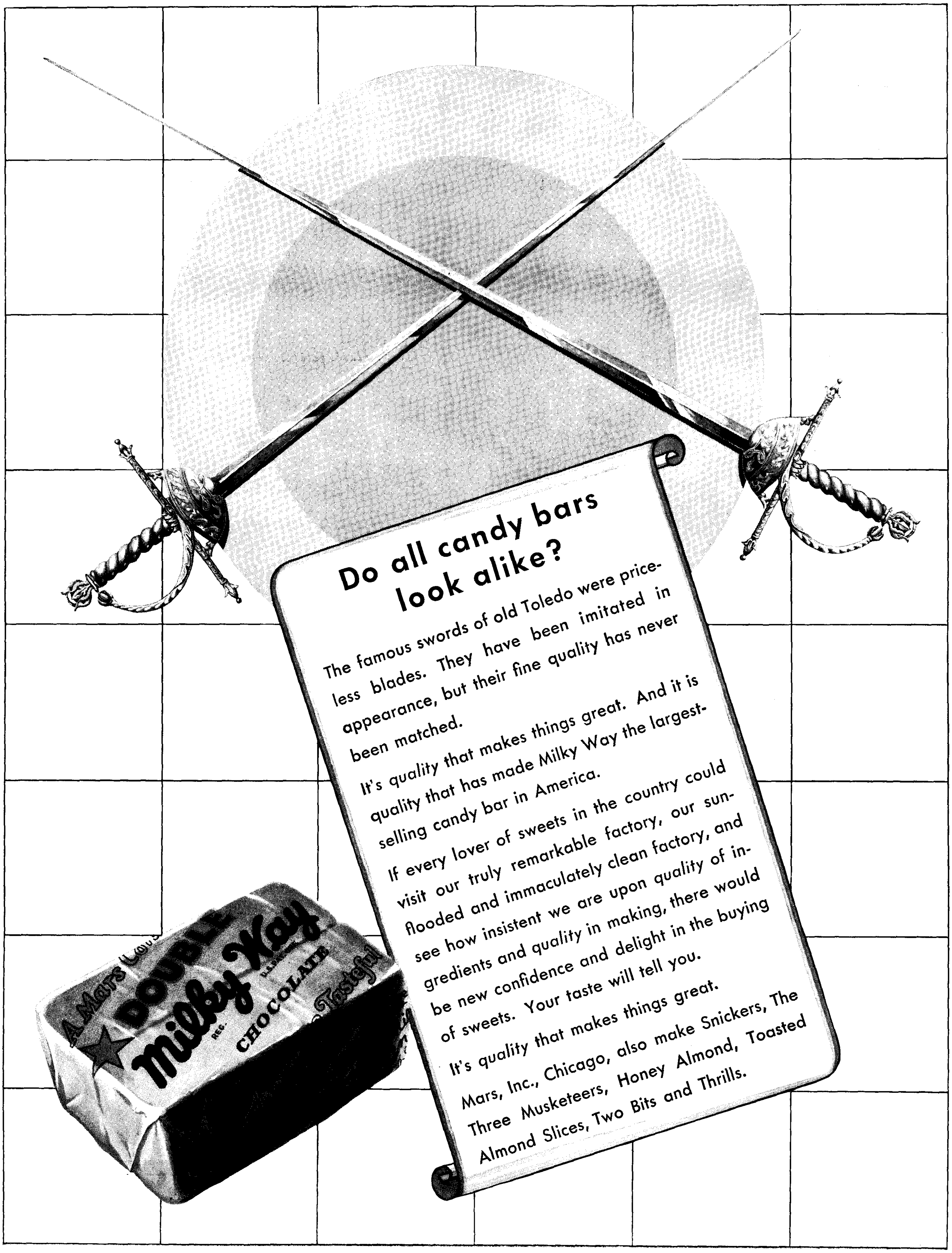

Do all candy bars look alike?

The famous swords of old Toledo were priceless blades. They have been imitated in appearance, but their fine quality has never been matched.

It's quality that makes things great. And it is quality that has made Milky Way the largest-selling candy bar in America.

If every lover of sweets in the country could visit our truly remarkable factory, our sun-flooded and immaculately clean factory, and see how insistent we are upon quality of ingredients and quality in making, there would be new confidence and delight in the buying of sweets. Your taste will tell you.

It's quality that makes things great.

Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slices, Two Bits and Thrills.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

CAROLINE MAYES was a trained nurse. She had a trained nurse's jaunty, professional assurance. She was adaptable, efficient, ready for anything—almost. But what does an efficient trained nurse do when stranded in inner Manchuria, penniless, without friends, in the midst of a disorganized native army? Caroline didn't know the answer to that one.

When Wally Scoville fished her out of the river he made a pardonable mistake. He took her for an *aruku-san*, a "Walking Lady." That was something less than a compliment and Caroline made him pay for it. Sidney Herschel Small tells the colorful and romantic story of her unconventional revenge.

WHEN a startled delegate to the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo was interrupted in the process of taking a bath by the announcement that Secretary of State Cordell Hull was calling on him, something more than the old rules of diplomatic procedure went onto the scrap heap. The whole attitude of stiff formality between the two Americas silently collapsed.

As a result of this achievement, the trade barriers between North and South America are falling, and our greatest market is again accessible. Mr. Ybarra, who has just returned from an extensive tour of the southern continent, tells you about it in "The New Deal Faces South."

SOME girls might have thought Mr. Oscar Noelson lacking in imagination. But Connie Schmook understood all about that. Oscar had told her—imagination is bad stuff for a golf pro. He had had a terrible time with his imagination, but he conquered it. That will show you that Oscar wasn't any ordinary professional man like a chiropractor or a lawyer. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells you about his bid for the championship in "Pro and Connie."

RYAN was in a Russian prison. The walls were ten feet thick. And he was sentenced to death. But there was an alternative to the firing squad—a trip to the moon. In a brilliant and amazing short story Lord Dunsany tells you "How Ryan Got Out of Russia."

BILL CUNNINGHAM writes about sparring partners, the "Hidden Lights" of boxing. Roark Bradford contributes the story of "The Lotman's True Love," none other than the Widow Duck. Frank Buck, Sax Rohmer, Arthur Somers Roche, Mary C. McCall, Jr., Ray Tucker and others bring you the best to be had in fact and fiction. And you don't have to take our word for it.

This Week

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May 12, 1934

Cover by Howard Butler

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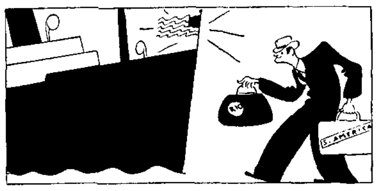
Any Week

QUITE a large section of the populace squares off this morning intent upon socking us on the chin for a variety of reasons. Mr. Lincoln Darrow of Los Angeles leads first. He's not exactly mad; he merely raises an eyebrow. "Wouldn't it have been more consistent," demands he, "for Collier's, the National Weekly, to have sent the author of 'Me for Rio,' T. R. Ybarra, to South America on an American ship? Little Mary Pickford, planning to come home from Europe last year, refused free transportation on a French liner, saying she would never travel in a French vessel until France paid her debt to America. Real Americans notice and remember such things."



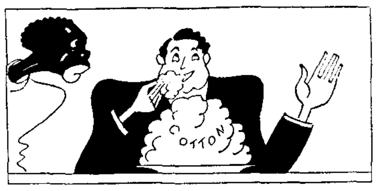
DR. GEORGE MURRAY WATERS of Columbus, Ohio, likes this column. He says Next Week just makes it all the harder for him to await the forthcoming issue. As for our table of contents, it's "superfluous because we read from cover to cover anyway—good or bad."

WE CAN'T of course go on like that lest we lack room to tell you what happened in Somerset, Vermont, at the latest election. Miss Maude E. Wolfe of Brattleboro releases the glad tidings. The election resulted as follows: "Moderator, Katie E. Taylor. Clerk, Katie E. Taylor. Treasurer, Katie E. Taylor. Selectman, John H. Taylor. Selectman holding over, Katie E. Taylor. Lister, John H. Taylor. Road Commissioner, John H. Taylor. Town Agent, John H. Taylor. Total tax voted, One Dollar. Other Business, Voted to keep town dry." And Miss Wolfe adds: "Katie, according to report, runs and teaches the school, adopts orphans, has a large maple sugar business and runs a farm in her spare time. John is merely Katie's husband."

WHILE standing at attention, hat in hand, for Mrs. Katie E. Taylor, we discover reasons why Mr. Frederick Gruenberger, a friend in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is inevitably headed for success. He writes that once he tried writing as a livelihood. But he received so many rejection slips that he turned printer on the theory that a fortune is to be made manufacturing them. He solicits our business. Moreover, he thanks us and adds: "More power to you."

"THOUGHT I might as well let you know it's all right to go ahead with any new ventures you may have in mind," says Mrs. Lou B. Manders of Dayton, Ohio. "The depression is definitely over; Hen Bolger's quit work. It's a sure sign. For twenty prosperous years Hen sat in a chair in front of the neighborhood fire house. He worked as general handy-man all during 1930, 1931 and 1932 and most of 1933. Never went near the fire house. Didn't have time. But he's back. Full steam ahead, boys."

BOTH Mr. J. F. Reed of Gary, South Dakota, and Mr. William W. Belew of Johnson City, Tennessee, read our recent editorial, "Horse-Trading Revolution," without a shudder until they came to the sentence: "We still have foreign trade in cotton, tobacco and other foodstuffs." Whereat both dashed to their desks. "It must be admitted," writes Mr. Belew, "that down in these mountains a plug is called eating tobacco, but cotton has not acquired any standing as an article of diet yet, although we do, of course, chew the rag." Mr. Reed has merely this to say: "At last we know what's the matter with hog, cattle and wheat prices with you fellows eating thataway."



WE HAD no sooner picked ourselves up and dusted off than Dr. Edward F. Wehner of Clarksburg, West Virginia, swings from his heels. "You," cries the Doctor accusingly, "wouldn't try and fool a faithful subscriber, would you? Reading 'The Silver Moon' in your magazine recently I was told that 'the girl stood up, her scant swimming suit of red, etc.' And lo, I behold her picture!" Courageously we too lo and behold the illustration. It's green.

"WELL, sir," writes Mr. Harry Combes of Madison, Wisconsin, "the old ballyhoo is on and no fooling. The Democrats are congratulating us for electing them and asking us to keep up the good work. The Farmer-Labor boys are telling us that a Democrat never goes far enough. And the Republicans are pointing trembling fingers kinda vaguely toward the future and begging us to come home before it's too late. If you have any good ideas about what an honest man ought to do you might tip us off."

SURE. Read Collier's.

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5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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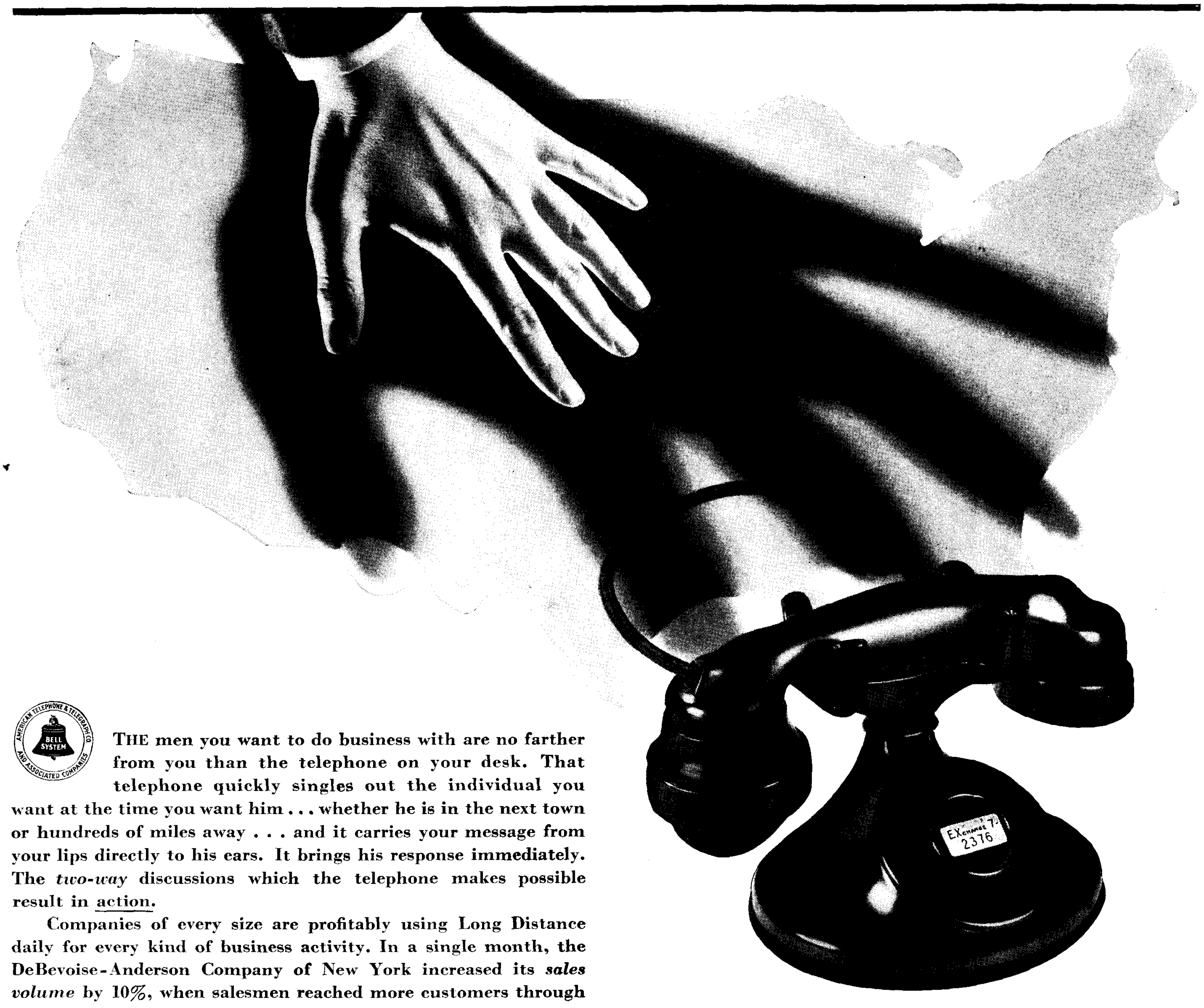
Within Reach

MILLIONS OF BUSINESS MEN ARE AS NEAR AS YOUR TELEPHONE



THE men you want to do business with are no farther from you than the telephone on your desk. That telephone quickly singles out the individual you want at the time you want him . . . whether he is in the next town or hundreds of miles away . . . and it carries your message from your lips directly to his ears. It brings his response immediately. The *two-way* discussions which the telephone makes possible result in action.

Companies of every size are profitably using Long Distance daily for every kind of business activity. In a single month, the DeBevoise-Anderson Company of New York increased its ***sales volume*** by 10%, when salesmen reached more customers through alternating their personal visits with telephone calls.

Your local Bell Company will gladly help

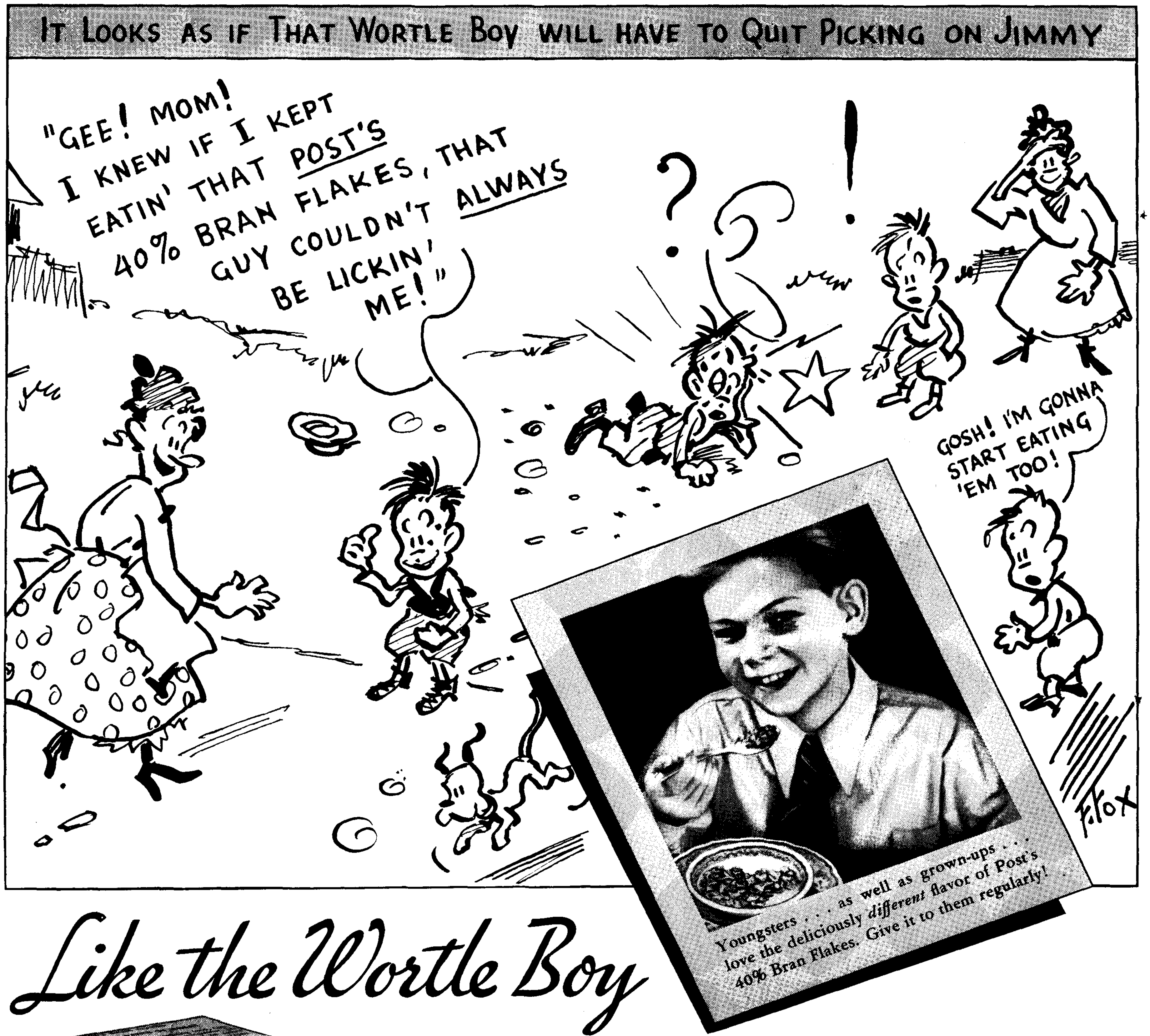
Discussing *purchases*, a vice-president of the Procter & Gamble Company says: "Long Distance enables me to consummate a trade quickly and efficiently."

Many concerns find Long Distance a tactful and effective way to get *prompt payment* on overdue accounts. The Wolverine Tube Company called 117 accounts in one week, and obtained definite dates for settlements from all.

What activities of *your* company would benefit by the organized use of Long Distance? Your local Bell Telephone Company can probably tell you . . . because it is constantly helping concerns in every line of business to increase their profits and cut costs through planned telephoning. It will gladly place its experience at your disposal, with no obligation whatever on your part. Just call the local telephone office.

TYPICAL STATION-TO-STATION RATES

From	*To*	*Daytime*	*7 P.M.*	*8:30 P.M.*
Atlanta	Asheville	$ .85	$ .75	$ .50
Detroit	Pittsburgh	1.05	.90	.60
New York	Chicago	3.00	2.45	1.65
Denver	Philadelphia	5.75	4.50	3.25
San Francisco	St. Louis	6.50	5.25	3.75


IT LOOKS AS IF THAT WORTLE BOY WILL HAVE TO QUIT PICKING ON JIMMY
"GEE! MOM! I KNEW IF I KEPT EATIN' THAT POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES, THAT GUY COULDN'T ALWAYS BE LICKIN' ME!"
GOSH! I'M GONNA START EATING 'EM TOO!
F. FOX
Youngsters . . . as well as grown-ups . . . love the deliciously *different* flavor of Post's 40% Bran Flakes. Give it to them regularly!

Like the Wortle Boy

A Delicious Cereal
Post's 40% BRAN FLAKES WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
THE NEW CRISP PACK
A Gentle Laxative

we can't quite believe it ourselves . . . and so we hasten to explain!

WE don't want to claim *too* much for our Post's 40% Bran Flakes . . . But who, after all, can control the gusto of an artist like Mr. Fox!

For ourselves, we are content to say: Here is an unusually delicious cereal that you certainly ought to try without delay if you lack "git up and go"—if you are feeling logy, headachy and generally not quite up to par.

Such a condition is frequently due to a sluggish intestine. And lack of bulk in the diet is often the cause.

Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat contains bran to supply this bulk. To give you the bulk that is needed to keep food wastes moving naturally, easily, along the intestinal tract — to promote normal elimination.

Why not try it regularly, every morning, for awhile? It may make a big difference in the way you feel.

And you'll vote it one of the finest tasting cereals that ever brightened up your breakfast table! Just try it with fruit or berries! You can get Post's 40% Bran Flakes at all grocers. And it costs so little! A product of General Foods.

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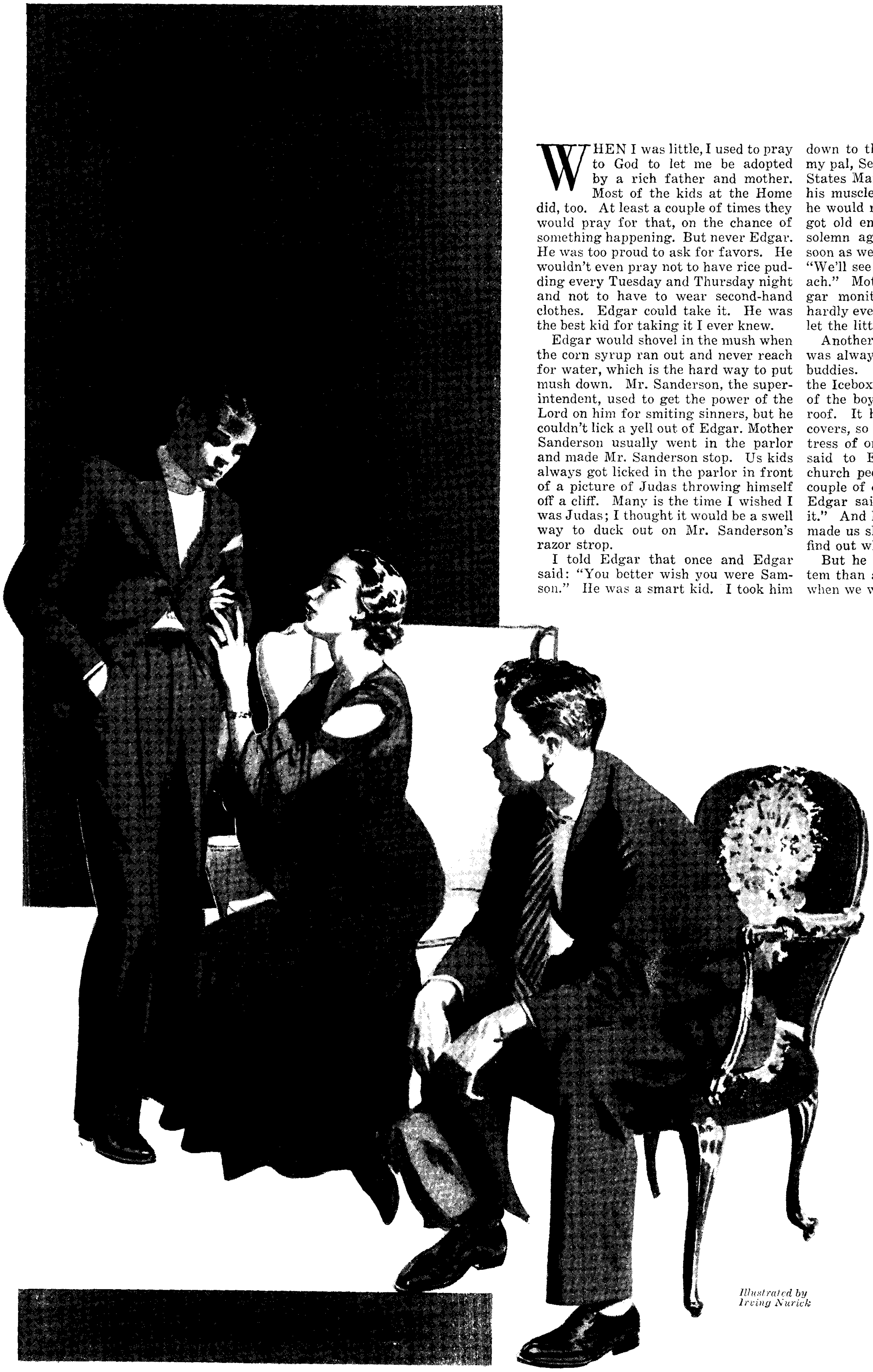
Collier's The National Weekly for May 12, 1934



Illustrated by Irving Nurick

WHEN I was little, I used to pray to God to let me be adopted by a rich father and mother. Most of the kids at the Home did, too. At least a couple of times they would pray for that, on the chance of something happening. But never Edgar. He was too proud to ask for favors. He wouldn't even pray not to have rice pudding every Tuesday and Thursday night and not to have to wear second-hand clothes. Edgar could take it. He was the best kid for taking it I ever knew.

Edgar would shovel in the mush when the corn syrup ran out and never reach for water, which is the hard way to put mush down. Mr. Sanderson, the superintendent, used to get the power of the Lord on him for smiting sinners, but he couldn't lick a yell out of Edgar. Mother Sanderson usually went in the parlor and made Mr. Sanderson stop. Us kids always got licked in the parlor in front of a picture of Judas throwing himself off a cliff. Many is the time I wished I was Judas; I thought it would be a swell way to duck out on Mr. Sanderson's razor strop.

I told Edgar that once and Edgar said: "You better wish you were Samson." He was a smart kid. I took him down to the old customs house to meet my pal, Sergeant Spoodey of the United States Marines. Sergeant Spoodey felt his muscle and talked to him and said he would make a good Marine when he got old enough. Edgar and I made a solemn agreement we would enlist as soon as we were seventeen. Edgar said: "We'll see the world and on a full stomach." Mother Sanderson appointed Edgar monitor of Table Three and he hardly ever got enough to eat. He would let the little kids dig in first.

Another solemn agreement we made was always to be bachelors and be best buddies. Mother Sanderson put us in the Icebox because we were the biggest of the boys. It was a room under the roof. It had two beds but not enough covers, so cold nights we piled the mattress of one bed on top of us. Once I said to Edgar: "Let's pray for the church people to loosen up and send a couple of quilts in the next junk load." Edgar said: "Nix, Joe. We can take it." And he threw the mattress off and made us sleep without it. I never could find out what Edgar prayed for.

But he must have had a better system than any of us. Because, one day when we were sixteen, all us kids in the Home choir had to go out to the Second Presbyterian Church for a big choir festival. I had to sing alto part of the time and tenor part of the time, but Edgar could sing baritone. He sang it pretty rotten on account of it hurting his throat to get so low. Still, he was the kid Mrs. Marchand picked to get interested in.

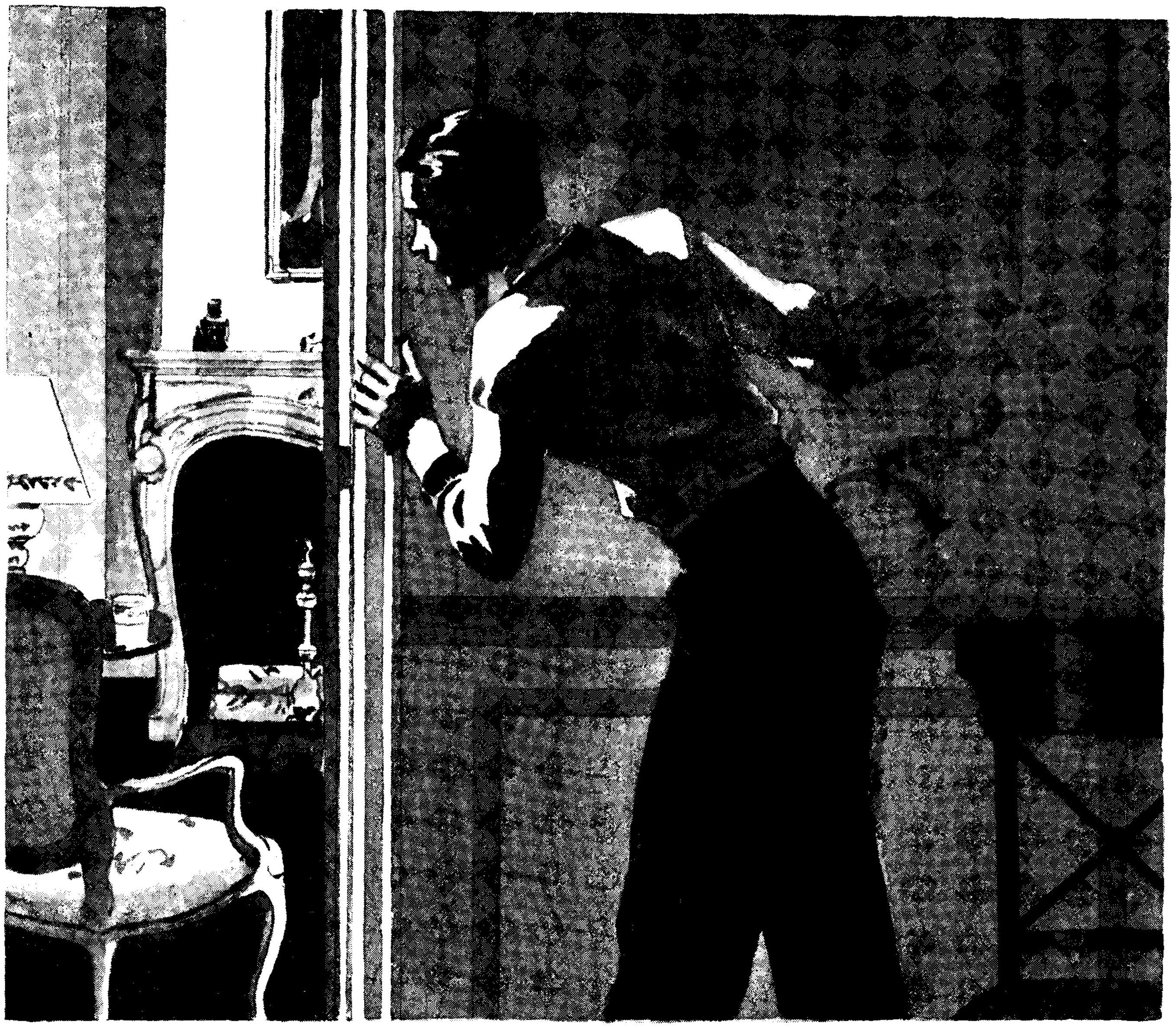
Toddy Whelan claims it was a sure enough miracle and Hep Byrnes says it was a coincidence. I claim it wasn't either; Edgar just had a smarter system.

ANYWAY, this Mrs. Marchand saw Edgar in the choir. She came up to Edgar and me when we were taking off our coats and said, "Are you one of the boys from the Home?"

"Yes'm," Edgar said, "I'm Edgar Daven. He's Joe McDonough." Meaning me.

She smiled at me but all the time she was interested in Edgar. I could tell she was rich. She had some kind of swell perfume on her fur coat and she wore a black dress and a black hat. She looked like she was in mourning. Her eyes were awful sad.

"I'm Mrs. Marchand," she said. "I saw you when you marched in. You remind me so much of Alfred." We didn't say anything and then she said: "Alfred is my only son. He went away from us last summer."



"I stole the two hundred dollars. And I'd do it again. For her I would. I'd lie and steal and beg"

"How old was he?" Edgar asked her.

"Eighteen," she said. "You remind me so much of him."

"I'm only sixteen," Edgar said.

"Have you been at the Home long, Edgar?" she said.

"Since I was eight," Edgar said. "Before that I was in a county home in the country, but they closed it."

Mother Sanderson came over. Mrs. Marchand introduced herself and took Mother Sanderson off for a private powwow.

"She's interested in you," I told Edgar.

"Don't be silly," Edgar said. "She's awful pretty, isn't she?"

"She used to be, I guess," I said.

"She still is," Edgar said. "Let's beat it."

MRS. MARCHAND was still looking at Edgar while she talked to Mother Sanderson. Edgar didn't pay any attention. He was trying to button his overcoat so the burned place wouldn't show. He had his hat stuffed in his pocket. He wouldn't wear it on the street car coming out because it was an old man's hat made out of black felt.

"Wait," I said, "maybe she'll ride us home."

"We have carfare," Edgar said.

He went outside in a big hurry. He tried to lose himself in the crowd of kids.

We were waiting for the street car, when Mother Sanderson nailed us.

"Oh, Edgar dear," she said, sweet as pie, "the most wonderful thing has happened. Mrs. Henry D. Marchand is *interested* in you! Why didn't you wait? She wanted to drive you to the Home. You wait here—I'll try to find her."

Mother Sanderson went off and a street car came and Edgar was the first to hop aboard. I went after him.

"You dumbhead," I said. "Mrs. Marchand is rich. She's probably got a swell car."

"I don't want any woman slobbering over me," Edgar said, real hard. But I could tell he didn't mean it. A while later he said: "I guess I should have been more polite. She's grieving for her kid. I bet she loved her kid. She's the kind that would really love her kid."

"Let's get off and go back," I said.

"Not me," Edgar said. And he looked out the window and wouldn't talk, all the way home.

I didn't talk either. I was thinking why it couldn't have been me. I guess I muffed it when I prayed right out in so many words. Maybe it was because Edgar was better looking, too. He had swell hair, sandy brown, and brown eyes, and about five freckles under each eye. Women like you with brown eyes. Then I said: "Edgar is my pal and I'm glad it was him and not me." But I wasn't really. Not deep down.

I WAS in the office copying the school absent list for Mr. Sanderson the afternoon Mrs. Marchand and her husband came. Mr. Sanderson brought Edgar into the office.

Mrs. Marchand said: "I want another son. I want to give Edgar the future my dear boy would have had." She said it like she meant it. Edgar was right. Mrs. Marchand was awfully pretty for a woman her age.

Mr. Sanderson said in his let-us-pray voice: "Of course, it is up to Edgar. You are offering him a wonderful home and a chance not one of our boys has ever had. I will say this for Edgar—he is truthful, industrious and above the average mentally. He needs discipline, however." He talked kind of like Edgar was a horse.

"I'm sure we'll understand each other," Mrs. Marchand said, smiling at Edgar. "We had a fine trip downtown together, yesterday."

"Thanks," Edgar said.

Mr. Marchand didn't say anything. He didn't seem to care one way or the other. He looked like he was just humoring his wife. He kept tapping the floor with a bright yellow cane and looking at the buttons on his spats. The whites of his eyeballs had red veins showing and now and then he kind of pressed down his mustache and his arm shook a little when he did it. It was a gray mustache.

The only time Mr. Marchand took any interest was when Mrs. Marchand started telling what a fine kid her Alfred had been. To hear her tell it, Alfred was a perfect kid for his age. He had got drowned last summer being a hero and trying to rescue some children from a motorboat that tipped over at a place called the Thousand Islands. Mrs. Marchand started to cry and then Mr. Marchand snapped out of it and patted her shoulder and said: "There, there, Mary."

Her crying got to Edgar. He had looked kind of red in the face and doubtful before and I got to thinking: "Maybe he will turn it down and she'll take me." But he stepped over to Mrs. Marchand and said: "I'll stay at your house, if you really want me to."

"Oh, I do, I do," Mrs. Marchand said. "You remind me so much of Alfred, so much. If I can help you to be what I know Alfred would have been I'll feel that his going wasn't such a horrible mockery."

"Very . . . ahem . . . noble sentiment, Mrs. Marchand," said Mr. Sanderson. "I hope Edgar is capable of responding to it."

Then he saw me rubbering and sent me to get Mother Sanderson, so I didn't hear any more of it.

All the younger kids at the Home were hanging out the windows to look at the Marchands' car. I'm pretty much of an expert on cars, so I went out to have a look myself. It was a beauty, and it had 31,378 miles on it. The chauffeur was a big, fat Negro. The Marchands came out before I could get to talk to him. Mr. Sanderson and Mother Sanderson were soft-soaping the Marchands something fierce.

I WENT to find Edgar. He was sitting on his bed in our room.

"Pretty soft," I said, "being adopted by folks that own a car like that."

Edgar was staring at the wall.

"They aren't going to adopt me," he said. "I'm on trial with them—and they're on trial with me, too. If we don't get along, I can come back here."

"You'd *better* get along with them," I told him. "Golly, Edgar—think of it! Living in a millionaire's house—steam heat and all the grub you can stuff in. Save me some table scraps, will you? And I'll bet they buy you a car all your own." I went on like that for maybe five minutes, I was so excited.

Edgar shook his head.

"Do you remember your mother, Joe?" he said.

"Sure," I said. "Don't you?"

"No," Edgar said. "I never even had a picture of her. She and Dad died of the flu in 1918. I had a picture of Dad in his army clothes, but Willy pasted a card on it." We hadn't ever talked about our mothers before.

"I'd like to have Mrs. Marchand for my adopted mother," I said. "She looks like a darn' sweet woman."

Edgar got red in the face.

"How do you suppose you'd get to like an adopted mother, Joe?" he said. "I never loved anybody. I would have loved my dad and my mother if they'd lived and I guess I do love them, anyway. But I never loved any living person. How would it feel, do you guess?"

I didn't know.

"I guess it would make you feel like maybe you'd want to kiss them or hug them or something," I said.

That made Edgar stare at the wall again.

"Do you suppose she'll expect me to kind of love her, Joe?" he said finally.

"Sure, she will," I said.

"But how will I know what to do? How will I act, Joe?"

"You just stay there and take it like it comes," I said. "It'll be plenty easy to take."

Edgar stood up.

"I did love somebody living, once," he said all of a sudden. "I loved Jackie Kiernan."

"You mean that cross-eyed kid that died of pneumonia?"

"Yes. I used to hug him. I bawled my eyes out the night they brought him back in the coffin. He was a cute little kid."

That was a new one on me.

"You never bawled," I said. "Don't tell me that."

I thought it was time to lay off that serious stuff.

"When you leaving?" I said.

"Tonight," Edgar said.

"Well, snap out of it," I said, "you should be laughing and turning somersaults."

Still, Edgar wouldn't cheer up. He wanted to trade me his book of Marine war pictures for my hat and he said he'd

(*Continued on page* 40)

With the Band Playing

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

SHOESTRING CHARLIE GRENOLDS walked somewhat gingerly upon the Mighty Mason show-grounds. Shoestring was a big-time showman; Shifty Bill Mason ran a gypsy camp. They had fought for years.

Trucks stood about; the Mighty Mason was a mud show—one that did not travel by rail. The tent was old and mended. Shoestring bent to the rolling of a homemade cigarette, finally to look up sharply. The big form of Shifty Bill had sidled beside him.

"Well, Big Timer," he said out of the side of his mouth.

"Oh, you still out of jail?" asked Shoestring quietly and pawed for a match.

Shifty scowled.

"What you doin' stallin' around here?"

"Who? Me? Nothin'. I just come down for a funeral."

"Yeh? Whose funeral?"

"Well, I wish it was yours. But it's a guy named Melotte."

"And I was hopin' you were goin' to commit suicide." Suddenly, with the gossip of the show business he added: "You don't mean Arthur Melotte?"

"Yeh. Maybe you remember his wife, Vera. She ain't much more than a kid, even now."

"Say, her—there never was an equestrienne like that little gal. What did she ever see in that chiseler?"

"Oh, he was good to her in his way, I guess."

"Maybe you call it good. What'd he ever do for her? He gets hurt over on the Grand Amalgamated. All his own fault. Wasn't even in performance when he done it. But when he can't stick the opery for a lot of dough, he ducks the show game and drags Vera with him!"

"Yeh," agreed Shoestring. "That's been his racket—every time he wanted to gyp somebody he'd threaten to pull the kid out of the business."

"She was sure nuts about him. I guess she's all poisoned now—listening to his lies. First-class shame, ain't it? How that baby can ride!"

"THAT'S the tough part. She loves it. But she won't come back to the show business. Got it into her head that she ought to stay away for Arthur's sake."

"That snaky guy! So he kicked off, eh? Where at?"

"Here in Middletown. Automobile hit him. I just happened to hear about it and hopped a plane and came down—on account of her. They didn't have a red dime. I thought maybe—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"But she wouldn't take no help, huh?"

"No—said it was just a bribe to get her back in the business. She's loyal. He'd fed her up to the brim. About how the circus had deserted him."

"Deserted that guy? He quit. Wouldn't give nobody his address—hid out an' sulked—"

"Nix," said Shoestring thinly. A few loungers were idling in their direction. "Suppose we duck behind the marquee a minute? I got something on my mind."

The next afternoon two automobiles headed out from Middletown toward a little cemetery on the hill. Both were old and dull of paint. The first was an elongated vehicle. In the tonneau of the second sat Vera Melotte and Shoestring Charlie.

"But that ain't no way for you to feel, Vera," Shoestring was saying as they started up the hill. "Bitter and all that—it ain't right. You used to love the show business."

"Arthur changed my mind." Suddenly she faced him. "Look at us now—I'd have been all alone if you hadn't come. Not a single telegram from anybody in the show business—not a flower—"

"But nobody knew. I just found out by accident."

"Nobody cared."

"I ain't goin' to argue with you, Vera. But I did know Arthur—and sometimes he got ideas that weren't true—and brooded over 'em. I—" He stopped suddenly. The forward vehicle had halted and the driver was opening the gate of the little cemetery. Then, with a jerk, Shoestring touched the girl's arm. "Look!" he exclaimed and pointed to the road beyond.

RISING like a gray dome over the crest of the hill was the head of a tremendous elephant. Then another showed, and a third. Behind the herd were the white and red trucks of the Mighty Mason Circus. A small car rounded the procession and came swiftly forward. Shifty Bill stepped out.

"Sorry, folks," he said. "I'll hold up this—" Then he peered. "Ain't that Shoestring Charlie?" he asked. "And ain't that Vera Melotte?"

"Yes," she spoke with surprise.

"I'm Bill Mason. Why, I never knew you lived here! How's ole Arthur anyhow?"

Her eyes stared ahead. Shifty Bill grabbed for his hat.

"Oh, now," he exclaimed. "I never would have thought of that—I— Oh, now—I sure liked Arthur—everybody thought a lot of Arthur."

"Sure they did," said Shoestring. "If folks had only realized how sensitive Arthur was—"

"Ain't it so?" asked Shifty Bill. "High strung—who wouldn't be, doin' that high trapeze act? Just like him, wasn't it, to want to retire and live quiet?" He halted, twisting his hat. "Everybody in this outfit remembers Arthur Melotte. I wonder if it'd be askin' too much—" He glanced backward.

She knew what he meant. She clenched her hands against her lips.

"You know," mused Shoestring Charlie, "I kind of think Arthur would like to be remembered that way."

"Like it?" asked Shifty. "He used to laugh and say that's what he wanted—if anything ever happened to him—the band playin', folks from his own world sayin' 'So long.' "

"Sure," agreed Shoestring. "Once a circus guy—"

Vera Melotte's hands tightened.

"Oh, he did love the circus!" came brokenly. "I know he loved it—but he had made those stubborn boasts about how he'd never come back—and he was sensitive—he thought everybody hated him—"

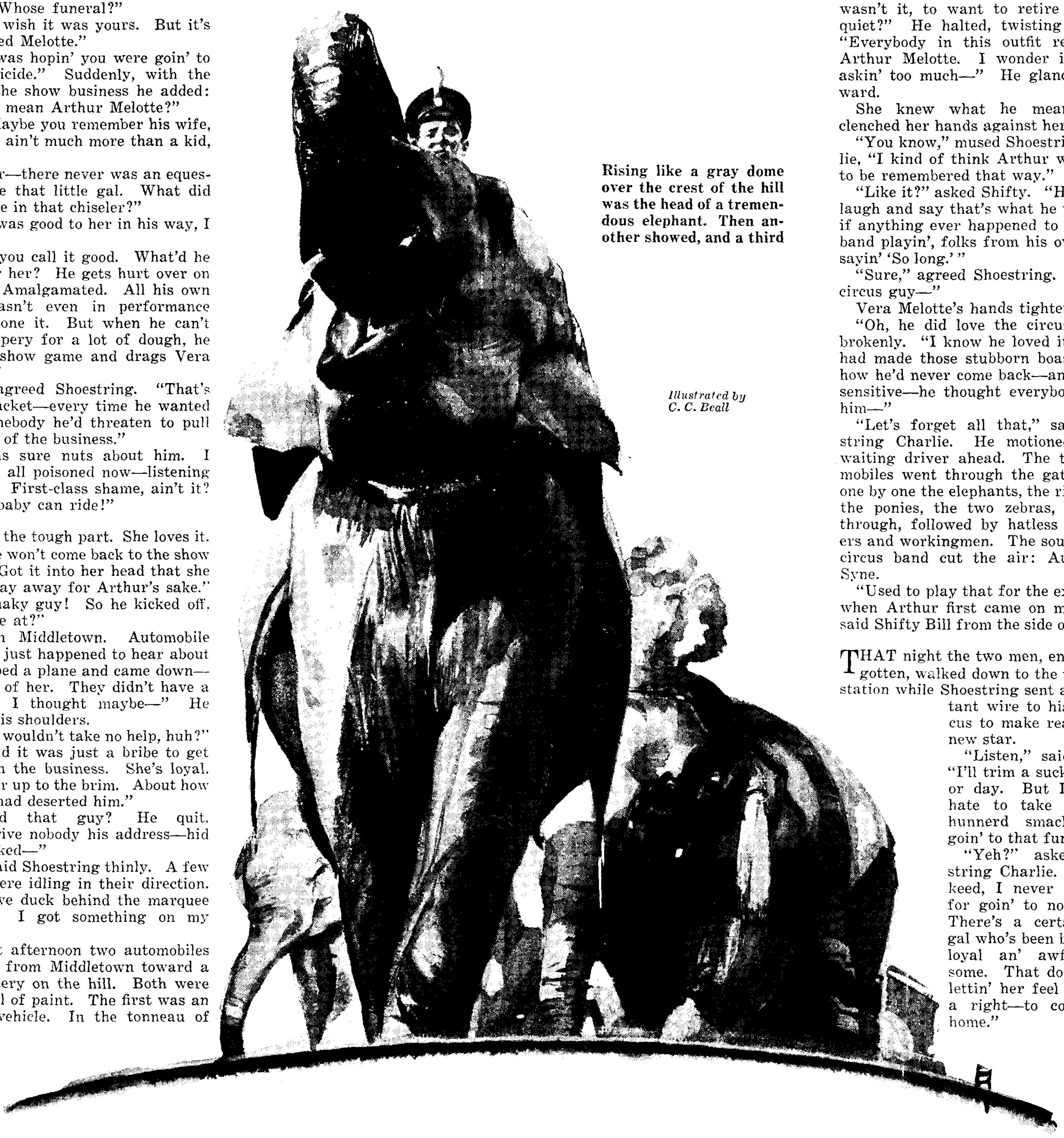
"Let's forget all that," said Shoestring Charlie. He motioned to the waiting driver ahead. The two automobiles went through the gate. Then one by one the elephants, the ring stock, the ponies, the two zebras, were led through, followed by hatless performers and workingmen. The sound of the circus band cut the air: Auld Lang Syne.

"Used to play that for the exit march when Arthur first came on my show," said Shifty Bill from the side of the car.

THAT night the two men, enmity forgotten, walked down to the telegraph station while Shoestring sent an important wire to his big circus to make ready for a new star.

"Listen," said Shifty. "I'll trim a sucker, night or day. But I kind of hate to take this five hunnerd smackers for goin' to that funeral."

"Yeh?" asked Shoestring Charlie. "Listen, keed, I never paid you for goin' to no funeral. There's a certain little gal who's been brave and loyal an' awful lonesome. That dough's for lettin' her feel she's got a right—to come back home."



Rising like a gray dome over the crest of the hill was the head of a tremendous elephant. Then another showed, and a third

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Whisky Ships

When ordinary flying gets too tame for you there aren't so many things left to do. One of them is to pilot the whisky ships from Bimini and West End. It's bootlegging, of course, and it's not very profitable; it's dangerous as sin and there's no future in it. But the lads who do it seem to like it. They risk their necks—just for the ride. Quentin Reynolds, the only writer who has ever flown with this hard-bitten crew, takes you with him on the trail of romance

By Quentin Reynolds

There is but one automobile on West End, a rheumatic little truck that carries the liquor from the warehouses to the planes

The West End youngsters are a laughing and friendly group to whom the arrival of a whisky ship is always a memorable event

SAM," the boy on the roof calls down—"Sam, these here brandy boxes is too big for shingling this roof. You go find me some Johnny Walker boxes. They make nice shingles."

A tropical sun is bathing the island of Grand Bahama with its searing rays, but Sam manfully trudges fifty yards up the beach to the warehouse that is known as Kelly's. He comes back with three empty cases on the outside of which is printed "Johnny Walker, Fine Scotch Whisky." Humming softly, he slowly parts the sides of the boxes with a rock and passes the pieces up to his pal on the roof. The sun glistens on the blackness of the boys, and their teeth are as white as the clouds which hang overhead. Now the work of repairing the roof of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church goes on.

Eight months ago a hurricane visited Grand Bahama, lifted the island up, shook it playfully and then set it down again with the loss of only a few fishermen's boats, two planes, and a dozen or so roofs. It blew the roof right off of St. Mary's Church and the Negro boys said they'd fix it. So they are fixing it with the sides of whisky cases, for this is practically the only wood on the island. The church is old, and inside the cement has worn off in places. The boys fixed that, too, and now worshipers on Sunday may look up between hymns and read such provocative labels as "Mumm's Extra Dry," "Courvoisier Cognac" or "Old Monarch Scotch Whisky" on the walls.

It's the Game—Not the Stakes

Grand Bahama is a three-mile splinter of brush-covered coral dropped into the Gulf Stream seventy miles due east of the Florida coast. At its western tip there is a small settlement which is known as West End and in fact the island is Grand Bahama only on the map, for its name by common usage has become West End.

We have come to West End to meet, associate with, and write about those laughing-eyed men who fly creaky land planes across that seventy-mile stretch of shark-infested water which separates West End from Florida. Florida is still legally dry and eighty per cent of the liquor which comes to it is brought by boat and by plane from the island of West End. Ten per cent comes from the once very active island of Bimini and the other ten comes from the north. Now there is no great profit in bringing liquor from West End to Florida any more and the men who do this job could all do better by engaging in some legitimate occupation. So we have come to see these curious men and find out why it is they prefer the risk of capture and the risk of being destroyed by the uncertain seas and winds of the Gulf Stream.

To romanticize and to glorify a bootlegger is at once a stupid and an unedifying spectacle, but these men of West End are not the gross, gold-laden bootleggers of New York or Chicago. They do not think of themselves as bootleggers and when they are reminded of the fact that they are flying contraband they dismiss the thought with a shrug of their shoulders. A false philosophy, of course, but they are not philosophers. They are men with the look of eagles in their eyes; men who enjoy living hazardously; men who find spiritual and intellectual contentment only in jousting with the gods of chance and to whom the game of cheating death is worth the playing—no matter how small the stakes.

We have come to see such men and we have found them, but also we have found two Negro boys fixing a church roof with the sides of whisky cases. And it is perhaps the only church in the world which uses whisky cases as barriers against the sun and the wind and the sudden tropical rains. We find many things on the island of West End worth the telling, but it all started with our quest for the laughing-eyed devils who fly rickety land planes across nasty, oh, very nasty, stretches of open water.

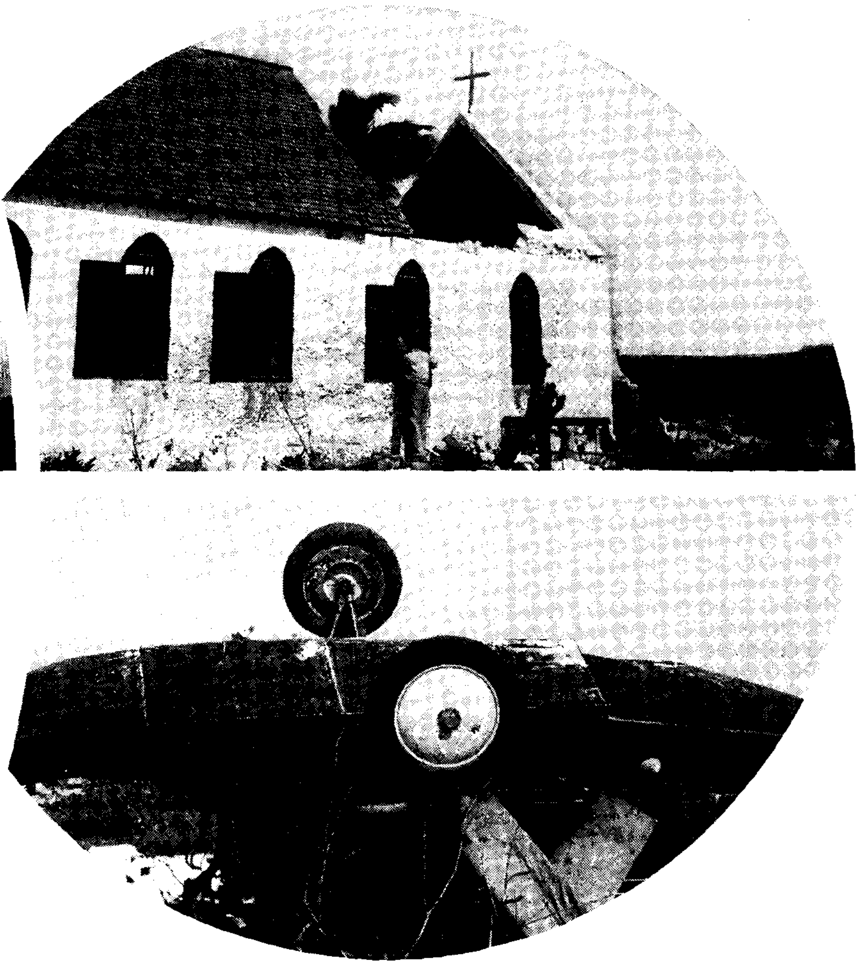
No Place for Strangers

Now a pilot flying twenty cases of liquor across those seventy miles risks almost certain death if a motor mishap plunges his plane into the often turbulent and always treacherous waters of the Gulf Stream. He risks imprisonment if he fails to outwit the small and intelligent army of customs men, federal agents, coast guard operatives and U. S. Marines. Yet his profit from those twenty cases will be but twenty dollars, for one dollar a case is the standard rate paid to a pilot. If the pilot owns his own plane he gets five dollars a case. Either way, his financial return is hardly commensurate with the investment he makes. It is something besides money which makes these men continue to fly the whisky ships. It's something that sings in their blood, and we have come to West End to discover what it is.

We have come as a helper on a whisky ship, for it is virtually impossible for a stranger to go to West End. No planes or ships make it a port of call. One could charter a special plane or boat, but he would find nothing on West End but 350 scowling, sullen Negroes; a half dozen coldly indifferent white men; the icily polite, tall, dark-skinned Commissioner Bow, who rules the island for His Majesty the King, for West End is a British possession. He would find three warehouses, but would be unable to enter them. He would find perhaps three dozen small wooden shacks, many made of the sides of whisky cases, and he would see a half

Collier's Staff Photographs

Commissioner Bow (right), the island's Number One man, poses with the author, the whisky fleet's reluctant helper


St. Mary's Church (above). The shingles are from empty liquor cases. And (below) the remains of one of the many wrecked whisky ships

dozen planes standing near the beach, with a few fishing boats anchored offshore.

That's all a stranger would find, but then strangers aren't welcome on West End and not half a dozen visitors have come here during the past two years.

But if, instead of a stranger, you are the crew of a whisky ship, then you are greeted by 350 laughing, friendly, shouting Negroes who call you "Captain" and who think of you as something just less than a god, for don't you appear suddenly from out of a cloud and then as suddenly roar into the air and disappear into the pale blue of the horizon? You find the six or seven white men friendly, fascinating with their casual tales of escape from catastrophe, impressive in their knowledge and command of the whisky ships they fly. You find Commissioner Bow affable, hospitable and interesting. You will find—but suppose we start at the beginning and recount some of the things that we do find. Our only reticence will be the omission of the last names of the pilots of the whisky ships.

Off for West End

Artie is about twenty-nine and he has blond hair and blue eyes and for ten years he was a barnstorming pilot. He has flown big passenger planes and small stunt ships and he has done parachute jumping and once he searched for gold in British Guiana. How we met him, became his friend and gained his confidence to such an extent that he invited us to be his helper on one trip to and from the island would be too long in the telling to repeat here. Artie is not the kind of bootlegger who carries a gun or who belongs to a mob or who works under the furtive covering of night. Artie and his fellow pilots fly in the dawn and perhaps it is the strange magic which lurks in the sunrise of the tropics that has touched Artie and his mates and which makes them enjoy their daily fencing with death.

We will start as Artie and I started, climbing into a two-seated Waco which is standing in a field not far from Palm Beach. The dew is heavy on the grass and we suffer a slight twinge of apprehension as we get into the plane, for the Waco looks like something that the moths have been at, and when the motor starts the wings and the struts shake like palmetto trees in a hurricane.

Then the coughing of the motor settles down into a reassuring roar and its steady and joyous throbbing tells you that it's sweet and sound and ready to go places. The motors of these whisky ships have to be good—or else. Like parachutes, they can't be "pretty good." Our motor awakens the dawn, for it is on us suddenly, ushered in by a cool breeze which brings us the scent of orange blossoms from a grove that frames our field. There is no intoxicant like the scent of orange blossoms at dawn—unless it be the scent of orange blossoms at night.

Artie grins at you, yells, "We're off," and the Waco starts to bump over the uneven surface of the field. Then suddenly it isn't bumping. No longer earthbound, it's cleaving the morning air and heading for the sun. Higher we go and now we bank sharply, and five minutes later we are over still-unawakened Palm Beach. Looking over the side, we see the white sand blending with the blue water and both, touched with the softness of this golden dawn, join in a symphony of color. Now we are over the water and ten minutes later the shore is only a thin scar on the horizon and then that too disappears. Sixty miles ahead of us is a three-mile finger of coral covered with sagebrush. If Artie's compass is true we will find it. There is no sight of land now in any direction and the Waco, realizing that it has the sky and the water all to itself, roars happily.

So we continue for forty minutes and then far ahead and to the right we sight a small island. It is the first of the Bahamas. It may be San Salvador, and we recall that on just such a morning some 440 years ago Christopher Columbus and his men stood there and offered up a Mass of thanksgiving. Or it may be one of those islands which sheltered the pirate Blackbeard and which even now hold the secret of where he buried his looted treasure. The island is swallowed up by the haze of the morning and again we are alone. The water beneath is so clear that we can see dark shapes floating beneath the surface, and although they are probably the shadows of wisps of clouds we imagine they are sharks or barracuda. Then Artie yells at us and points ahead.

Practice Makes Perfect

West End is a dot on the horizon; then it takes shape and we can see the coral reefs which guard it flecked with the white foam of breakers. Closer, we see a few tall, lonely palm trees acting as sentinels and then we are over the island—a dull-looking terrain covered with a scrubby growth. We fly the length of it and over the western tip we see a small settlement of wooden houses. We zoom over them and then Artie slackens speed and noses down. But where are we going to land? We see nothing that even remotely suggests a flying field.

There is a sand and dirt road that runs half the length of the island. It is called King's Highway. It flows onto the beach at the very western tip and its last stretch of three hundred yards, instead of being six feet wide, is perhaps eight feet. This is where we land. A pilot has to know his way around to set his wheels down on that narrow stretch. But Artie has told us that in all he has made 600 trips to and from the island. This gives us confidence. Twice we come down and twice we rise again sharply and wheel about, for Artie doesn't take chances. Then he lets it down, and the wheels land with a bump on the heavy sand. Artie slaps the brakes on, we swerve to the right and for a breath-taking moment think we're going over, but the Waco steadies itself under Artie's capable hand and comes to a stop. We haven't run more than 150 feet.

We alight, look around and see seven other planes drawn up on the beach or pulled into the sagebrush that borders the road. Two are seaplanes. Seaplanes aren't much good for use as whisky ships because they cost too much to operate, can't carry heavy loads, use too much fuel and they can only land on the coast, which is well guarded.

There's a big Fokker standing there, a four-place Robin, another Waco and two Stinsons.

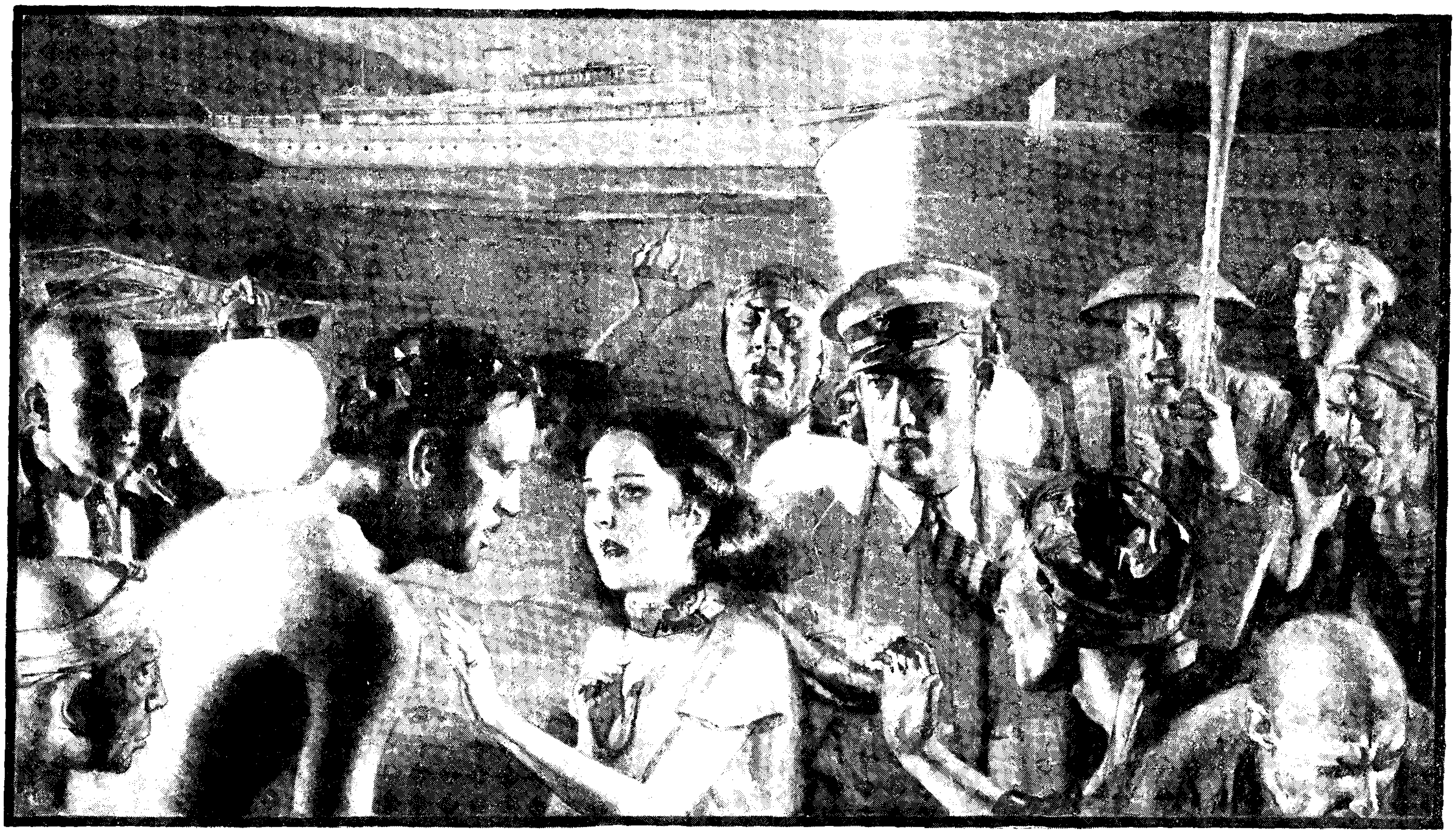
We meet Dick and Johnny and Sam and Fred and Harry and we tell them the news from the mainland.

"Brady was nabbed yesterday near Fort Pierce," Artie tells them. "They got Hughie, too, and forty cases with him. The heat is on over there."

"Poor Brady," Dick laughs. "That's twice this month."

The others join in laughing at the unfortunate Brady. It is the laugh of a first baseman who has just watched his shortstop boot one. Brady may be on his way to jail. What of it? The poor sap shouldn't have been nabbed. Getting nabbed is always something that happens to the other fellow.

(Continued on page 36)



"I was anxious to get to your ship," he said. "I'm in a desperate predicament"

The Wishing Wind

By Sidney Herschel Small

The story of Bill Gage, whose girl wouldn't marry him—and the other man: A Japanese melodrama, without any cherry blossoms

IT WAS a summer night of perfect calm, of enormous silence and hot stars, the sort of night on which anything might happen. Wavelets lapped sleepily against the counter of the yacht as she swung with the tide, revealing the words, Procyon—New York, only as a golden blur. These were clouds above the Japan Sea. Westward, but overhead, the Three Councillors blinked their yellow eyes.

In the seaport village the Shinto priest tapped his bell for the prayer hour preceding evening rice; a hungry temple novice struck mighty summoning blows on a brazen gong . . . the sounds crossed the water like a sweet, shuddering moan. Someone in the temple courtyard began to chant in a minor key, the cadences rising and falling with a soft surge like that of the waves. The singer ended with one wild cry, as if hurling his belief to the heavens by sheer power.

Marianna Warren heard it while she was cutting for deal, below. Without turning her card, she said, "I'm going on deck. For just a moment. You won't mind?"

She was at the rail when Bill Gage joined her; she looked out toward where a junk showed a pinpoint of light, yellow and vermilion, the glow of a charcoal cooking fire under the rice pot. It sent a trickle of brilliancy through the whiteness of the moon's reflection, the brighter because of dark shore and inky water. When she finally put her hand on Bill's arm, the man was able to mark the lovely oval of her face; her eyes, in daylight amethystine, were pools of darkness; her lips had to be guessed at until she spoke.

"Bridge," she said. "I couldn't . . . I hope your grandfather didn't mind. I . . . oh, look at everything, Bill! That little boat. The roof of the temple right up in the stars. The moon."

"There're clouds forming," Bill told her. "Maybe the captain was right. Said he smelled typhoon. That's why we put in."

Restlessly Marianna listened to the lapping of the waves. "I suppose you'd better kiss me. It's"—bitterly—"what everyone thinks we're doing."

Bill decided that he wouldn't kiss her . . . when he did, it was like kissing the petals of a snow-flower; Marianna's lips were as soft, but no warmer. She was being kissed. That was all. And Bill knew it.

SHE sighed as she leaned back. "See, Bill? It was sweet, but there's no spark. Now"—forehead wrinkling—"we've got to have it out. I've tried, before, but you've always edged away. Ssh! I like you. A lot. I know this trip was planned for us. Your grandfather put the Procyon in commission so we could have time to pet. Why, down below they're saying we're only young once—"

"They can't be wrong about everything," Bill grinned.

"Ssh! Oh, Bill, it'd be just like a business merger—"

"You could be president."

"I don't want to be. We mustn't marry. We'd just go on doing the same things. Go the same places. See the same people. Over and over. It'd be exactly the same as it is now."

"Not quite," Bill said.

Marianna said, "Oh, that," and watched the red eye of the junk become dimmer as the fire died down. She said suddenly, to Bill's surprise: "Remember the Amherst game? I'd been boasting to the girls about you. The only time we saw you at all was when you got up off the back of your neck . . . and now you're the decorative vice-president in the Gage Bank . . . and you're going to get fat and sit in the window of the club. . . ."

Bill thought briefly of that game. There had been a net total of no yards gained through him. He thought also of the latest tough job his grandfather had assigned him, but a fellow couldn't talk about that, either. So he said, "Well, if I start expanding, fire the nurse and make me push the pram."

"People don't have 'em any more, silly."

"Hear, hear!"

"I mean prams." Marianna leaned on the rail. Here and there in the village she could see the glow of lanterns, where, before, it had been empty and dark. She said, "Oh, darn. Whatever's the use. It's impossible. We know each other too well. We grew up together. Even here, on deck in the Orient with a moon, we talk about banks and babies. Being married should be exciting. New. An adventure. You . . . you can't understand, Bill."

Bill could. He said, however: "Suppose I polish up the old armor and go jousting? . . . Got a ribbon on you anywhere? I'll tie it to the spear and—"

Under her breath Marianna said, "Galahad!" Like that. And then: "You know you must marry someone and you like me a little and it would be very convenient because the Warrens were hit badly and Grandfather Gage wants us married so there'll be Gages and Gages and Gages now and forever, world without end, amen, and—"

"Looks like a fellow running along the beach," Bill broke in.

MARIANNA whirled on him. "You're not listening," she flared. "You let me try and reason everything out, and all the time I'm saying, 'No, no, no,' you don't even care and tomorrow you'll start in again. You're trying to wear me down! Well, you can't do it, Bill Gage! You can't laugh me into marrying you."

She was so genuinely angry that Bill sought for words to calm her. Like the girl, he looked shoreward; he saw several lanterns dancing on the beach, as if being carried; he no longer saw the man who had been running. He turned toward Marianna and saw then a little ripple of water flashing across the bay. Pointing, he said, "See those ripples? They—"

"Bill! You've got to tell your grandfather that I won't—"

There was a stubbornness in the big man. "Those ripples," he repeated. "You don't feel any wind . . . see 'em split as they hit the junk? Now they're here, but you can't feel a breeze. Captain Danielson showed me the same kind once, in the China Sea. Ripples with a wind you can't feel . . . the natives call it the wishing wind. A few hours later, Danielson said, there's always a—"

Marianna said, "The wishing wind. Pretty."

There were more lights in the village as if the isolated seaport were waking instead of sleeping as the stars went higher through their swing. An insect-like hum seemed to issue from the town, the sound of many voices. The increasing glow made the distances disappear . . . along the beach lanterns bobbed, ghostly, unreal, fantastic. A faint odor drifted out to the ship, an exotic blossom scent, thin as that which clings to the silk of a forgotten kimono. . . .

"My wish," Marianna whispered. "I've made it. If . . . *oh!*"

The cry had come clearly to the ship: "Help!"

"Bill! Who . . . what . . ."

"Can't see." Bill called to the man on watch, "See anything?"

"No, sir. Shall I call the captain?"

"Wait. It might've been someone yelling in Japanese, and we thought—"

"It was in English, Bill," Marianna said swiftly. "It was. I know it was. I wished for something to happen, and . . . Bill! What's that?"

THAT, as Marianna clutched Bill's arm, was a long sizzling sound. In the sky, an instant later, a *uchiage*, a fireball propelled from a sake-barrel, exploded, and sharp gold, blue and scarlet stars seemed suspended over the water, giving it an unearthly hue.

The sailor shouted, "A man swimming, sir. To starboard."

"He's swimming toward us," Marianna added. "And there're people in the water all around him. I think they're—"

The last of the stars hissed out in the water. The look-out called, "He must be all right by now, sir."

"They weren't trying to save him," Marianna protested hotly to Bill. "They were after him. Cutting him off from the ship. He needs help, Bill. You've got to go. You've got to see what's wrong."

The same thing was already in Gage's mind, but he said rapidly, "No landing papers. It'll raise the devil. We were told not to—"

"Galahad!"

Bill said, "You and your wishing wind and your girlish dreams'll get me into trouble yet. I'll bet they have a rotten jail in this place. What're you waiting for? Dig me up a ribbon and I'll be on my way."

"I'm going with you."

"You are not."

The tender had been at the Procyon's side since the captain had presented his emergency-weather papers to the headman of the seaport village. As Bill rowed, the girl attempted to keep him informed. "They're swimming ashore, Bill. Everybody. I can see them. Now they're getting out of the water. A lot of Japanese. I . . . I think I can see a white man. He's big. No Japanese could be so large—"

"How'm I headed?" Gage demanded. "Big? Ever see a Japanese wrestler? They're whoppers. Big and tough and mean. Maybe he's a—"

"Don't talk, Bill! They're all standing around the white man. One of them has a knife, Bill! He has! Row harder!"

BILL pulled desperately. As the keel grated on rock, he unshipped an oar from its lock, trying to be prepared for anything. He came to his feet, the boat rocking under him; he heard Marianna say, "What's the matter?"

A voice answered in English: "I was trying to get to the ship. I suppose you saw what happened when I did. These idiots . . . but I'm frightfully glad you came ashore."

Bill felt rather foolish, standing there with his oar. He took in the scene without understanding much of it. There was this white man, a decent-looking fellow, naked from the waist up. He was almost as tall as Gage, but without his shoulders. There were many Japanese, some dripping wet, others holding lanterns on which words were painted in black and crimson. Most of them, Bill decided, were merely curious, although a few, standing nearest the man who had tried to reach the Procyon, had an unpleasant look.

It seemed to Gage that an explanation ought to be coming from the other white man. He said, "Well, Lafayette, here we are."

"I'm Carter Cochrane," the man said.

"My mistake," grinned Bill. "Now—"

"I want to get out of the boat," Marianna announced.

Before Gage could step out himself to assist her, Cochrane was in the water to his knees; it was his hand which helped Marianna across the seats and over the bow. Bill was chuckling to himself.

"Why wouldn't they let you swim out to the Procyon?" Marianna wanted to know. "And I saw one of them with a knife."

"Maybe there's a curfew law against swimming here," suggested Bill. This seemed to him the sort of thing to say; lighten everything up. Give the chap a chance to do his talking on an easy plane.

Marianna said coldly, "Be quiet. I'll do the talking."

"Yes, miss. Sorry to have given offense, miss."

Cochrane glanced at Bill. He saw a big man who might easily have been a sailor, but whose clothes told a different story. Nevertheless, because of Marianna's curt reproach, he must have decided that Gage was of little importance, for he addressed the girl: "I was terribly anxious to get to your ship. I scarcely know how to begin. I'm in a rather desperate predicament."

"Tell me," begged Marianna.

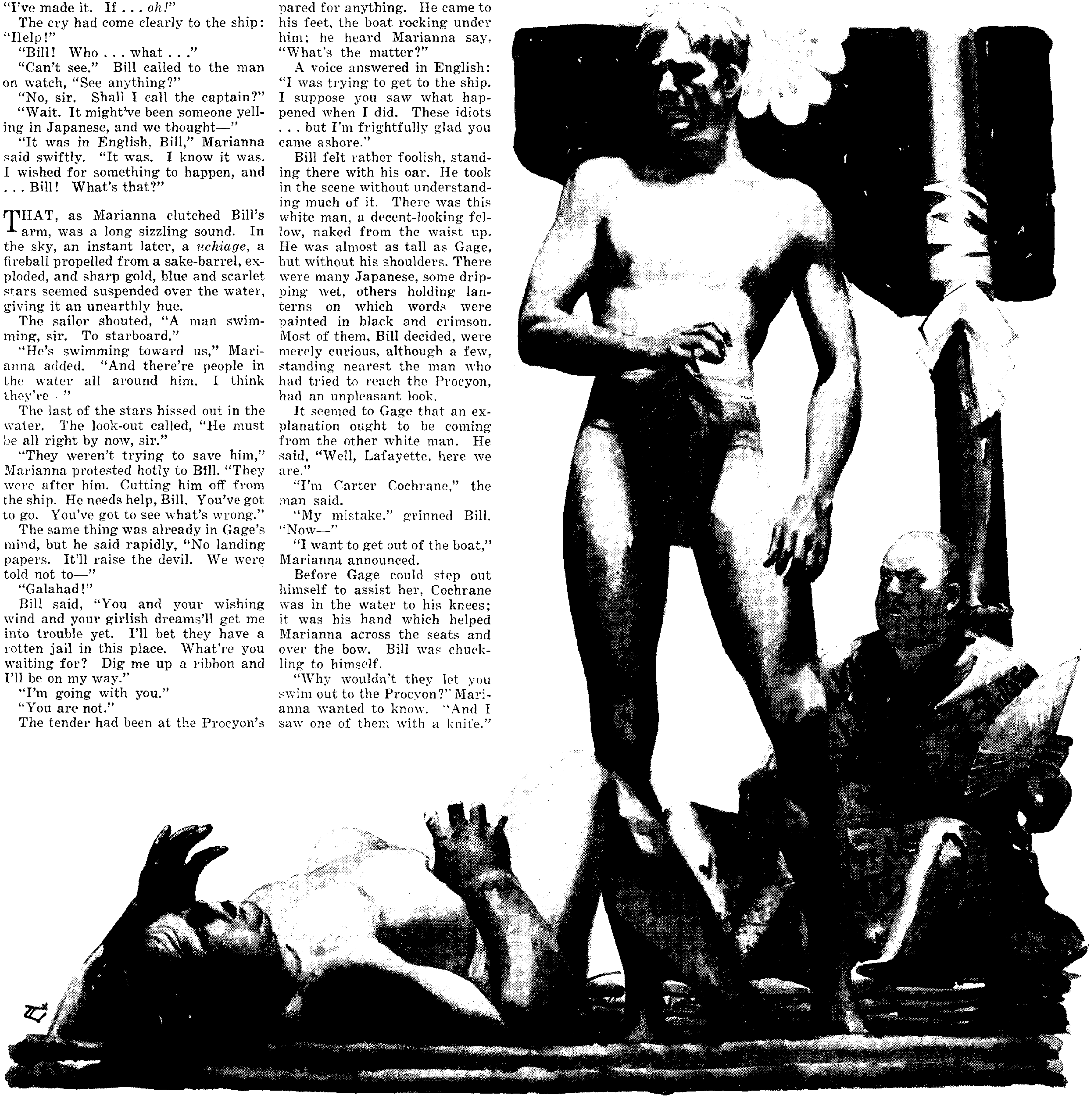
One of the Japanese standing beside Cochrane spoke excitedly to him.

"Wait," Cochrane answered in Japanese. "The money comes soon." He smiled at Marianna, who smiled in return. It was the sort of smile Bill wished she would give him, for there was more than comradeship in it. In English the man went on, "I wish I could tell you, but it isn't the thing one can discuss with a woman."

"Not a mixed company joke?" Bill asked.

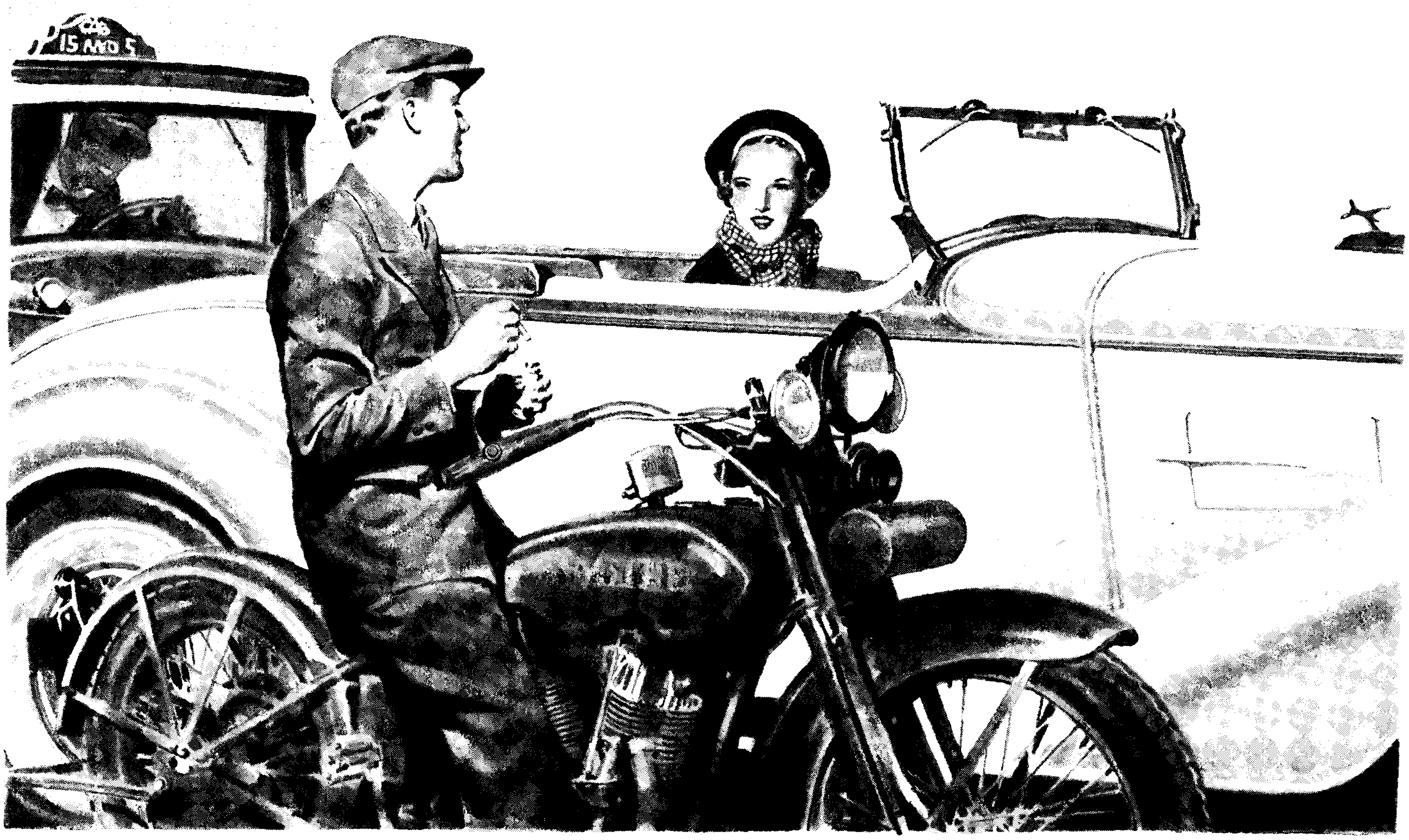
Marianna already had felt Gage's amusement. It angered her. Normally she would have let him handle this; now, ignoring him completely, she said, "Of course it's money."

(Continued on page 57)



Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman

In dead silence Bill stood up. He'd done it. It had worked



"Hello, Beautiful!" he said. "Hello," she answered, in a sweet, high voice. One of those rich girls, he told himself

A Man can Take it

She smiled at Pete. And Pete returned the compliment. It was just too bad, as you'll see, that sturdy young Mr. O'Hara didn't care for girls

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

IT WAS still dark when Molly came to wake him. Pete opened his eyes as her hand touched his shoulder.

"Six o'clock, Pete!"

"All right!" he answered.

She went out of the room; he heard her go into the kitchen. But she had scarcely got there when the baby began to cry, and she hurried to the bedroom, took up the child and carried it into the kitchen, closing the door behind her, not to wake Joe. Little Jimmy was after her at once; while he dressed, Pete could hear them all in the kitchen, the baby crying in a fury of impatience, little Jimmy's high voice:

"I want a orange! Hey! I want a orange!"

"Be quiet!" cried Molly, in that special voice she had for her children, a voice that was angry, yet somehow tender. She had to work hard, and she was often tired and sharp-spoken. She had not used to be so; Pete remembered when she and Joe had got married, four years ago; a pretty little thing she had been, dark and quick and full of fun. She was different now, but that was the way it had to be. Joe worked hard, to support his family, and Molly had to work too.

Pete looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. He was a handsome young fellow, slim and neatly built, dark-haired and blue-eyed, with brows that turned up at the corners, giving him an impudent look; he was glad of his good looks and his vigor and strength; he felt hungry this sharp October morning, and full of life.

He went into the kitchen; the baby lay on a pillow in the clothes basket, drinking her milk; little Jimmy was strapped into his high-chair, banging on the metal tray with a spoon; a fragrant steam rose from the coffeepot, bacon sizzled in the pan.

"Shut up, Jimmy!" said Pete.

Jimmy gave him a sidelong look, and went on banging. Pete's eyes narrowed; he took the spoon away from Jimmy, and the child gave a queer, fierce little roar. Molly turned on her brother-in-law.

"Give it back to him!" she said. "And him waiting there, so good, and not a bite to eat till *you've* had breakfast."

HER blue eyes were blazing, in her face that had grown thin; she was pale, her dark hair untidy. Pete felt sorry for her; he didn't care if she was cranky. He gave the spoon back to Jimmy, and sat down at the table. Molly set his breakfast before him. As he ate, he was thinking about what he had to do. He had to get downtown and open the store, then as soon as Joe arrived, he had to go over to Brooklyn; a fellow was selling out, and he wanted to take a look at his stock.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't talk at all!" cried Molly, so suddenly, so vehemently that he was startled. "You and Joe are just alike, the two of you. . . . Never a word to throw to a dog."

"What would I talk about?" said Pete, with his slow smile. He never got angry when Molly was cranky, and neither did Joe.

"I've got the wash to do today!" she said.

"Well, so what?" he said, surprised by her words, by the queer look she had, as if she were going to cry. Sometimes Josephine looked like that, as if she hated him. Only she didn't hate him. . . .

Well, he didn't want to think about Josephine, or Molly, either; he went on with his breakfast, and just as he had finished, his brother came into the kitchen. Thirty, Joe was, five years older than Pete, a strongly built, dark-browed fellow with a good-humored, sleepy smile and a cool, steady glance. They exchanged no greeting; they never did. Joe sat down at the table and poured himself a cup of coffee, and Pete took his hat and went out of the flat, down the dark stairs. As he reached the next landing, a door opened and a girl came out. He grinned to himself.

"Hello, Josephine!" he said.

"Hello, Pete!" she answered.

They went down the last flight together, and out into the brilliant October sunshine.

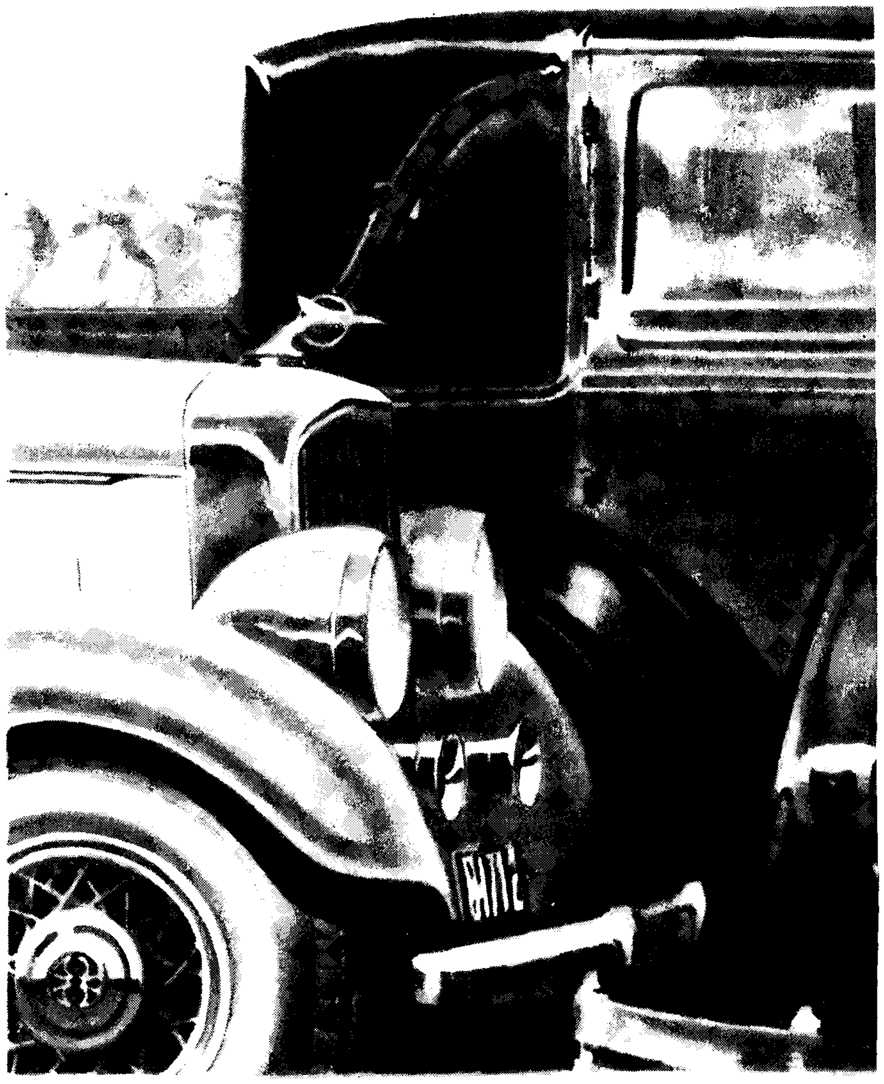
"How was the party last night?" he asked.

"I didn't go," she answered.

He liked the way she looked him straight in the face. She was a tall girl, almost as tall as he, and she held herself very erect; he liked the proud set of her head; he liked the defiance in her unsmiling regard. She knew how to look after herself, and it was a good thing she did, a fine-looking girl like her, with the lazy, good-for-nothing father she had. He liked the way she was always so nicely dressed; it was a wonder she could do it, for there were six of them in her family and the others too young to be earning. Things were hard for her, but you would never know it, to look at her, and she would say nothing about it.

HE WANTED to take her in his arms, and kiss her and comfort her. But he was afraid of her. To love her meant to marry her, and if he married her, he would be fettered the rest of his life. She had that power over him already, that he had to be thinking of her so much, and wanting her so.

But there was no woman could make a fool of him. She had asked him to go with her to that party last night, and he had not gone; he would not give in to her.



"Well! . . ." he said. "I'll be seein' you." . . . And he went away.

It hurt him; his heart was sore. But he couldn't give in to a proud girl like that. He got his motorcycle out of the garage on the corner, and went downtown to Joe's store. He opened the door and went in; he had a look around at the stock, hardware and electrical supplies; they had some nice things.

"Molly ought to have one of those new toasters," thought Pete.

If she asked Joe for one, he would give it to her, but he would not think of it otherwise. It came into Pete's head that he would like to buy one out of stock and take it home to her, but he was ashamed to do that. But he couldn't forget the way Molly had said she must do the wash today. As if it were a wrong done her. That was foolish of her.

"Because that's the way things have to be," he thought. "She's lucky. Joe's a good husband, and the kids are nice. . . . She's lucky."

He thought of Josephine, who was not lucky, and it made him uneasy and unhappy. But he had his work to do, and he forgot.

THAT afternoon, a customer telephoned to complain of a newly installed radio, and Joe told Pete to go and see what was the matter. He got on his motorcycle and started west, toward Fifth Avenue. A traffic light halted him; he waited, with one foot on the ground; he glanced about him, studying the cars with a critical eye, and he caught a girl looking at him.

There was nothing remarkable in that. Plenty of girls looked at Pete. She was a very pretty girl, though, and she was driving a roadster of one of the most expensive makes. Suddenly she smiled at him, and he smiled back at her.

He thought that was the end of it. But, just to see, he maneuvered his motorcycle next to the roadster when the cross-town traffic started again, and he got another smile. She was very young, and very lovely, with a softly rounded, delicately colored little face, and clear, shining gray eyes, and hair that was bright in the sun.

"Hello, Beautiful!" he said.

"Hello!" she answered, in a sweet, high voice.

One of those rich girls, he told himself. They thought they could get away with anything. She would speak to him, or to any fellow, if she felt like it, but if he said one word more than suited her, she would be insulted. A sort of anger filled him against those girls with their high-hat way of talking, their arrogance. Easy enough for them to be so free and easy, when they were so protected by their money, their position. . . .

"Going d-downtown?" she asked, with a slight stammer.

He wasn't, but he answered, "Sure!" She was kidding him, that was all.

"Do you want to c-come to a party?"

"Sure!" he said again.

He was a little surprised, a little uneasy. She couldn't mean that. Or if she did mean it, what sort of party could it be? He had heard and read about some of those rich girls who took fancies to men outside their own circle, to chauffeurs, bell boys, and so on. But he couldn't think this girl was like that. There was something about her, something sweet. . . .

"It's down near Gramercy Park," she said. "Are you—really coming?"

"O. K.!" he answered.

He was out on a job, and Joe would be sore if he walked out on it. . . . He would be the worst sort of fool, to follow this girl. But he did follow her. He could not have told why he did, except that he was young and high-spirited, and she was so pretty.

"She's only kidding, anyhow," he told himself.

He followed, adroitly. She stopped, at last, before a house in the East Twenties, an old-fashioned apartment house, not at all grand. She got out, and locked the car, and then turned to Pete, who stood beside his motorcycle, waiting.

"Well . . ." she said. "Hadn't you better tell me your name before we go upstairs?"

So she was going on with it?

"O'Hara," he said.

"Well—but I mean—your first name?"

"Pete."

"That's c-cute," she said. "M-my name's Dilly."

HE DIDN'T believe her. "Dilly" wasn't a name. She didn't mean him to know her real name. Heaven knew what she wanted with him anyhow, or what he might find upstairs. He would be a fool, to go blindly with this unknown girl.

Yet when she mounted the steps, he followed her. Because he didn't really care much if he was a fool. He was young and strong and quick-witted; he was a man, and he could look after himself.

They entered the house; the hall was nice, but not grand, not half so fine as some places where he had gone to install or repair radios. They got into a very small elevator, run by a severe, elderly man in eye-glasses.

"Good afternoon, miss!" he said.

"Hello, Paul!" she answered, in her sweet, high voice.

There was a sweet and wonderful fragrance about her; her skin was like a rose petal; her hair was soft and gleaming; everything about her was exquisite and delicate; even her long lashes seemed to him softer than any others. He looked and looked at her, and did not know what it was he felt. She was a girl and he was a man. She had picked him up in the street and brought him home with her. That was the sort of thing a decent girl didn't do. Josephine wouldn't do a thing like that. . . . Yet he could not and he did not despise Dilly. He didn't know how he felt about her. . . .

The elevator stopped, and they got out; she stood motionless until the car had descended. Then she turned to Pete.

"It was—sweet of you—to come like this . . ." she said. Tears welled up in her gray eyes; her lip trembled. "If you knew why I'd asked you, you'd be furious."

"No," he said. "I don't think I would."

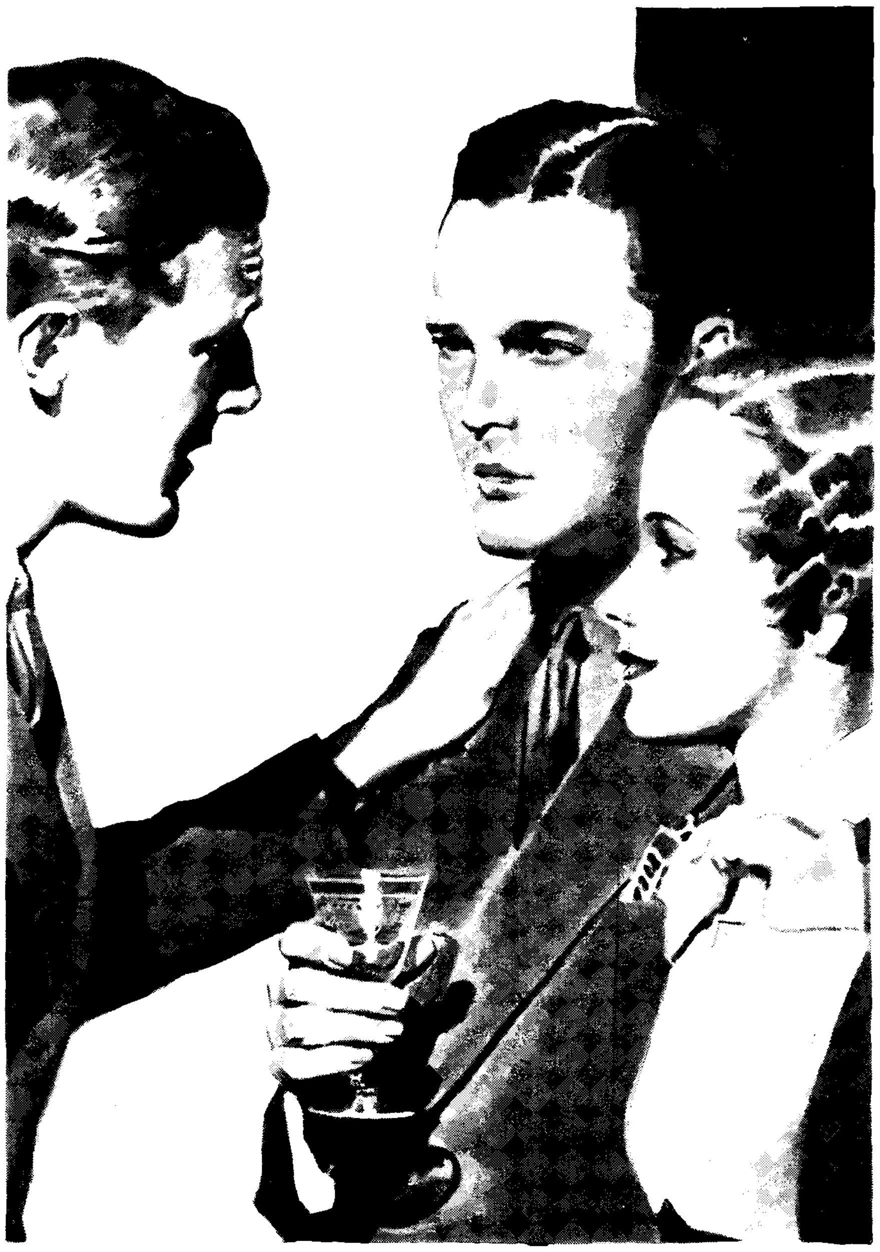
"You see," she said, "I was engaged to a man. . . . And then I changed my mind. . . . And everybody—simply *everybody* took his side. They all kept telling me how marvelous he was, and how I'd never, never find anyone half as good as Foxy. . . . I couldn't stand it! I told my sister today that I'd go out and in an hour I'd find someone *better* than Foxy. Someone better-looking and—more of a man. . . . I'd said I'd bring him here with me—to her party. . . . And—I told Foxy that, too."

A great exultation came over him. She had gone out looking for a man, and she had chosen *him*. She thought he was better-looking, more of a man than this other fellow.

"One of these birds with money," he thought. "Fellow that's gone to college, and all."

Yet she did not want that fellow, and she had gone out and found Pete. And why not! In what way was he less

(*Continued on page 51*)



"Give me a break, won't you?" he said, with a strained, unhappy smile

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

TRIED for the murder of her husband, the wealthy John Ames, Rose Ames is defended by Carlton Forman. Acquitted, she expects Forman to propose to her, for she knows he loves her. He does nothing of the sort—merely tells her that he believes her guilty, and sails for Europe!

Sam Kernochan, detective-reporter, then receives the surprise of his life. Mrs. Ames offers him fifty thousand dollars to find the murderer. He accepts the offer. Assisted by Laurette Marks, a Broadway beauty, who, professing to be in love with him, gives him numerous "leads," he learns: (1) That for years Emily Trephon, a chorus girl, and Jimmy Pottery, a racketeer, have been having an affair; (2) That two other men—Ansell Layman and John Ames—had also been interested in her; (3) That both Layman and Ames had been murdered; (4) *That Frank Johnson, Mrs. Ames' butler, is* secretly in the "hardware" business; (5) That Johnson and Pottery know each other —quite well.

Even so, Kernochan does not believe Mrs. Ames' version of the tragedy. She had, she claims, heard a shot, rushed to her husband, found him dead, a revolver beside him. But all exits had been locked, *on the inside;* and no third person had been present. Kernochan reserves judgment. . . .

Johnson is murdered. With Mrs. Ames. Kernochan goes to the man's room—in the beautiful Ames mansion—where he finds a key. He inspects it. It bears the marks of pliers. The key found in the lock of Ames' bathroom door (the only door through which a murderer might have passed) had borne no such marks. And *this* key—Johnson's key—fits that lock perfectly!

Kernochan then learns—Lizzie, Mrs. Ames' housemaid, tells him—that on the afternoon of the murder, Mrs. Ames had had a caller; that, according to Johnson (Lizzie's husband), the caller, a mysterious man, had left—without seeing Mrs. Ames. *Who was that man?* Kernochan resolves to find out.

Near the Ames mansion is a little hardware shop. Kernochan interrogates the proprietor, shows him the new key. The man admits that he had sold it to a lady—*Mrs. Ames!* Kernochan, shocked, immediately calls on Mrs. Penfield, a New York society grande dame whom he has known for years. "Tell me about Rose Ames," he says. "Did she ever have any boy friends?" Mrs. Penfield is hesitant. Then: "Gerry Dempster's always been wild about her. He had a breakdown, you know—and was sent to a sanitarium to rest."

X

MINTA PENFIELD'S shrewd eyes surveyed Kernochan. As clearly as though she put it into words, her expression said, "I'm waiting for your next question."

"What sort of a sanitarium did Dempster go to?" he asked.

"What sort of a sanitarium do you go to when you're under the weather, Kernie?" she countered.

"I refuse to answer on the ground that it would tend to incriminate and degrade me." He grinned. "Furthermore, Mrs. Penfield, that sort of thing is far behind me. I never went to a sanitarium."

"The doctors and nurses are brought to you," she jeered. "Well, Gerry had been traveling too fast, I understand."

"Bad boy?" asked Kernochan.

"He couldn't be sweeter. His aunt—Agatha Lowry—is a dear friend of mine. She told me that Gerry had been drinking heavily for some time. I was surprised, because I didn't know Gerry went in for that sort of thing."

"Perhaps he couldn't take it," chuckled Kernochan.

Minta Penfield shook her head.

"I don't think Rose Ames would have tolerated a drunkard. And that's a tip for you, my impertinent young friend. Better keep behaving if you want Rose to like you."

Kernochan colored slightly.

"You see romance in everything, don't you?"

"Well, it's rather hard to see a man with Rose and not think of romance. Although last night, when you danced with that charming young baggage, it was hard to look at her and not think of romance. You have a dangerous way of looking at a girl."

"Get a snapshot of me doing it, will you, and I'll rehearse before my mirror," said Kernochan. "So you don't know where Dempster is?"

MINTA PENFIELD put a cigarette in the longest holder Kernochan had ever seen. He held a light for her; she sighed contentedly as she exhaled smoke.

"Study me, Kernie," she advised. "I'm a lesson in moderation. This is my first cigarette today. I always wait until after luncheon for my first smoke. By this time you've consumed twenty cigarettes and have enjoyed none of them. It's because you do things to excess. You're the same with women as you are with tobacco and liquor. Apparently you're never chums with a girl; it's the white heat of love or nothing."

"Now I know exactly where Dempster is," he grinned. "Thanks for telling me."

She frowned at him.

"Why the sudden interest in him? A few minutes ago you'd never heard of him. Is it part of your new interest in Rose? And what's that about, Kernie? Asking about her old lovers, paying me the unprecedented compliment of calling at this hour? And, if you'll forgive an old lady, I don't think it's too nice to ask me questions about the past of any young woman."

Kernochan bowed at the rebuke.

"Fair enough, Aunt Minta. It isn't nice and I'm ashamed of myself, and now tell me everything you know about her."

"You're incorrigible," she exclaimed. "And I won't tell you a thing until I know what you're driving at. Tell me, Kernie, are you in love with her?"

"What do you care?" he asked.

She stared at him in a perfect simulation of horrified amazement. She addressed the room as though an audience were there.

"I'M FAT and sixty and he asks me if I'm interested in a love affair! Kernie, don't you know that I've reached the age when, having no affairs of my own, I must relive my wicked past in the present of others? Of course I'm interested." Her voice softened. "I'd be terribly concerned in any love affair of yours, Kernie, and you know it. Even if you do come to see me seldom, you know that I never want to lose touch with you. And if you are falling in love with Rose Ames—I want to talk to you."

He smiled mockingly at her.

"I came here to get you to talk and if the only thing that will make you unloose speech is an interest of mine in Mrs. Ames, then assume that interest, will you?"

"A romantic interest?"

"How could a man be otherwise interested in so lovely a person?" he evaded.

"A man could be interested in her tragedy," said Mrs. Penfield. She eyed him closely. "You're a gentleman, Kernie. You're a dissolute young rascal. Your private life, I hope, is shameless. When Aaron occasionally talks about you his eyes glisten, and he positively drools as he tells me about your successes. According to Aaron, Solomon was anemic compared to you. Aaron hears everything that goes on in this town, you know. But he never said anything that would indicate that you weren't all right, even if you are a bad boy.

"You'd never make inquiries about the love-life of a woman you cared for. You'd accept your own judgment of her against the judgment of the world. So I can't believe you've turned suddenly into a bounder, that you're investigating the past affairs of a woman you love. You couldn't do a thing like that. But you are questioning me about Rose Ames. I'm a curious, gossipy old woman, Kernie. I have a loose tongue and I rarely check its wagging. I'll tell you anything about Rose Ames, but I want to know why you're curious. Kernie, do you want to marry her?"

"Don't be insane, Aunt Minta," he said. "Even if I were in love with her, I'd not be silly enough to think I could get her. And if I were silly enough to think that, I'd know I couldn't keep her if I had her. A newspaper-man out of a job? Don't be ridiculous. Anyway, you don't make sense. First you tell me that if I'm in love with her, you want to talk to me. Then you tell me that a gentleman wouldn't make inquiry about a woman he loved."

"DON'T ask me to make sense at my time of life," she laughed. "Kernie, what's your interest in Mrs. Ames?"

"In confidence?"

She nodded.

"I'm investigating the death of her husband."

"Of course," she said. "I'd suspected something like that. But why? It's all settled, isn't it?"

He shrugged.

"A verdict has been rendered, but—"

"You mean to tell me that you're prying into the life of that lovely thing so that you can hurt her with further publicity? You mean to tell me that you'd call on an old friend of your mother's and question her so that you can get what you call a Sunday feature? Kernie, I can't believe that."

"Then don't believe it," he said. "Mrs. Ames has engaged me herself to find out who killed her husband. Now don't tell me that it must have been suicide."

"But isn't she satisfied with the verdict?" asked Mrs. Penfield.

"Obviously not. Now you talk to me. What about this Dempster lad?"

Minta Penfield lighted another cigarette.

"Kernie, I'm dying with curiosity. You mean that Rose thinks—"

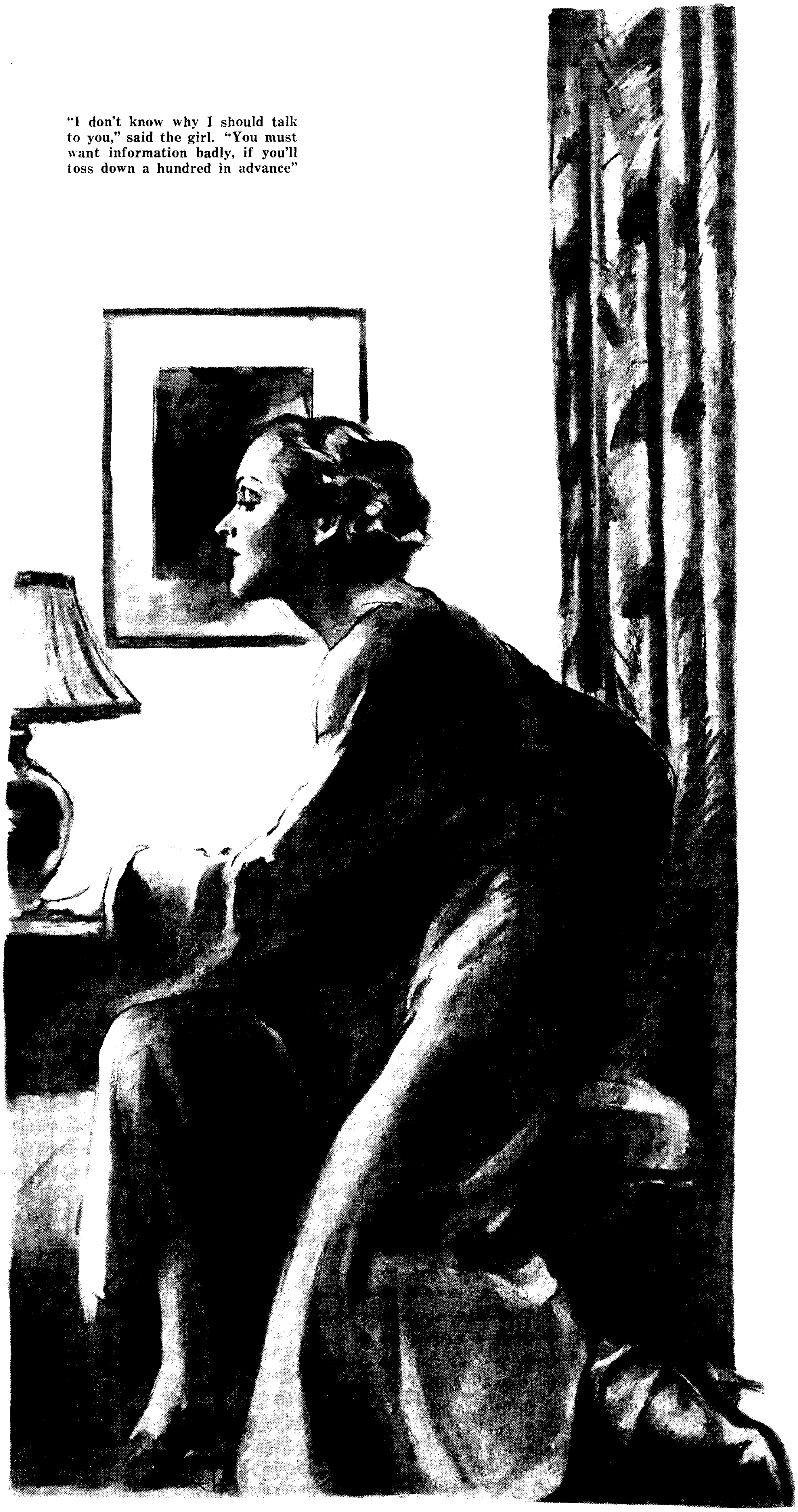
"She doesn't think anything. She simply engaged me to find out anything that can be found out. Now—what about Dempster?"

"What about any young man who finds a married woman attractive and pays her what slight attentions her husband will permit?" she retorted.

"Was Ames fussy about such attentions? Was he jealous?"

"I don't think he had any occasion for jealousy," she replied. "But, of course, husbands show jealousy without cause. When I said, a little while ago, that Gerry Dempster was wild about Rose, I took advantage of an old woman's privilege of exaggeration. Gerry never made Rose conspicuous by his attentions. But he was in love with her. I know that. As a matter of fact, now that we're being confidential, he practically told me so. And I advised him, as I would advise any young man, to keep away from a married woman. I love Rose, and I knew that she was miserable with Ames, but I didn't think that Gerry was the type for her. And I don't think she cared anything for him. If she liked anyone, it was Carlton Forman. But I don't think that Rose is the kind to have even the tiniest approach to an affair with any man.

"You know what young men are like. Gerry is a nice boy, though wild, and I think he was indiscreet in his infatuation for Rose, but indiscreet, if you follow me, more with other people than with Rose herself. I mean that while



"I don't know why I should talk to you," said the girl. "You must want information badly, if you'll toss down a hundred in advance"

she must have known he liked her, I don't believe he ever, even by a glance, let her know that he was mad about her. As long as she was John Ames' wife, she would permit no love-making from another man. At least, I don't think so. What are you trying to do, Kernie? Are you looking for a lover who might, in a jealous rage, have murdered Ames? But that wasn't possible."

He nodded heavily.

"I KNOW the possibilities, Aunt Minta. Nevertheless— You say Dempster went to the sanitarium last May? Was it before or after Ames' death?"

She frowned; a look almost of horror appeared in her eyes. She shook her head.

"I don't know. I can easily find out. Doctor Gandy—"

"Terry Gandy? My pal! I can find out from him myself," said Kernochan.

He rose and smiled at Mrs. Penfield.

"I know that a lovely thing like yourself is used to deceiving her husband, so I don't need to caution you not to chatter to Aaron."

"Unless you promise to let me know everything you find out—Kernie, Gerry isn't the kind to kill anyone."

"Who said he was? That's you, Aunt Minta, always leaping at conclusions. I'll be seeing you."

"You'd better," she threatened. "You've aroused in me the most dangerous thing in a woman my age—curiosity." She grew serious. "Kernie, if you could prove how John Ames met his death—there'll always be a shadow over Rose. Everyone knows she didn't —but who did?"

"Maybe I'll answer that question some day," he said soberly.

Outside the Penfield house his mouth became grim. Rose Ames had bought a shiny new key to place in the lock of the bathroom door. A young man, in love with her, had suffered some sort of a breakdown at about the time of Ames' death. A man had called on Mrs. Ames the afternoon Ames had died. If it could be proved that the caller was Gerry Dempster, a mystery might be near solution.

He was forced to wait in the outer office for forty minutes before he was admitted into the presence of that fashionable specialist in nervous ailments, Doctor Terence Gandy. The doctor greeted him with cordiality that barely hid curiosity. But as he shook hands with Kernochan, the anxious curiosity faded from his eyes.

"Thought I had a patient, but you don't look like money to me, Kernie. And that's funny. I was expecting you to be carried in about this time. Instead, you come in under your own steam. Has rumor lied about one of her favorite subjects?"

"I WON'T ever need you any more, Terry," said Kernochan. "Not to get me over the effects of a bat, anyway."

"That's swell. Great news. How do you do it?"

"I don't know. I just quit. Some day I'll go into it with you and maybe I can become immortal as the subject—anonymous, please—of a lecture by the celebrated authority on neuroses, Doctor Gandy. At the moment all I want you to do is violate a few professional confidences for me."

"What's an ethic between friends?" chuckled the doctor. "What do you want to know?"

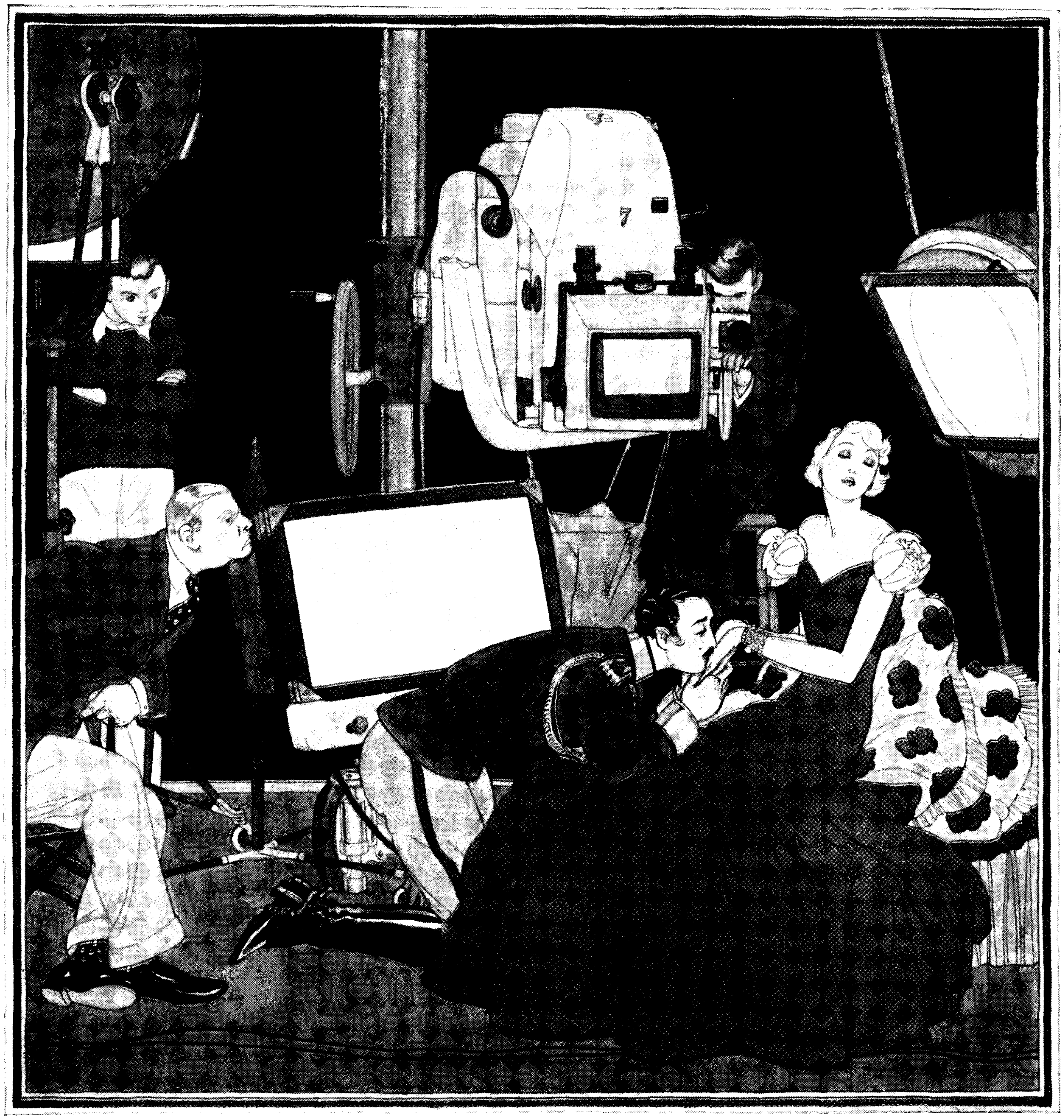
"Where did you put Gerry Dempster, what was the matter with him, and when did you send him away?"

"For you or for some paper?"

"For me," said Kernochan.

The physician went to a filing cabinet, pulled open a drawer, took out a card and read aloud:

(Continued on page 48)



The best scenarists of the T. L. B. lot united their endeavors to make the first of Jill's adventuress pictures a wow

The Path of Duty

By Roland Pertwee

Hal Bosser made the Brant-Marsh marriage the most glorified in the industry. It was his supreme success. Also, as you will see, it represented his greatest failure

MILTON CHENNICK, one of the production staff of T. L. B. Pictures, took the slip of paper that Hal Bosser, agent and publicity man, had put on his desk and viewed it with loathing. Aloud he read: "Was Jill Marsh happy on the anniversary of the wedding day when the husband-lover slipped her a diamond solitaire as big as a Jumbo peanut? Boy-O-Boy, there was cooing in the dovecote that night!"

Mr. Bosser reacted to the contemptuous inflection with a note of vigorous hostility. He had faithfully recorded a blissful moment in the lives of Hollywood's longest established married lovers in terms suitable to the needs of the public. Then why complain? It was not his fault that they continued to love each other.

Mr. Chennick waved him down.

"Sure it isn't. You can't help being no Casanova. But how long are they going to be able to stay the course? Don't think I'm raising a wail—I'm not. Nobody knows better than me that the reason why we can sell those two kids is not only because they *look* clean but because they *are* clean. It's only nerves that makes my stomach turn when I read this stuff. Listen, Hal, every time we release one of the 'sunshine series' with Jill as the sweetheart, or Ray as a great big mother's boy, I offer up a prayer that they will keep right on holding hands, though all the forces of nature are against them."

Hal Bosser leaned across the desk and patted the big executive on the shoulder.

"Aw, take it easy," he pleaded. "You ain't got nothin' to worry about. Sittin' in each other's laps is second nature to them. It would want all of an earthquake to shake 'em apart. And that's only the half of it. They're good kids.

They know what they owe to the firm and to the public. Even if there was an upset they ain't goin' to let nobody down. No, sir. And I'm speakin' as a man who loves 'em like they was my own."

"So you should. You make plenty out of them."

Hal waved the insult aside.

"Go on, I can take it," he said. "Besides, when have I ever told you wrong? You know me, and I know you. Haven't I worked for 'n' around this firm since the days when the checks they paid was no good for a fortnight—and *then* they was no good? If you can't take my word it's just too bad."

IT IS commonly believed that auctioneers and agents are unduly optimistic of their wares and their clients, but Hal Bosser had in no way exaggerated the domestic security enjoyed by Jill Marsh and Ray Brant. Their love was as a house built upon a rock.

As a matter of fact, their house was built upon a rock—nestling upon the shelf of a high crag, bearing in letters of a Gargantuan size the name "Hollywoodland."

And here, in a Spanish setting and divorced from any financial or economic embarrassment, they lavishly entertained—each other.

For three years their love duet had persisted; a permanent reproach to those cynics who regarded a union between movie stars as an event of equal brilliance to, but of even less endurance than, the passing of a meteor across a summer sky.

They appeared to have discovered in themselves springs of happiness that would never run dry. They earned the same salaries, liked the same food and even laughed at the same jokes. So great was the love they bore each other that they shared it with the press—and thereby the public.

It did not occur to them to stray in other directions. Ray's simple, husky ways, rolling shoulders and big, wide-open smile entirely covered Jill's horizon. That he was inarticulate, never using more than two words where eight would have done, did not for an instant distress her.

It was rumored, at her wedding, that she had replied under her breath to the question relative to taking 'this man' as her wedded husband:

"I will—and like it!"

Jill was so much prettier, cleverer and pleasanter than any other girl in Hollywood that it was easy for Ray to ignore their overtures. Fascinated by his dumbness and masculinity, exotic ladies with transparent hands that fluttered like caged birds slanted eyes at him and whispered Continental endearments in vain. It is doubtful whether he was even conscious of their advances.

SO IT was that they lived and loved, and their pictures prospered among the sentimental. Day by day the latest bulletins concerning their ardors were disseminated to the far corners of the earth.

It is a mistake to imagine that becoming a movie star is solely dependent upon the artistry and industry of an individual. Stars are not born; they are made. Their existence is a tribute to the cumulative efforts of picture producers, directors, writers, cameramen, light crews and, last but by no means least, the power of the press. The delight that an audience experiences from a performer is enormously enhanced by what it has read about his or her private life in the newspapers. It is by this means that it is convinced that what it beholds may indeed be believed.

Nor is this influence confined to the audience alone. The artistes themselves come under its spell. At times they may well be a little surprised to find how closely the circumstances of their lives, as represented by the press, reflect the subject matter of their latest screen appearances; but their surprise rarely takes the form of a printed denial. Rather do they feel the responsibility of realizing the statements that have been made about them.

Artistes are very receptive, and if they have not actually run away with Russian directors or contemplated retirement to a convent, they will earnestly debate with themselves on the advisability of so doing. For there is no more fatal policy in the world of pictures than to play one life and lead another.

The daily record of their marital happiness, as handled by Mr. Bosser, proved an enormous stimulus to the love that Ray and Jill bore for each other. Contrary to every Hollywood tradition and the laws of human nature, they continued to dance through the years and the dim lights of the Cocoanut Grove, cheek on cheek.

There is no telling how long this state of affairs would have prevailed, but for a surgeon's scalpel and a septic tonsil.

Jill developed the septic tonsil while making a picture in which she appeared in one of those "cute," "Daddy's-knee," "My-word-ain't-you-big-and-strong!" parts on which her reputation as a sweetheart had been founded.

THE surgeon had made the mistake of paying a dollar too little for the bottle of Scotch which he and a friend had walloped the night before the operation. What the Scotch lacked in age and virtue it made up in fusel oil. Too much fusel oil is likely to make the steadiest hand behave like the blade of a trembler coil. The scalpel slipped—not much, but enough to cut a nick in Jill's vocal cords and put the surgeon out of business.

Until then her voice had been sweet as a silver bell, but there issued now from her throat a husky, toneless whisper, such as may be heard from those daughters of joy who have sinned all the music from their souls.

The sound-recording operator was first to spot the difference and flash a signal to cut. It would have been impossible to match up those new tones with the sound track of the earlier takes.

Mr. Chennick was sent for and he and the director went into a huddle on the set. As a result Jill was sent home and orders were issued for retakes and the engagement of a débutante who had recently arrived from South Butte, Montana.

And while Jill was weeping in Ray's arms and lamenting the end of her career, the studio heads sat in conference to decide what could be done.

Studio heads are a pretty shrewd crowd and it did not take them long to realize the tremendous possibilities invited by a combination of Jill's innocent appearance and that rusty, broken voice. With a single stroke of a scalpel there had been brought into being a screen courtesan without rival in the history of talking pictures.

It was Hal Bosser, purple with excitement, who burst in upon the unhappy pair to spread the news.

"Yes, but I don't look like a—a bad girl," said Jill.

Hal Bosser beat his palms together and rubbed them.

"That's just it, honey! That's why every guy in the audience'll be a push-over. Here's where we go into big money."

"Aw, gee!" said Ray, with the nearest approach to a frown of which he was capable. "But Jill don't want to play tramps. She's a honey-bunch. She don't have to play fallen women. Maybe her voice will get well again. She don't want to go playing truck like that."

For the first time in their association Jill looked at him with a shade of pity.

"What's it matter, if the money's good? I don't have to *be* that way because I *act* that way." There was a dragged, weary note in her voice. It sounded old and wise.

Ray frowned.

"No call to answer a guy in that tone," he complained.

Stung by his lack of imagination, she came back fast:

"Why, you dumb skate, how can I help the way I talk?"

He appreciated the justice of her retort, and it was not resentment that pulled down the corners of his mouth. He was mourning for a silver bell that would no longer sound sweetly in his ears.

AN INTERESTED spectator, Hal Bosser watched the little altercation with feelings of the liveliest admiration and sympathy.

"Good kids!" he thought to himself. "Good kids!"

And on his way home he stopped to call up a columnist who wrote on matters of screen interest.

The paragraph which subsequently appeared marked the first occasion when the affairs of Jill and Ray had ever been exploited to the accompaniment of a two-inch marginal query: "Did I hear a peevish note in Jill Marsh's voice at the Colony last night—or did I? The muscles controlling husband-lover's smile seemed to be on a vacation."

What Hollywood does in private overnight is discussed at forty-five million breakfast tables next day.

Milton Chennick read it and sent for Hal Bosser.

"Hal, you got vision," he said.

Hal Bosser preened himself.

"My mother bred no fools," said he.

Ray read the item aloud as he and Jill lay in bed.

"If that isn't the darn'dest thing!" he cried, and laughed contemptuously.

Something in the quality of the laugh offended Jill. No doubt it was proper that he should laugh at the bare idea of there being a sour note in their lute; on the other hand, was any husband justified in ridiculing the possibility that his wife might have wearied of his society? To do so savored of overconfidence—of smugness. That was why, instead of laughing too, Jill rolled to the extreme edge of the bed and told him she had a headache and must he be so noisy?

Witness therefrom the power of the printed word to influence the human mind, for whereas in the past the report of their transports had impelled them more closely into each other's arms, the first rumor of a difference accounted for three inches of vacant space right down the middle of a narrow bed.

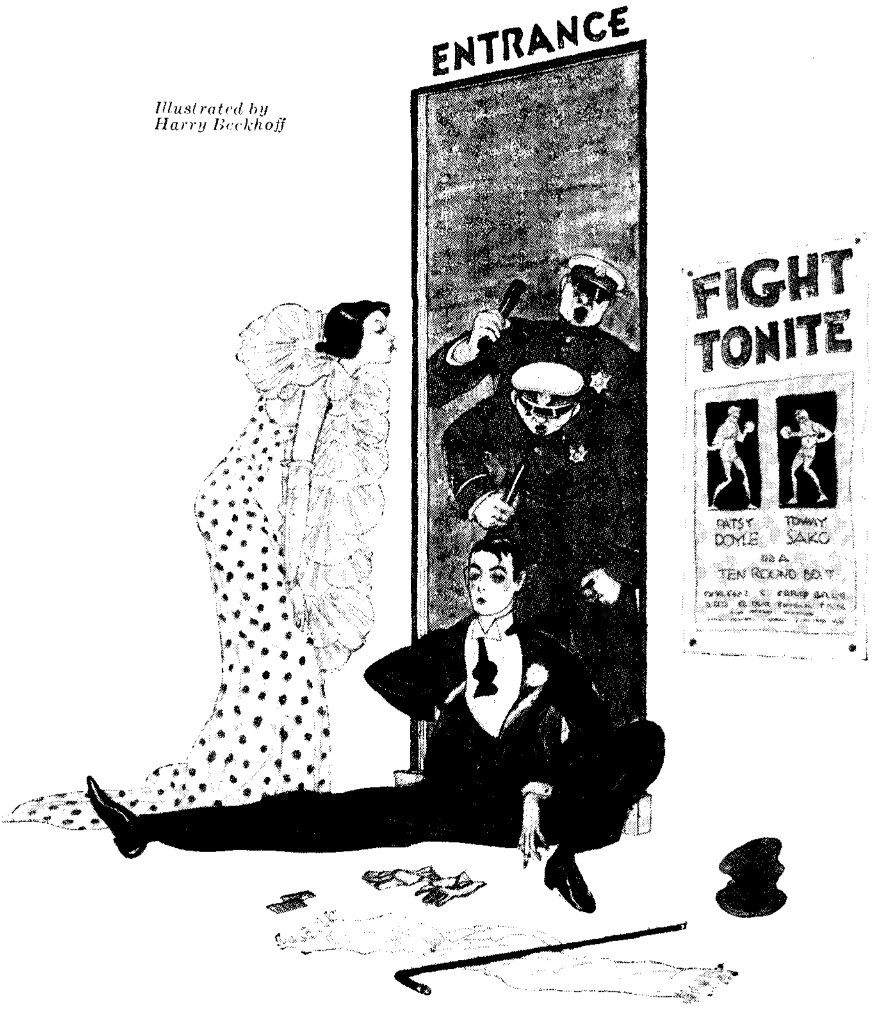
LATER that day, on the lot, Ray happened to encounter Hal Bosser. To him he exhibited a closed fist and a promise. Let there be no more stuff of that kind published in the newspapers—or else. It was the first time that there had been a difference between them and it is no exaggeration to say that Hal Bosser was deeply hurt. He did not express his feelings aloud, but, as he walked away, he reflected bitterly that if people failed to realize an act of true friendship when they saw it—well, it was just too bad.

The best scenarists of the T. L. B. lot united their endeavors to make the first of Jill's adventuress pictures a wow. The finished product combined the chief characteristics of Du Barry with situations lifted bodily from the Shanghai Gesture.

The picture, and Jill's performance as seen in the projection room of the studio, delighted everybody, except the rival stars. So intense was their envy that more than one seriously thought of

(*Continued on page 34*)

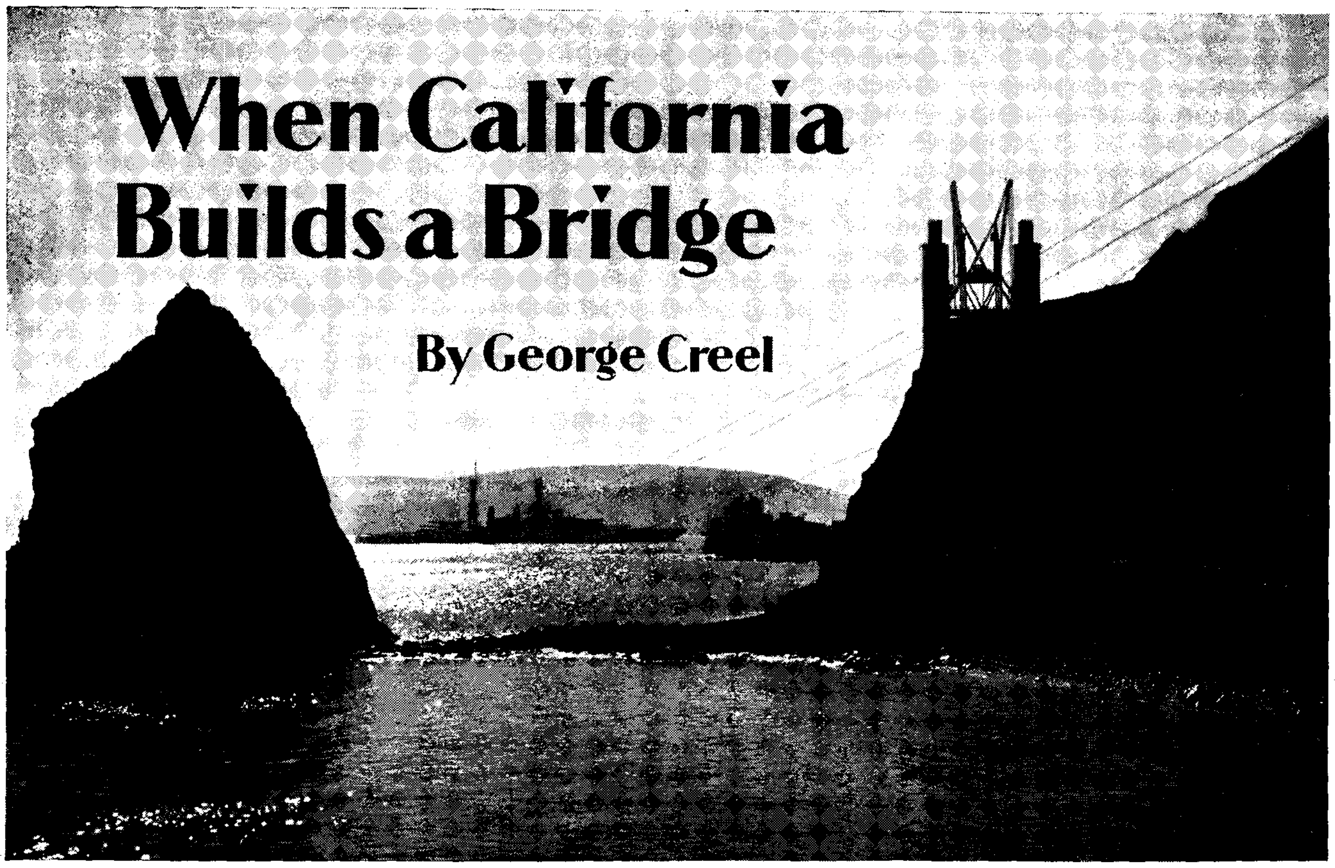
Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



He was thrown out of the Hollywood Stadium for starting a rival fight

When California Builds a Bridge

By George Creel



Marin Tower, one terminal of the new Golden Gate bridge

As might be expected, it's two bridges—both of mammoth size and each holding several new world's records. The twins are doing well: California can already point with pride to blueprints and broken ground while she gazes over the vast expanses that soon will be spanned by structures as graceful as the flight of a gull. California, in the person of Mr. George Creel, does point with pride—and adds a few breath-taking facts

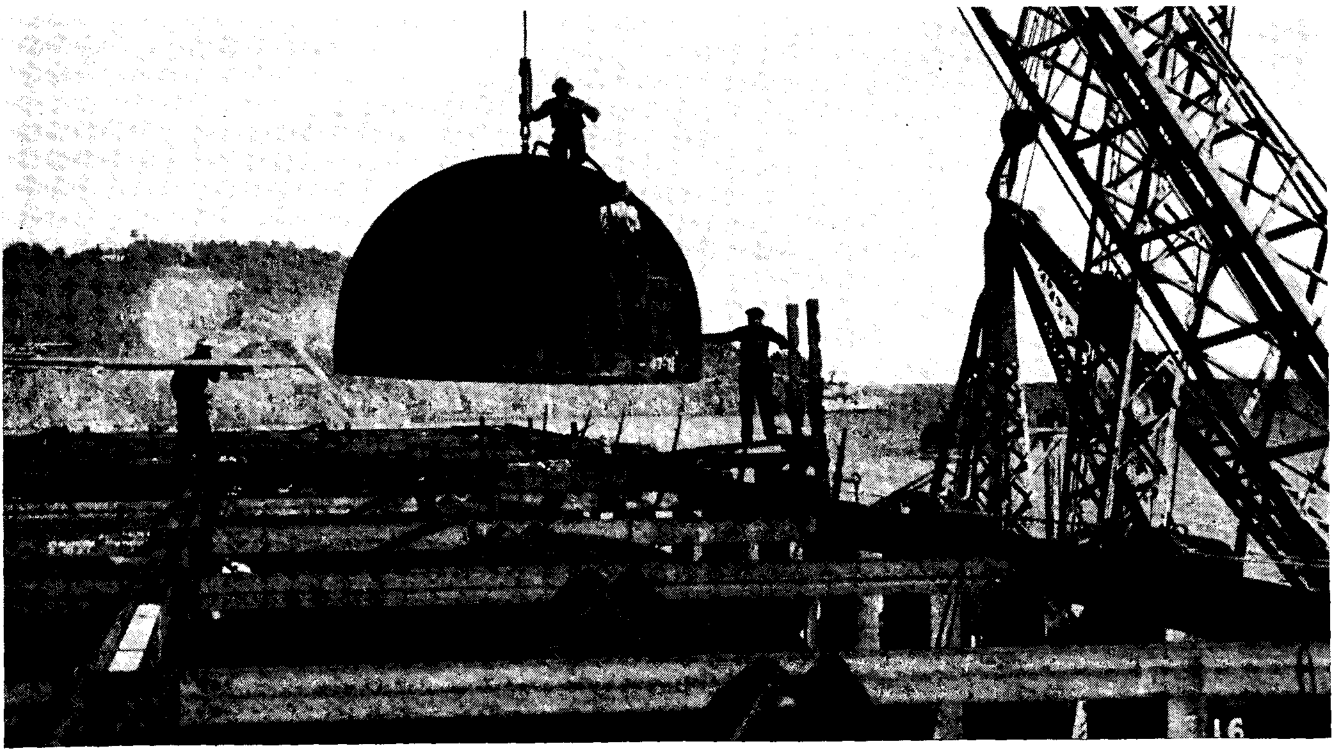
OUT where the Pacific surges between frowning promontories into the quiet of a shining, landlocked harbor, the two greatest bridges in the whole world are being rushed to completion. One arches majestically over the four-and-a-half-mile stretch of bay that separates San Francisco from Oakland, her sister city, and the other swings its fairy festoons across the far-famed Golden Gate, a leap of one and one fifth miles.

Everything about the colossal structures carries a suggestion of the Arabian Nights, seeming to be produced by some magic lamp rather than by puny human effort. Small wonder that even the California climate goes unpraised while San Franciscans chant the glory of their new twin spans, for they break every known record, and have immeasurably advanced the frontiers of engineering science.

The Golden Gate bridge is the only one ever to be built across the outer mouth of a major ocean harbor, and its piers are the first to be sunk right out in the open sea. The 3,500-foot single channel span of the George Washington Memorial was assumed to have been the very last word in marvels, but the Gate's gossamer stretch will measure exactly 4,200 feet, four fifths of a mile. Dizzily swinging two hundred and twenty feet above the water, it allows more than ample clearance for any ship that plies the ocean lanes.

The Bay bridge makes all others look small, for it will have a total measurement of seven and a half miles, many times the length of the famous Firth of Forth structure, or of New York's George Washington, or of the Brooklyn bridge, once an American wonder that people traveled far to see. Each of its four monolithic towers will be larger than a Wall Street skyscraper, the bases resting on bedrock at depths never plumbed before.

The twin bridges will require about three hundred thousand tons of steel, and the wire length of the giant cables would girdle the globe eight times. Although lumber is to be used only in the temporary construction, the board footage that will be bought would build a town of five thousand homes. Ten thousand men will be given direct employment for three and a half to four years, and almost as many more kept busy on materials for the bridges in the steel mills of the East, the forests of the Northwest and the cement plants of the country. The tidy sum of $75,000,000 is the estimated cost of the Bay structure, and a little less than $33,000,000 for the Gate span.



The Bay bridge is the first utilization of the Moran caisson method of building underwater foundations

The Artist's Share

Artists and architects figure in the mighty projects no less than engineers, for beauty-loving San Francisco laid down the law that there must be no sacrifice of scenic effects. Beaux Arts prize winners submitted designs for months, and the treatment of the Bay bridge is to be boldly but sanely modernistic. Instead of mere lumps of concrete, shapeless and ugly, the piers will rise above the water with all the airy grace of a sea king's palace, and the same artistic effort will be expended on the steel towers.

As for the Golden Gate structure, Joseph B. Strauss was about the first engineer in the country to insist that bridges might be beautiful as well as useful. His bridge across the Neva, built for the late Czar, is still one of the Russian capital's proudest adornments, and it was his art, as much as his engineering, that won him first prize in the international competition for a bridge over the harbor in Copenhagen. Where his love of beauty shows best, however, is in the Arlington Memorial bridge that crosses the Potomac at Washington. The machinery for the drawbridge, instead of sticking up like a sore thumb, is so cunningly masked that the structure gives the impression of lovely granite arches.

What Mr. Strauss has worked out for the Golden Gate is an arrangement of anchorage blocks, pylons and towers that will give the effect of a mighty doorway, swung wide for all the world to enter. The stepped-off motif will be employed in the construction of the towers, and the elimination of all unsightly transverse bracing between the tower posts will gain open spaces that have the look of portals. As a result, there will be small sense of bulk, the great spans swinging as fairylike as the strand of a spider's web. Atop the central pyramid of steel, 746 feet above the waves, an observatory will let sightseers view the High Sierras or look beyond the Farallones into the setting sun.

A Dream of the Pioneers

The two bridges are a San Francisco dream come true at last. Built on the tip end of a peninsula, the city's one land approach is from the south, and slow-moving ferries have been its sole connection with the populous mainland. Every day some 75,000 commuters crowd the boats that serve the Bay communities, and aside from the waste in time, there is the danger that lies in fogs and storms. It was a situation exactly comparable to that of New York before the Hudson and East rivers were bridged, but with the added disadvantage that the California

(Continued on page 45)

"I SELL THEM GASOLINE BUT THEY SOLD ME *Plymouth!*"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH VERNON F. KRAUSE OF CHICAGO, ILL.

1. "I wanted a new low-priced car, but I wanted to be sure I got the best. Why not get the opinions of my customers? That sounded like a good idea. So I asked them what they thought of 'All Three'."

"Talking with drivers of 'All Three' convinced me that Plymouth gives the Most for your Money"

WHEN VERNON KRAUSE decided to buy a new car, he didn't have to take any time off to "look at All Three." He stayed right where he was and the cars came to him.

"I just kept my eyes open and listened to owners compare notes," he says.

Plymouth won their vote in the low-price field . . . hands down. But there wasn't just *one* reason. There were all kinds of reasons.

Some of his customers said how pleased they were with Hydraulic Brakes. Others boasted of having Safety-Steel Bodies. Many of them mentioned the extra comfort they got from Floating Power engine mountings and Individual Wheel Springing.

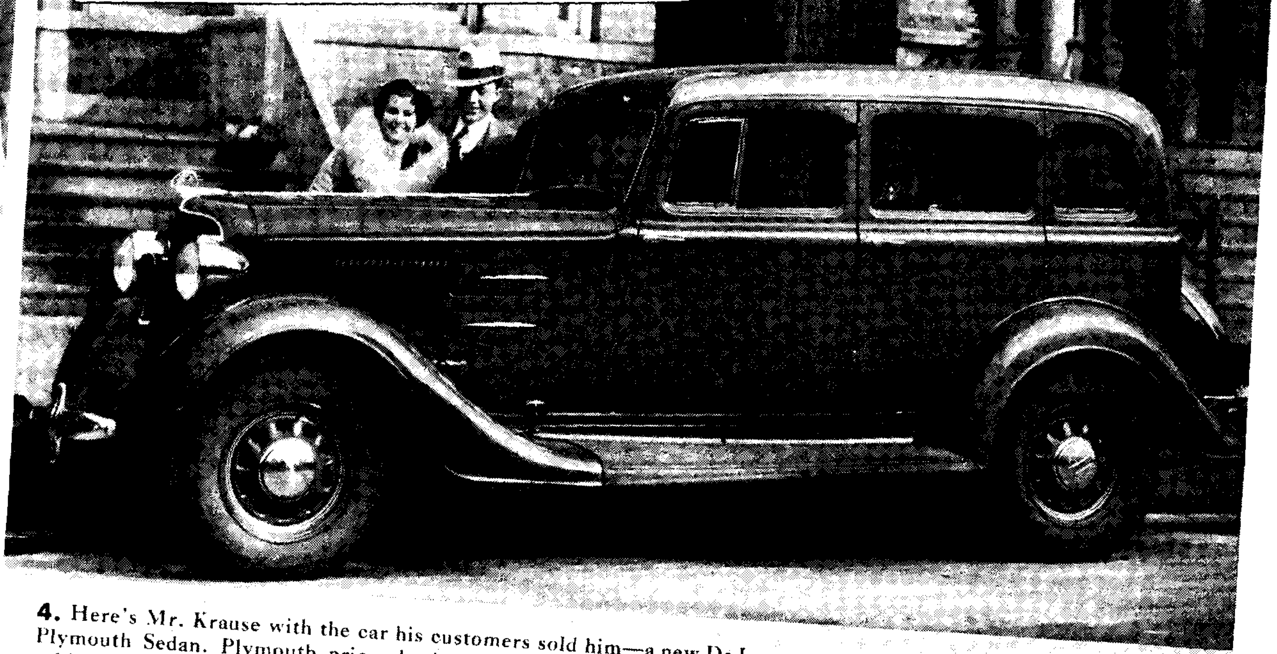
"It all added up to the fact that Plymouth gave the most for the money," says Krause.

"The most for your money." Isn't that exactly what you want in a new car? Then Plymouth is the car for you. It's the only low-priced car with all four of the vital features you need for safety and comfort.

Any Dodge, DeSoto or Chrysler dealer will gladly give you a Plymouth demonstration.

2. "I found that Plymouth owners got more out of the gasoline I sold them . . . real economical mileage and smoother engine performance. Plymouth drivers all agreed their cars were easy on their pocketbooks."

3. "A taxi driver said, 'I've seen how Safety-Steel Bodies take punishment. And Hydraulic Brakes have saved me from many bad accidents in heavy traffic. Insist on a car that has both.'"

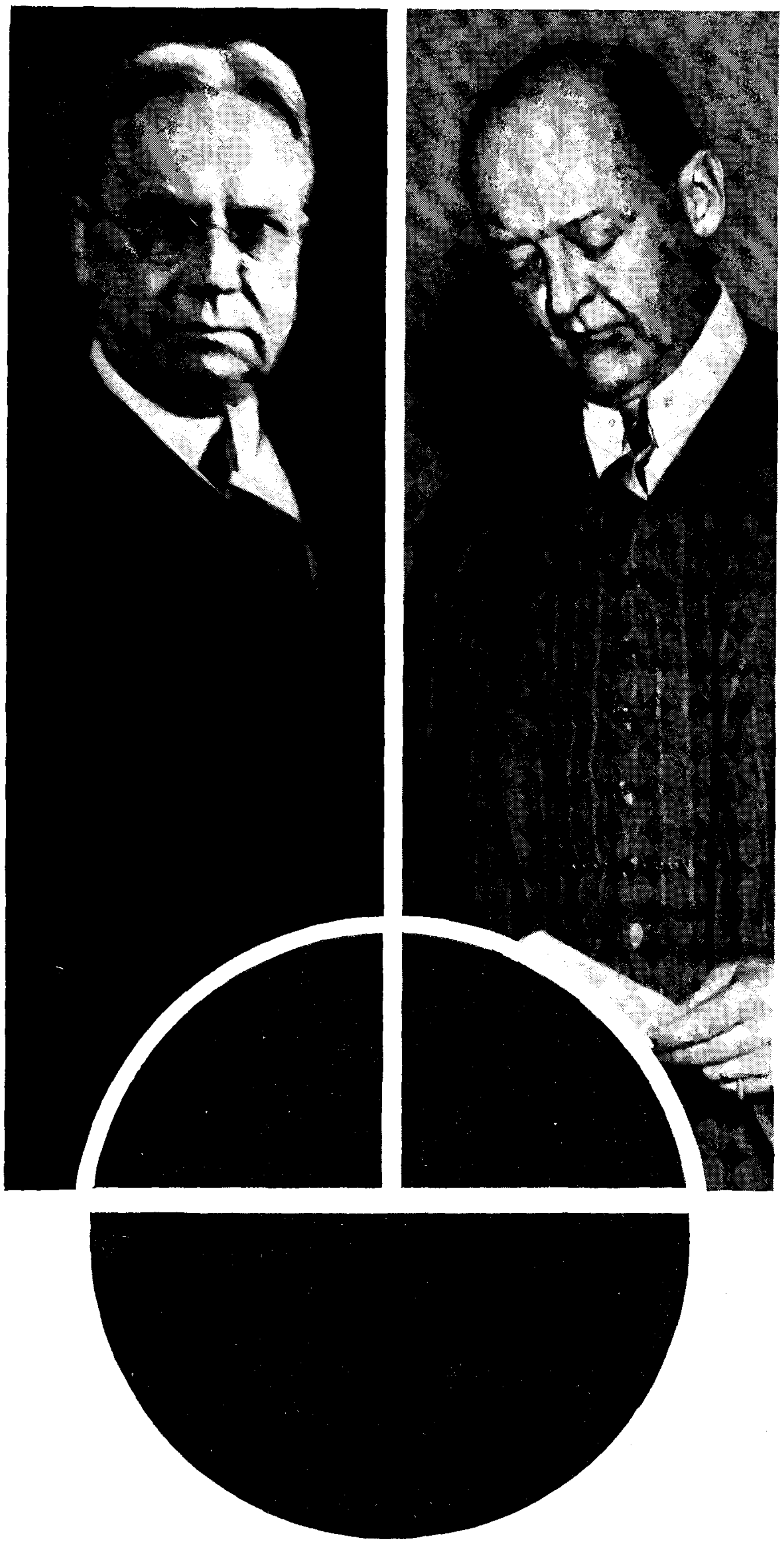


4. Here's Mr. Krause with the car his customers sold him—a new De Luxe Plymouth Sedan. Plymouth prices begin at $530 at the factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* at the lowest extra cost in the industry (only $10 on De Luxe Sedan).

NEW PLYMOUTH $530 AND UP AT THE FACTORY DETROIT

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

Viewing with alarm is dead, quite dead. And the sharpshooting, loud-talking stalkers of Issues are grieving because their old Washington hunting grounds have been cleared of big game. The howitzers of the New Deal did the clearing—drat 'em!



Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

GEORGE HOLDEN TINKHAM has been stalking big game inside and outside Congress ever since he could handle a rifle or a speech. As a Mayflower descendant representing a Boston district of scrappy Irish, he had to fight early and keep at it. The walls and windows of his hotel apartment are draped and darkened by the skins of Bengal tigers and African lions, and visiting statesmen skin their shins on the stuffed elephant heads cluttering up his floor. The Congressional Record, newspaper headlines and court files tell of the rich trophies he has bagged while stalking certain species of the political kingdom during the last man-killing decade.

For all his prowess in the bush, the House of Representatives has been his happiest hunting ground. When sessions end, he usually lets his thick, black beard grow to wild-life proportions, and he hits jungle trails in search of rest and relaxation. Upon emerging, he trims his beard a very little bit, and then his tiny eyes glisten as he scents parliamentary thrills.

But lately his eyes have lost the gleam of the hunter home from the hills and valleys of darkest Africa, and life has lost its zest. The jungle now appeals to him as a wilder and more desirable place than the floor of the House—all because Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal rifle has finished the job of shooting down so many of the people and issues he once pursued.

"There's nothing to fight about any more," he complains with naïve braggadocio. "I brought down Bishop Cannon, Clarence True Wilson, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, the Klan, prohibition, the war debt cancellationists, the World Court and the League of Nations. So what's the use!

"I felt the change coming on last summer when I climbed into a plane and flew almost all the way from Manchukuo to London. Besides following by air the route of Alexander the Great, I passed over the Garden of Eden, Galilee, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, the Red Sea, the Nile, the Sphinx, the Acropolis and the seven hills of Rome. After a trip like that, what fun is there in Congress in these times? I think I'll quit."

They Can't Keep Up with Roosevelt

Although few congressmen can hope to revive a flagging interest by growing a beard, going into the jungle or visiting places where ancient history was made, the plight of many members resembles Mr. Tinkham's. Their big-game rifles have been reduced to the size of peashooters by the cannonading in New Deal trenches. Its heavy fire has destroyed many of the great issues and "isms" which bore them to glory and a $10,000 job so often. Now they are men without new ideas, interests and issues. Mr. Roosevelt has maimed so much big game and killed so many bogies that the political preserves are silent and lonesome places for yesterday's vote and headline hunters.

Representative James W. Wadsworth knows from personal experience how the swift movements of White House planners affect a Republican who has conventional views about the wisdom and righteousness of the founding and funding fathers, among whom he boasts an ancestor. When he started a comeback after losing out in the Senate to Bob Wagner, an apostle of the New Deal, he deliberately sought membership on the House Banking and Currency Committee. Figuring that monetary questions would stir up the most heat, he wanted to sit in on deliberations over this traditional party issue. But he had barely warmed his committee seat before the President pulled the gold standard from under him and revamped the ancestral dollar.

The so-called revolution has hit senatorial sages as well as ward heelers. Bill Borah, once a mighty hunter on a world stage, faces the same predicament as Tammany politicians in the House. Mr. Roosevelt's strong nationalistic trends have stripped the senator of his made-in-America hunting togs, just as the President's anti-boss campaign has robbed the political machinists of their tools and peace of mind. In neglecting both the League and the Wigwam, Mr. Roosevelt has doomed the Idaho statesman and the clubhouse boys to the same sort of lonely exile.

The White House limousine is no longer at Mr. Borah's service, as it was under Republican Chief Executives, and correspondents no longer sit at his feet in confidence that a blast from him will make the front page on a dull day. Moreover, the Administration has shown some skill in handling him when he takes a pot-shot now and then. It either agrees, thereby stealing his small arms, or it pays no heed. Somebody must have tipped off the White House that two things which Mr. Borah cannot endure are silent treatment and acquiescence in his ideas.

Unlike Mr. Borah, who long ago acquired an outer Olympian calm, the practical politicians are frantic. Mr. Roosevelt is pulling down all their temples, although they don't discuss his wrecking crews in such lofty language. The Tammany men, for instance, don't know whether to side with him and Jim Farley in their move to renovate the "organization," or to play along with sitting sachems for a while. One Brooklyn Democrat returned from a visit home in an awful frame of mind.

"I visited a playground while home," he told his associates, "and there was a grown and sensible man going through the motions of being a baseball pitcher. He had no ball and he had no catcher, but all day long he kept winding up and throwing an imaginary ball to an imaginary catcher. A friend of mine said he thought that was a crazy thing to do, but I said: 'If they don't straighten out this Tammany leadership mess soon, I'm going out there and catch for him.' "

Farewell to Enemies

Although the Senate's two great haters—Hiram Johnson and Jim Couzens—have been taken up by the Administration, they don't seem very happy. Their common enemies—Herbert Hoover and Andrew W. Mellon—and all they represented have been driven from the capital, and the two can't stir up new grudges under the Rooseveltian armor. Politics loses its flavor for them when there are no wounds, including their own, to massage with salt. A treasury watch-dog for years, Mr. Couzens makes a pretense of patrolling the same beat. But his sputtering over some of Secretary Morgenthau's acts and statements did not convince even himself. Like Mr. Borah, Mr. Johnson finds the international horizon all serene, at least from his viewpoint.

Even such a Rooseveltian Progressive as Senator Norris sometimes regrets that all his dreams are coming true. When a statesman makes that confession, especially such an idealist as "Uncle George," he no longer qualifies as the hero of a success or sacrifice story. He has dedicated himself—another sign of his detachment—to the task of safeguarding and strengthening New Deal reforms in the fields of water power and politics.

But of all the outmoded men, those most deserving of sympathy, perhaps pity, are such so-called constitutional experts as Senator George, a good Georgia Democrat, and, even more so, the omniscient James M. Beck, who gives the impression that he at least supplied the punctuation for the Constitution. When Mr. Roosevelt is not demonstrating that this document was meant as an elastic charter rather than a dead epitome of eighteenth-century thought—and punctuation—the Supreme Court steps in to repudiate its sob-sister defenders.

Like Mr. Beck, a few conservatives find sufficient heart to snipe—and sniffle—now and then, but the White House target is going away so fast that, as the bearded hunter from Back Bay says, "What's the use! There's nothing to fight about any more." The only difference between "Tink" and the others is that he wants to quit while the quitting is good.

"Just think, Sonny—you're in the movies now."

"Aren't we the economical movie makers—think how little it's costing."

Ciné-Kodak *Eight*

Makes movies for 10¢ a "shot"*

"..And see the way it's constructed"

"Yes, there's real quality in that camera"

"They certainly are—and you took them yourself!"

"Isn't it marvelous? The movies are clear and natural as life!"

OF COURSE, you've always wanted to make movies . . . own a movie camera . . . well, here's your wish come true.

Ciné-Kodak Eight is a full-fledged movie camera. It marks a new *high* for simplicity—a new *low* for upkeep. And the price . . . only $34.50.

See the Eight at your dealer's. Let him show you the pictures it takes. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

* IN THE MOVIE STUDIOS of Hollywood, a shot is one continuous scene of a picture story. The Eight makes 20 to 30 such scenes—each as long as those in the average news reel—on a roll of film costing $2.25, finished, ready to show.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

EVERYWHERE-AMERICA

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—*And Dodge Gladly Welcomes*

"SHOW-DOWN" PLAN LETS YOU COMPARE THE 1934 CARS IN YOUR OWN WAY—ON A BASIS OF IMPARTIAL FACT

THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS MAKE SELECTION OF A NEW CAR EASY—BY USING SIMPLIFIED "SHOW-DOWN" SCORE CARD . . . FREE AT EVERY DODGE SHOWROOM

Today there's a world-wide demand for facts—for definite proofs. People are skeptical of claims and promises. They want a *show-down.*

And nowhere is this more true than in the automobile world. Ever since Dodge offered its amazing "Show-Down" Plan for comparing automobile values, increasing thousands of motorists have taken advantage of this simple, easy plan in buying their new cars.

Outspoken . . . Impartial

The "Show-Down" Plan does not mince words. Without fear or favor, it gives all the facts about Dodge and other cars. It lets you make an impartial comparison for yourself, in your own way.

You see what these cars have. You see their features listed. You learn about their economy, their performance, their safety. It is all there—in black-and-white. You don't have to take anybody's word for it.

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You can learn about the "Show-Down" Plan from any Dodge dealer. And he will be glad to give you a copy of the free "Show-Down" score card. Take it home with you. Study it in private. The facts are all there in everyday English. No confusing or complicated mechanical language.

Do now as thousands are doing. Before you buy any new car, investigate the "Show-Down" Plan. It is simple . . . easy . . . fascinating to use. You will learn some amazing things that will be valuable to you. And you may save money by buying on this common-sense basis.

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION
Advertisement endorsed by Department of Engineering, Chrysler Motors

DODGE $690*

*The new, bigger Dodge on 117-inch wheelbase: Coupe $690; Coupe with rumble seat $740; Two-door Sedan $740; Four-door Sedan $790; Convertible Coupe $790. On the 121-inch wheelbase: Brougham $880; Convertible Sedan $920. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment at slight additional cost.*

SAN PEDRO, CAL.—March 12, 1934. The new, bigger Dodge roars through terrific tests that strain and twist every part of this rugged car. Hurtling at high speed across a tortuous sandy surface . . . plunging like fury up a steep embankment . . . going so fast that it soars high into the air . . . then crashes to earth unscathed. Above, you see this wonderful Dodge as it leaps into thin air—all four wheels off the ground, taking everything dare-devil drivers can give.

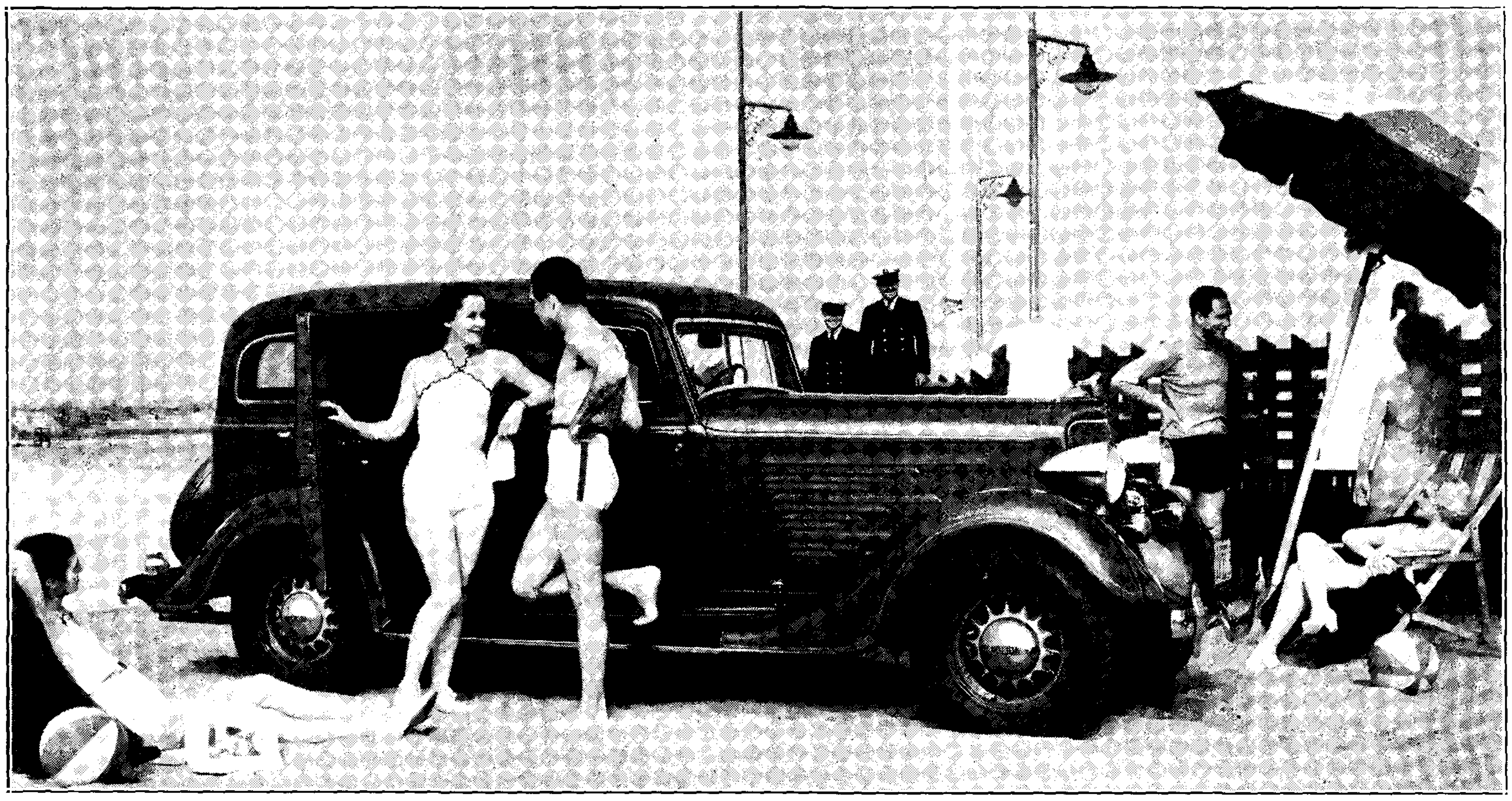
MY SPRINGS SQUEAK TERRIBLY
IF YOU HAD A NEW DODGE WITH OILITE SPRING-INSERTS THEY WOULD NEVER SQUEAK

YOU CAN HEAR A WATCH TICK—Even while gears in the new, bigger Dodge are in second. Dodge has helical-cut gears—quiet in every speed, even in low and reverse.

CALLS FOR A SHOW-DOWN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

a Show-Down With Any Rival!



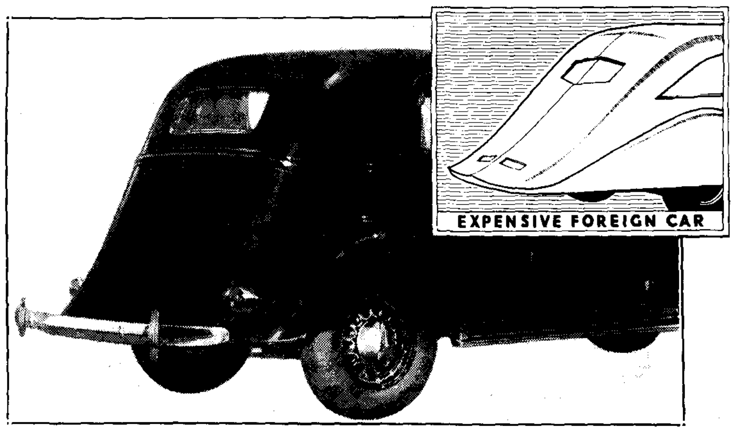
HERE'S THE "SHOW-DOWN" CAR!—Compare this new, bigger Dodge with any car. What other car can match it for as little as $690—just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars? Check its amazing array of features. See how much more it gives you in luxury, performance, and economy. And you can own it by paying just a few dollars more a month! Car pictured, Dodge 4-door sedan, $790 list price at factory, Detroit. Special equipment at slight additional cost.

ORDINARY TIRE

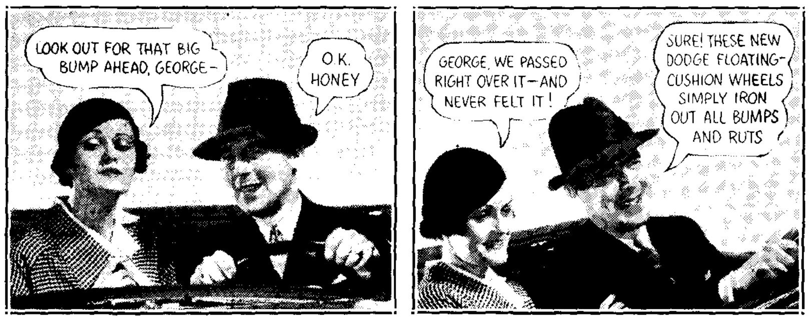
Ordinary tires carry full air pressure. They are "harder" . . . less yielding . . . don't "give" when they strike bumps or ruts.

AIRWHEEL TIRE

Airwheel tires carry much less air pressure. Cushion the car against bumps and ruts. Grip the road better, too.


EXPENSIVE FOREIGN CAR

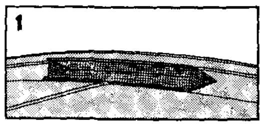
STYLED UP TO THE MINUTE!—The graceful lines of the special 121" wheelbase model are like those of some of the most expensive foreign cars. The "Aero-stream" styling of the new Dodge is the last word in modernism.


LOOK OUT FOR THAT BIG BUMP AHEAD, GEORGE-
O.K. HONEY
GEORGE, WE PASSED RIGHT OVER IT—AND NEVER FELT IT!
SURE! THESE NEW DODGE FLOATING-CUSHION WHEELS SIMPLY IRON OUT ALL BUMPS AND RUTS

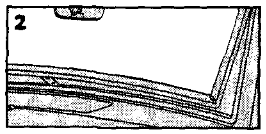
LEVELIZED RIDING—With Dodge "Floating-Cushion" Wheels. You don't feel bumps. Rough roads seem smooth—even to rear seat passengers.

WHEN YOU NEED TO "Stop on a Dime" YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON DODGE Hydraulic Brakes

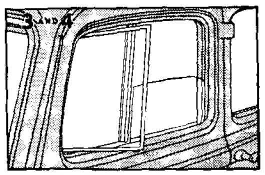
"7-POINT" VENTILATION



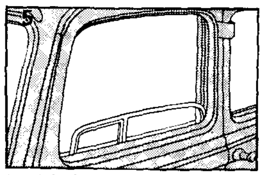
Cowl ventilator allows free circulation of air along floor.



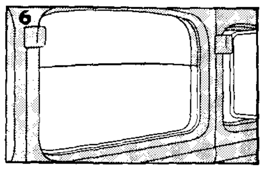
Windshield opens by means of crank on instrument board.



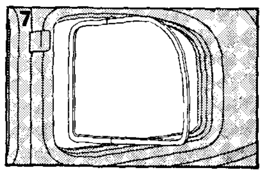
Front half of forward window swings open. Rear half lowers independently.



Both halves lock together and lower as a single unit.



Rear door window may be raised or lowered.

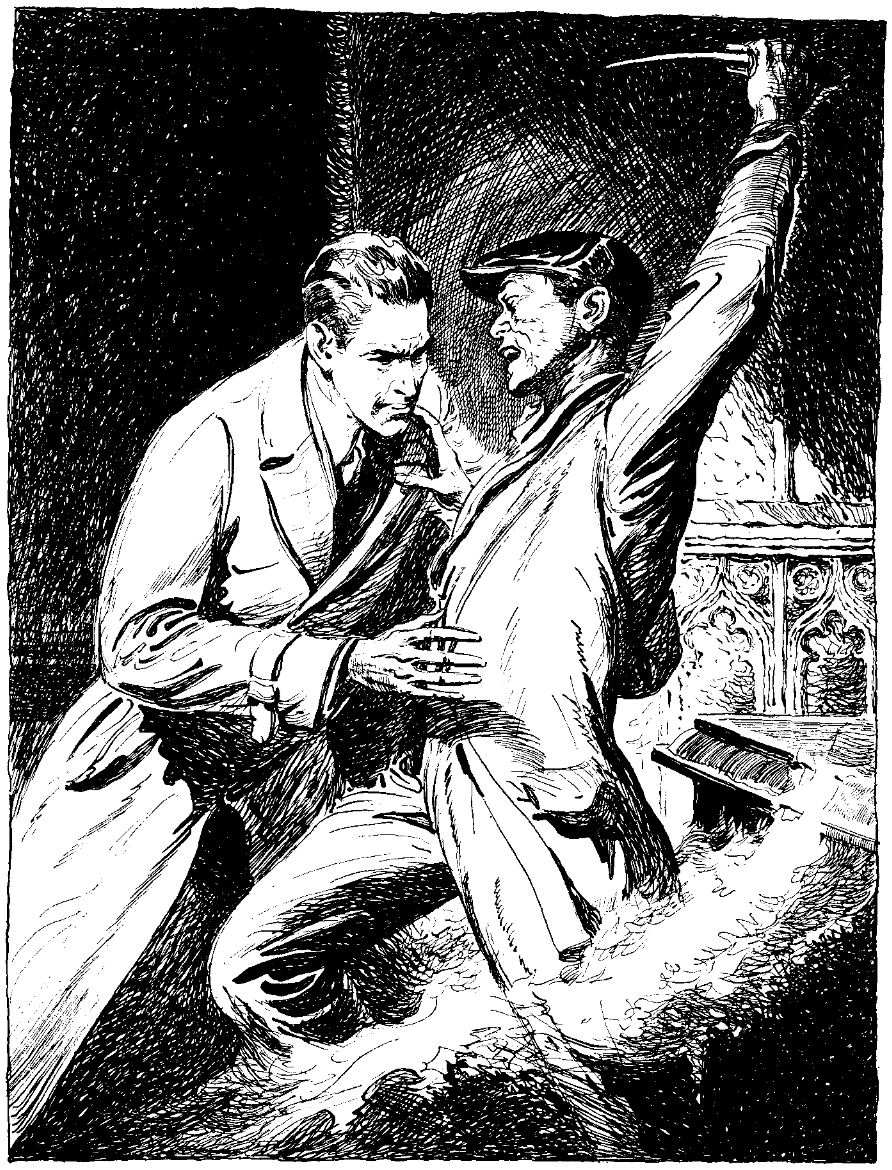


Rear quarter window has "butterfly" draft control.

The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



In that instant Nayland Smith sprang. "Gallaho!" he shouted. "Sterling!" The teak door was opened with a crash

The Story Thus Far:

ALAN STERLING'S fiancée, the beautiful Fleurette Petrie, is kidnapped just before leaving France on an Egypt-bound steamer. A close friend of Sterling, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, formerly of Scotland Yard, at once begins an investigation. He establishes the following facts:

That Professor Pietro Ambroso, in France, had evolved a remarkable statue—a porcelain figure of a young girl (The Sleeping Venus), so lifelike that it is uncanny. That the figure had been brought to London, placed in Ambroso's home by someone—a mysterious person—who *says* he is Ambroso, whereas he does not resemble the professor in the slightest. That Dr. Fu Manchu, most dangerous of all the world's criminals, is at large in London.

Before Sir Denis can take action, a Scotland Yard officer, assigned to the duty of watching Ambroso's house, reports that, having heard a girl scream for help, he had entered the house, found it deserted! With Chief Inspector Gallaho, Sterling and several members of the flying squad, he dashes to the house and listens to the man's amazing story. Then, searching the place, he finds the narrow box in which the statue had been transported from France. It is empty.

"Sterling," Sir Denis exclaims, "look at this hair!" He places a strand of wavy, Titian-red hair under the light, so that his young friend can inspect it. Sterling gasps. "Yes," Sir Denis says, "it is hers. *Fleurette, not Ambroso's statue, was in that box!*"

Working frantically—no time is to be lost—Sir Denis learns that only that afternoon a mysterious woman—a "Miss Demuras," who had died of pernicious anemia in the house adjoining Ambroso's—had been buried. The physician who had attended her describes her—Fah Lo Suee, Fu Manchu's fascinating daughter!

The woman's body (so Sir Denis is informed) had been placed in the Demuras family vault in the ancient Catholic cemetery. Armed with the necessary permit, Sir Denis, Gallaho, Sterling and several aides go to the vault. A constable opens it. The casket is lifted out. Its top, the witnesses note with horror, has been removed. "*Look!*" Sir Denis whispers.

III

"SHALL I lock the door?" Inspector Gallaho inquired, jangling the keys.

Nayland Smith had been last to leave the tomb of the Demurases. That great fog, which with brief intervals was destined to prevail for many days, already had claimed this city of the dead. They were a phantom company enveloped in a mist which might have been smoke of the Ultimate Valley. Alan Sterling was restraining an intense excitement.

Mr. Roberts, the home office representative, loomed up out of darkness.

"I understand that the shell was empty, Sir Denis?"

Nayland Smith came down the three steps.

"Not empty," he replied. "It was weighted with a head-stone stolen from near by!"

The old guardian of sepulchers stood by the open door. Bewilderment had lent that gray and sorrowful face a haunted expression, which might have belonged to the spirit of some early Demuras disturbed in the mausoleum.

THEREUPON Nayland Smith did a very odd thing. He stooped and began to remove his shoes!

"I say, Sir Denis—"

An upraised hand checked Alan Sterling at those first few words.

"Shut up, Sterling!" Sir Denis snapped. "Listen, everybody. I am going back down there."

"Alone?" Gallaho asked.

"Yes."

"Good heavens!"

"As soon as I've slipped in, partly close the door. Sing out in a loud voice: 'Here are the keys, Sir Denis,' or anything you *like* to convey the idea that I am with you. Understand?"

"Yes," Gallaho answered gruffly. "But if you suspect there's anybody hidden there, it's rather a mad move, sir."

"I can think of no other. Don't really lock the door," said Nayland Smith in a low voice. "Turn the key, but leave the door slightly ajar—"

"Very good, sir."

Soft-footed, Nayland Smith reëntered the tomb, turned and signaled with his hand. Gallaho began to close the heavy teak door.

"This is ghastly," Mr. Roberts muttered. "What does he expect to find?"

Gallaho rattled the keys, and:

"Shall I lock up, Sir Denis?" he said in his deep, gruff voice, paused a moment, and then: "Very good, sir. You go ahead; I'll follow."

He shot the lock noisily. The door was not more than an inch ajar.

"Silence!" he whispered. "Everybody stand by."

Beyond that ghostly door, guarded by sentinel cypresses, Nayland Smith was creeping down the stone steps, silently, stealthily. Gallaho had played his part well. Familiar with red tape, Smith knew that short of sandbagging the man from the home office, to have attempted to disturb the repose of another Demuras would have resulted in an adjournment of the investigation. Alone, and uninterrupted, he must confirm or disprove that queer impression of something which lived and moved in an ancient shell in a stone niche.

He reached the vault without having made a sound. His feet were chilled by the stone paving. Imagination charged the fog-laden atmosphere with odors of mortal decay. The darkness was intense. Looking up the steps down which he had come, no more than a vague blur indicated the presence of the stained-glass windows. On hands and knees he moved cautiously, right, and then crouched down against the wall and directly beneath the niche which contained the mortal remains of Isobel Demuras—or so the inscription stated.

Complete silence prevailed for fully a minute. He could detect no repetition of that furtive movement which he had heard, or imagined he had heard. Turning slowly and cautiously, he looked up. . . .

He saw a thing which for a moment touched him with awe.

The stone recess above had become vaguely illuminated, as if some spiritual light were thrown out from the shell of Isobel Demuras!

There came a vague shuffling—the same which he had detected when, last to leave, he had paused for a moment at the foot of the steps. Then . . . a ray of light shot across the vault, touching the farther wall, where it rested upon a brass plate. The inscription upon this he remembered to have read: Here lies Tristan Demuras, founder of the English branch of the family.

The noise above became louder. To it was added a squeaking sound. The ray disappeared from the opposite wall, but the niche above became more brightly illuminated. Nayland Smith, on hands and knees, crept to the corner of the vault. He had not vacated his former position more than three seconds when light poured down upon the pavement. He was just outside its radius.

The light disappeared; complete darkness fell. There came a renewed and a louder creaking, then a soft thud upon the floor beside him.

In that instant Nayland Smith sprang. . . .

"Gallaho!" he shouted. "Sterling!"

The teak door was opened with a crash. Gallaho shining his light ahead of him, came clattering down the steps, Sterling close behind.

"The light . . . here, Gallaho—quick!" Nayland Smith spoke hoarsely. "Get his knife!"

"My God!"

Sterling sprang forward.

A LITHE yellow man, his eyes on fire with venomous hatred, was struggling in Nayland Smith's grasp! Sir Denis had him by the throat, but with his right hand he clutched the man's lean, muscular wrist. A knife, having a long curved blade, was grasped in the sinewy fingers. For all Nayland Smith's efforts, its point was creeping nearer and nearer, driven by the maniacal strength which animated the tigerish body. The right arm of the yellow man was thrown around his captor, seeking to drag him down upon the quivering blade. . . .

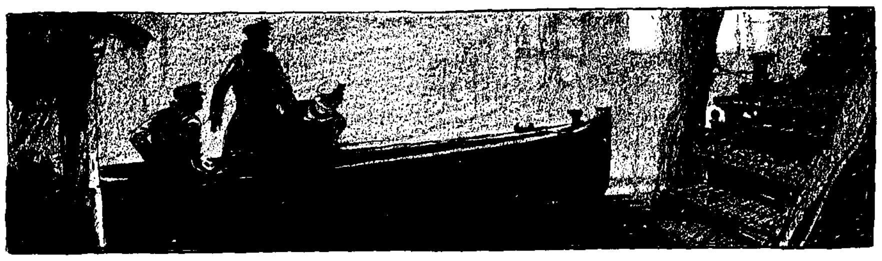
Gallaho twisted the weapon from the man's grasp, and Nayland Smith stood up, breathing heavily. Two constables had joined them now, their lamps reinforcing the illumination.

"Who's got bracelets?" growled Gallaho.

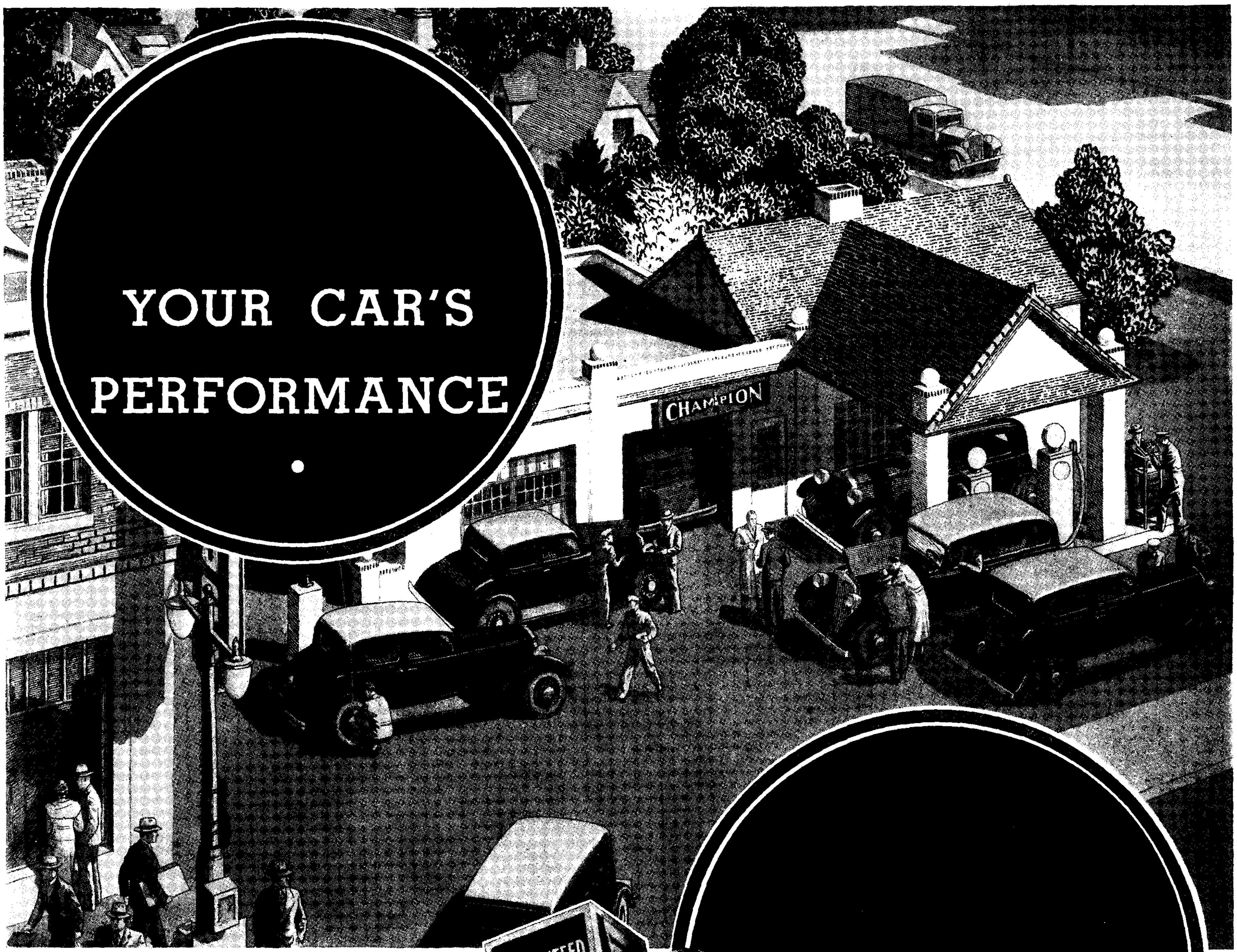
None of the party had handcuffs, but Constable Dorchester of the spiky red hair grabbed the prisoner and ran him up the steps.

Outside, held by Dorchester and another, his back against the teak door, he grinned fiendishly, but uttered no word while Nayland Smith resumed his shoes. Gallaho shone the light on the face of the captive.

The man wore a soft shirt and no tie;



National Change Week May 7 to 14



This week, Champion National Change Week, is dedicated by Champion Spark Plug dealers everywhere to demonstrate the importance of spark plugs in engine performance and of proper, regular spark plug service Spark plug inspection and testing, cleaning and correct gap setting are a part of the service. Do you know how much new spark plugs, every 10,000 miles, will improve engine performance and economy? Call on your Champion dealer this week—he will appreciate an opportunity to show you how to improve your car's performance.

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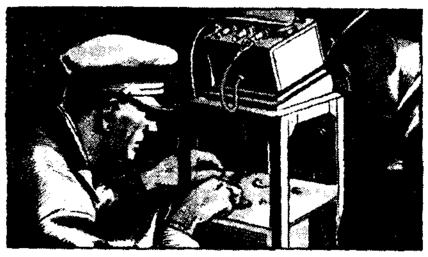

Many Champion dealers have modern cleaning equipment which cleans spark plugs thoroughly. Have your spark plugs cleaned regularly during their efficient life—it saves you time and money.

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a cheap flannel suit; his ankles were bare, and his lean feet were encased in rubber-soled shoes. His teeth gleamed in that fixed grin of hatred; his sunken eyes held a reddish, smoldering fire. Disordered oily black hair hung down over his forehead. He was panting and wet with perspiration.

Nayland Smith raised the damp hair from the man's brow, revealing a small mark on parchmentlike skin.

"The mark of Kali," he said. "I thought so. . . . One of the doctor's religious assassins."

"Whatever is the meaning of all this?" Mr. Roberts demanded in a high, quavering voice.

Nayland Smith turned in the speaker's direction so that, from Sterling's point of view, the keen, angular profile was clearly visible against the light of a lamp held by one of the constables.

"It means," Sir Denis began. . . .

Something hummed like a giant insect past Sterling's ear, missed Nayland Smith by less than an inch as he sprang back with fists clenched, glittered evilly in the lantern light, and . . . the man whose brow was branded with the mark of Kali gurgled, and became limp in the grip of his two big captors.

A bloody foam appeared upon his lips.

He was pinned to the door by a long, narrow-bladed knife, which had completely pierced his throat and had penetrated nearly an inch into the teak against which he stood!

NAYLAND SMITH walked up and down his study in Whitehall. Heavy blue curtains were drawn before the windows. Alan Sterling from the depths of an armchair watched him gloomily.

"I am satisfied that the other shells in that vault were occupied by deceased Demurases," said Sir Denis. "How long the group has had access to that mausoleum is something we are unlikely ever to know. But doubtless it has served other purposes in the past. The supposed sarcophagus of Isobel Demuras, as I showed you, was no more than a trick box or hiding-place, having a spy-hole by means of which one concealed there could watch what was going on below. It was certain that I have been covered closely for some days past. We were followed to Dr. Norton's house this evening, and later I was followed to the home secretary's. To make assurance doubly sure, the doctor planted a spy in the mausoleum."

He paused, knocking out his pipe.

"That knife was meant for me, Sterling," he said grimly, "and Dr. Fu Manchu's thugs rarely miss."

"It was an act of Providence—the protection of heaven!"

"I agree. The reign of the Mandarin Fu Manchu is drawing to a close. The omens are against him. He smuggled Fleurette from Ambroso's studio to the cemetery. The device seems elaborate; but consider the difficulty of transporting an insensible girl!"

Sterling jumped up, a lean but athletic figure, clenching and unclenching his sunburned hands.

"Insensible—yes!" he groaned. "How do we know she isn't—dead?"

"Because all the evidence points the other way. Dr. Fu Manchu is a good gambler; he would never throw away an ace. Consider the sheer brilliance of his asking police protection for Professor Ambroso—that is, for himself!"

"He had not anticipated that it would be continued in London."

"Possibly not."

He pressed a bell. A tall, gaunt manservant came in. A leathery quality in his complexion indicated that he had known tropical suns; his face was expressionless as that of a Sioux brave; his small eyes conveyed nothing.

"Set out a cold buffet in the dining-room, Fay," Nayland Smith directed.

Fay, seeming to divine by means of some extra sense that this completed his instructions, slightly inclined his close-cropped head and went out as quietly as he had come in.

THE telephone bell rang. Sir Denis took up the instrument, and:

"Yes," he said, "please show him up at once." He replaced the receiver. "Gallaho is downstairs. I hope this means that the deceased thug has been identified."

Sterling's restlessness was feverish. "This waiting," he muttered, "is damnably trying."

Nayland Smith unscrewed the top of a tobacco jar.

"Get out your pipe," he snapped. "We'll have a drink when Gallaho arrives. You don't have to be jumpy—there's work ahead, and I'm counting on you."

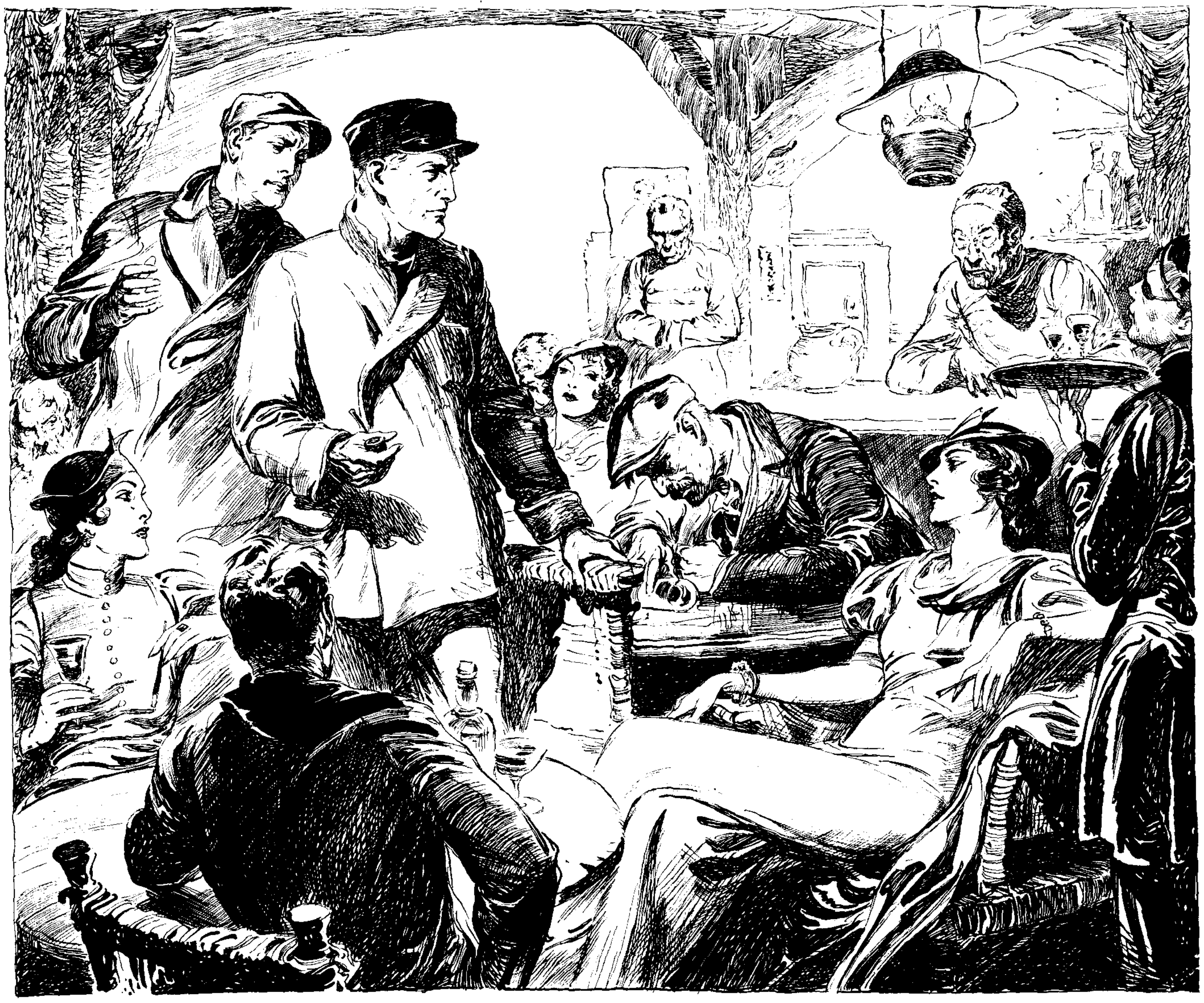
Sterling nodded, clenched his white teeth, and plunged into a pocket of his suit for his pipe. At that moment a bell rang. Sir Denis opened the door, crossed the lobby and faced Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho at the very moment that the silent Fay admitted him. He could not wait for the Scotland Yard man to cross the threshold, but:

"Who was he?" he snapped. "Do you know?"

"Got his history, sir, such as it is."

"Good."

The fog had penetrated to the elevator shaft of the building; wisps floated out on the landing and already were penetrating the lobby. When the inspector had come in:



No one took the slightest notice of their entrance and, walking toward the bar, they seated themselves in the two vacant chairs

"Have you had any dinner?" snapped Nayland Smith.

"No, sir. I haven't had time to think about eating."

"I thought not. There's a cold buffet in the dining-room, as I gather we may be late tonight. Am I right?"

"Quite probably, sir."

"Excellent."

Sterling had charged his pipe from the tobacco jar, and now Nayland Smith pulled out a tangle of broad-cut mixture and began stuffing it into the hot bowl of his own cracked brier.

"Help yourself to whisky and soda, Inspector," he said. "It's on the side table there. Please go ahead."

Gallaho nodded, took a glass and helped himself to a modest drink, then:

"The dead man has been identified by Detective Sergeant Pether, of K Division," he went on. "What Pether doesn't know about the Asiatics isn't worth knowing. Can I help you, sir?" indicating the decanter.

"Thanks, Inspector—and one for Mr. Sterling while you're there."

Gallaho, officiating as butler, continued:

"HIS real nationality Pether doesn't know, but he's probably Burmese. He always passed for a lascar at Sam Pak's—"

"Sam Pak's?" rapped Nayland Smith.

"You're a bit out of touch with Limehouse, sir," said Gallaho, handing a tumbler to Sir Denis and one to Sterling. "But Sam Pak's is a small restaurant principally used by Asiatics but also frequented by seamen from ships docking in the river. It's generally known that opium and hashish can be got there. But as its use seems to be confined to Chinese, we have never moved. There have been no complaints. Well—" he took a sip of his whisky-and-soda—"it seems that the dead man was known as 'Charlie'—apparently he had no other name; and sometimes he used to act as waiter for Sam Pak."

"Highly important," murmured Nayland Smith, beginning to walk up and down. "A very strong link, Gallaho. The doctor's on the run. His available servants are few, and he's back in his old haunts. Very significant. Could you give me a brief character sketch of this Sam Pak?"

"I can try, sir. Pether knows him better than I do, but I didn't bother to bring him along. Let me see." . . . He chewed imaginary gum, staring up at the ceiling, then: "Sam Pak is a small, old, very wrinkled Chinaman. He might be any age up to, say, a hundred. He has run this restaurant for the past four years. He has a voice like a tin whistle, and speaks pidgin English."

"Stop!" snapped Nayland Smith. "Detective Sergeant Fletcher of K Division retired some years ago, didn't he?"

"He did, sir," Gallaho replied, rather startled. "He's landlord of the George and Dragon in Commercial Road. I happen to know him well."

"Get through to the George and Dragon," Nayland Smith directed. "Find out if Fletcher is home, and if so, ask him to come on the line."

"Very good, sir. . . . Now?"

"You might as well; I want to think. You can use the telephone in the lobby."

"Very good, sir."

Inspector Gallaho went out, carrying his tumbler, and:

"You know," said Nayland Smith, turning and staring at Sterling, "I have an idea that I know Sam Pak. I believe he is a certain John Ki, who disappeared from Chinatown some years ago. He was one of Fu Manchu's people, Sterling. I should like to be sure."

(Continued on page 54)

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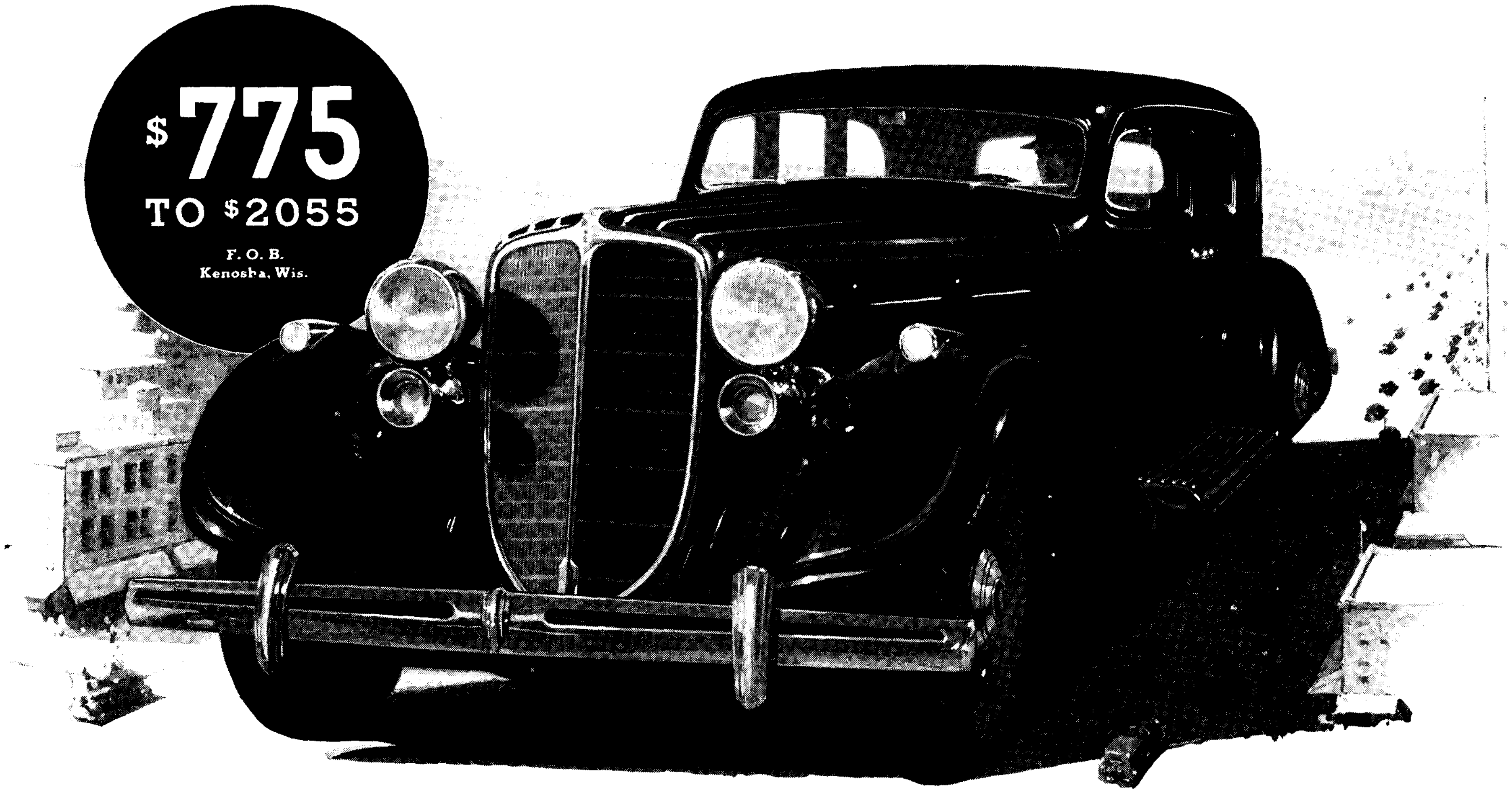

Nash has built a Million Cars!

NASH DEALERS ARE GIVING A MILLION DEMONSTRATIONS IN 30 DAYS!

★ ★ Nash has built a million Nash cars . . . and already has started, with accelerated pace, toward its 2nd million!

A million-car success calls for a celebration. And so, Nash dealers have programmed themselves to give, within 30 days, *a million people a million demonstrations!*

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NEW NASH-BUILT LAFAYETTE, THE FINE CAR OF THE LOW PRICE FIELD, $595 to $695

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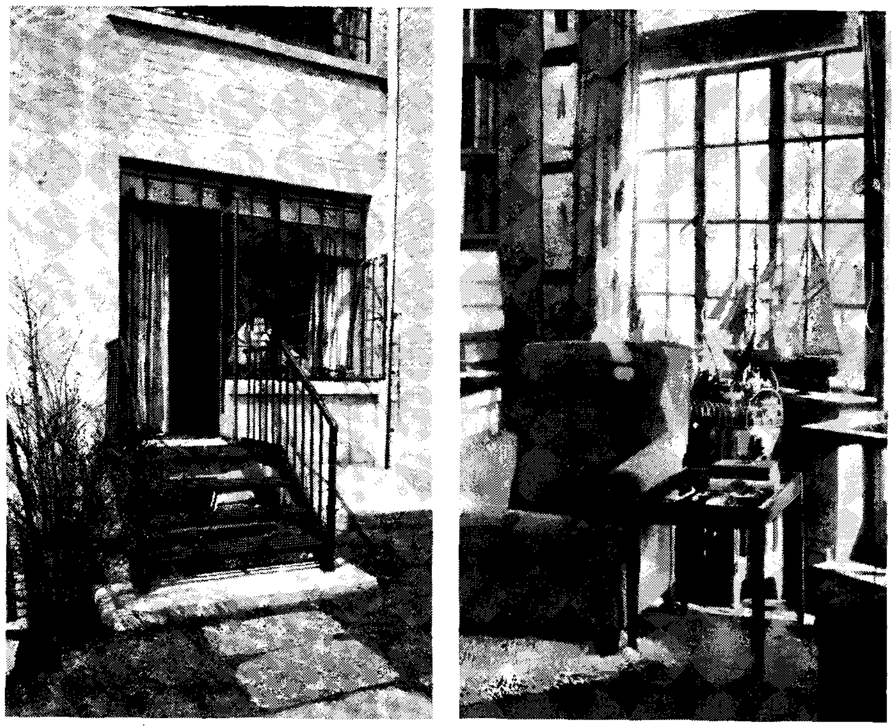
Treating the House

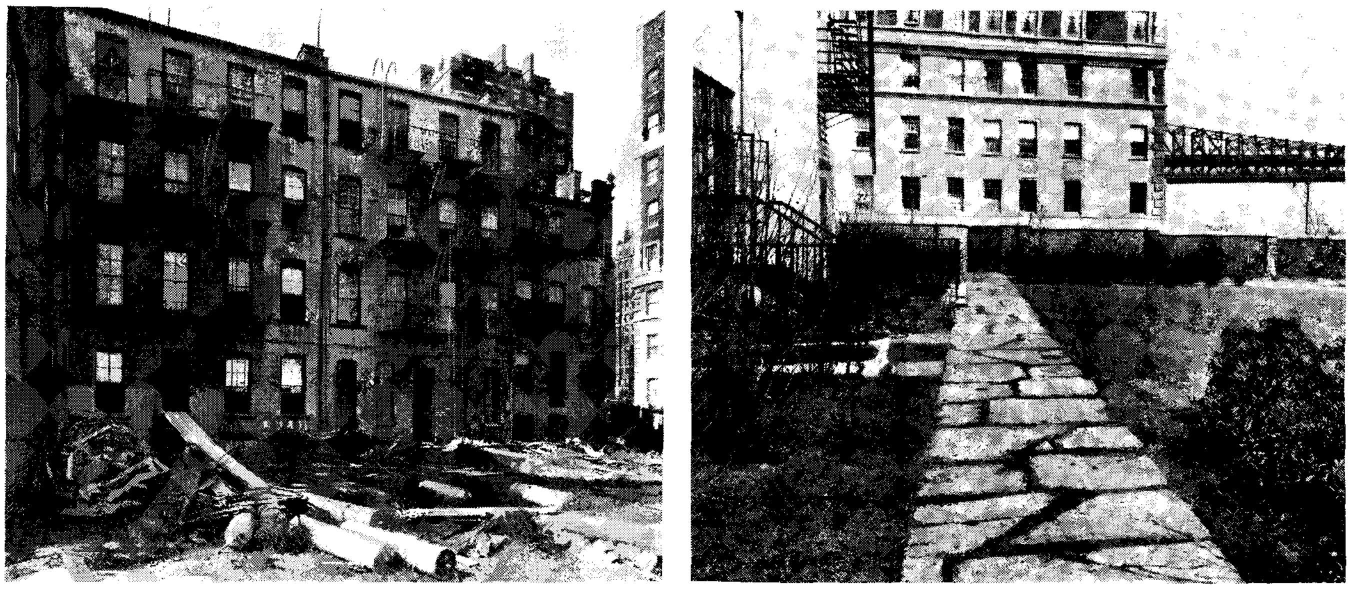
When you feel that furniture-moving, fixing-up-the-house urge coming on, here are the latest pointers on decoration to help you do it with a dash of difference

By Betty Thornley Stuart

Photographed for Collier's by Redell



Right: A charming doorway evolved from one of those below. Far right, corner of a renovated Sutton Place apartment, looking out on the bridge and river



Above: Before and after in the back yards of Sutton Place South; tea tables and garden chairs are the order of a summer day

A cold-water, unheated kitchen takes on the latest in conveniences, from plumbing to cabinets

WE'VE turned in the old radio for the latest model, arranged payments on the new car, picked up the slack on the mortgage and bought new clothes all round. Now we're just about ready to spend something on the house. Houses have been wearing last year's overcoat and liking it, with nothing but necessary repairs and replacements over a period that put their owners out of touch with what smart real estate used to demand. How are we going to spend a few dollars so they'll look like a lot?

Sleuthing for an answer to a national query, we consulted a woman who recently face-lifted a group of properties compared to which ours at their worst are débutantes and blue-bloods. For Mrs. Tuckerman Draper was called in to see what could be done with four old-style, cold-water New York tenements, heavily in the red, a nightmare to their owners and an eyesore to the neighbors. And she accomplished a transformation that interested the Social Register and made hard-boiled realtors rub their eyes.

Sutton Place North had long been one of the city's choicest residential fringes, hanging decoratively over the East River at the end of fashionable Fifty-seventh Street. The first block of Sutton Place South, from Fifty-seventh to Fifty-sixth, was also good-looking and haughty. Down at Fifty-third the exclusive bulk of River House, with its private dock, its swimming pool and its tennis courts belonging to the River Club, was one of the best addresses in town. But the block from Fifty-sixth to Fifty-fifth, despite as favorable a location and as spectacular a water view, had folded its shawl over its head, hung its bedding out across the dingy fire escapes and remained sullenly aloof from uplift. Even the poor were beginning to avoid this poverty pocket. Bleak, dismal, outmoded, the shabby-fronted houses showed an average vacancy of 33 per cent, even with a rental of only fifty dollars for each big floor. Income didn't meet taxes. It would have been a risky venture to tear down and rebuild; the market doesn't yet warrant such outlay. Could the houses be made to pay with only a little spent on them? The owners, with rare perspicacity, handed the job over to the same hand that had dispensed lavishly at the River Club.

Color Does It

"The answer?" said Mrs. Draper. "Plumbing and heating first, of course, but that won't interest your readers who take such things for granted. The rest of it was largely paint, paper and imagination. Changing lines generally cost heavily. Changing color is much less expensive. Yet the average eye picks up color more readily than line. That's the way to get the most for a little money—color."

Suppose we let Mrs. Draper take us over to look around. Instead of the old dingy, time-scarred red brick, these houses are painted glossy black, with cornices and trim in dull white. The necessary evil of the fire escapes has been turned into an asset, for they are also white, and to their bare rods have been fastened ornamental iron panels—the same kind that people rave over in New Orleans or the older London squares. The door of each house is painted, too—challengingly modern. The first is brilliant red, the next yellow, the third green, the last red again, and each has a great, bright brass knocker.

Inside, the Victorian mantelpieces are still in place. The long halls of those apartments that are unavoidably of "railroad type" are hung in giddy Victorian paper; others are done in bright new paint. The new oak floors carry colorful rugs. Where areas were too small, walls have been taken down to give a selection of 24-foot living-rooms. Floors that formerly brought in $50 apiece when rented—which was only two-thirds of the time—now average $180, all taken.

Not many of us will paint the faces of our houses all over, but, says Mrs. Draper, what about doing the cornice, the shutters if we have them and, in any case, the front door? A brilliant front door for a very few of us. A gleaming white door for many, a shiny dark green door for others. Think seriously about that big brass knocker; it costs little and looks lots. If there is an appropriate place for them, ask your grocer for ex-butter tubs, paint them white or glossy green and make corsage bouquets—a ring of white daisies with red geraniums inside—a couple of sturdy evergreens—ornamental bushes from the local greenhouse. Don't forget a new doormat. And how about a neat row of whitewashed stones outlining the road to the garage?

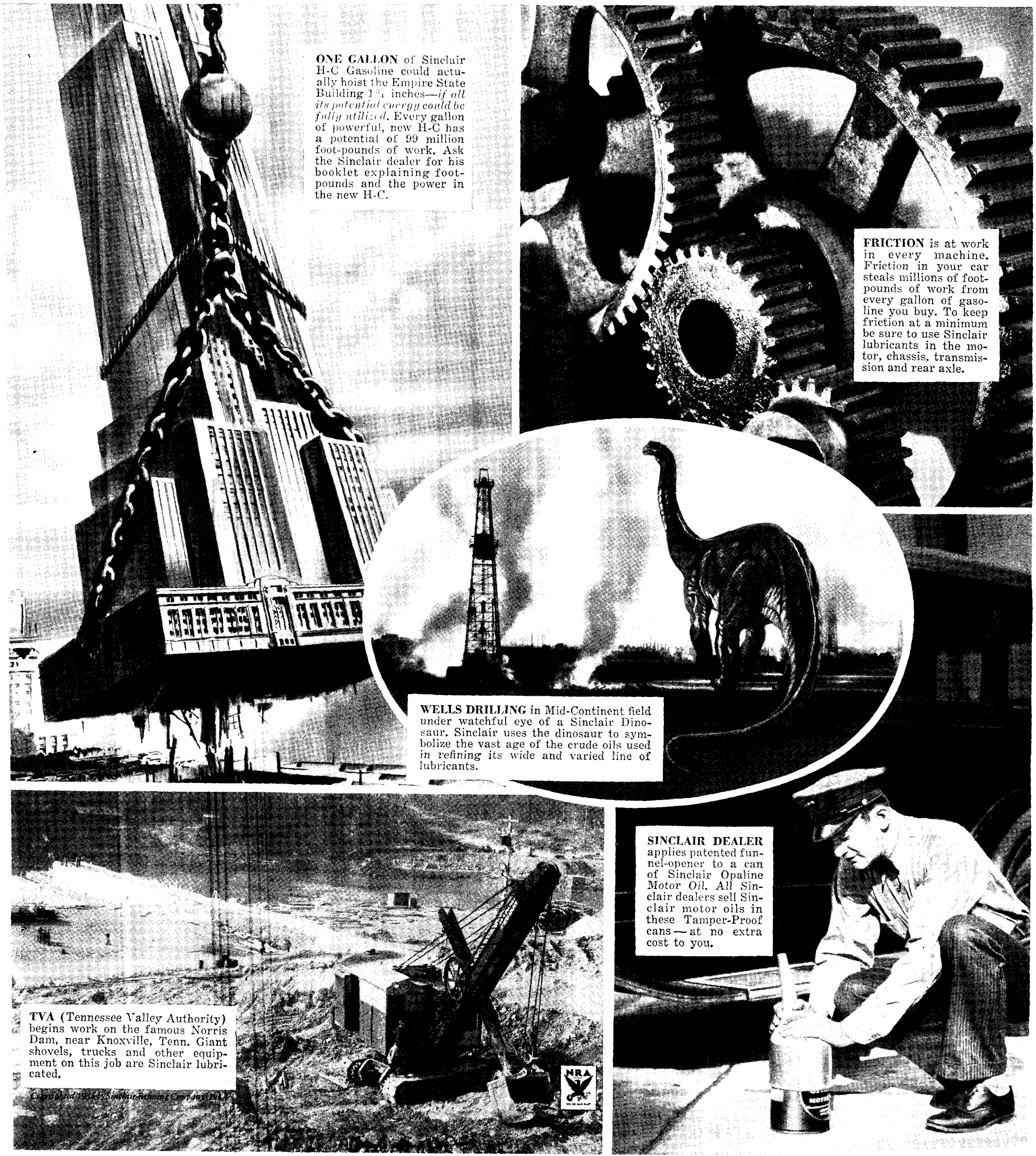
The next step is to walk inside your house and try to imagine you've never seen it before. Does the hallway give an impression of modest affluence, or is it the red-headed stepchild dressed in what wasn't wanted elsewhere? If your budget runs to doing the walls over, imitation pine paper is effective, as is any more or less formal scenic.

Painting That's Easy

If you choose paint, don't think the ceiling has to be cream or white; some of the newest are very dark with light walls or those of strong color, or done in pale blue or pale pink, both good with brown walls. In case the hall is too high for its size, a dark cornice helps bring it down, or merely a dark band finished with a molding to match. These, however, are apt to be professional jobs. If you don't plan to spend for such work, do you know the warm-water

(Continued on page 43)

99 MILLION FOOT-POUNDS PER GALLON..



ONE GALLON of Sinclair H-C Gasoline could actually hoist the Empire State Building 1¾ inches—*if all its potential energy could be fully utilized*. Every gallon of powerful, new H-C has a potential of 99 million foot-pounds of work. Ask the Sinclair dealer for his booklet explaining foot-pounds and the power in the new H-C.

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TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority) begins work on the famous Norris Dam, near Knoxville, Tenn. Giant shovels, trucks and other equipment on this job are Sinclair lubricated.

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NRA
WE DO OUR PART

We shipped GRANITE made GRINDSTONES to

How car-makers put a tough problem up to tire-builders—and Goodyear engineers built a broader, flatter, huskier tire that "keeps its grip" 43% longer!

(A lengthy advertisement but if you buy tires it will pay you to read it)

YOU should have seen them when the reports started filtering in—the development engineers, trouble-shooters, calender-room men, executive staff and all.

After a little it had them sleepless with worry and bafflement.

Far-scattered Goodyear salesmen, who also serve as "performance detectives" in the field, picked it up first.

Just about two years ago their reports began to read like this:

"Something funny out here, something happening to tire treads. Not just competitive tires, even ours. They don't seem to wear as long as they did before."

That was the beginning. It grew. It started an upheaval in the Goodyear plants that involved everybody from the president down to the pitmen, and didn't settle down until eighteen months later.

But when it did settle down Goodyear had the answer. What's more, it had embodied that answer in tires being shipped to dealers—astonishing tires, tires that so far outranged competitors' or any others that Goodyear had ever produced it was amazing.

We call those new tires now by the name they had in the plant—"G-3".

Here's what you get in Goodyear's new "G-3"!

You get longer, smoother, more dependable wear.

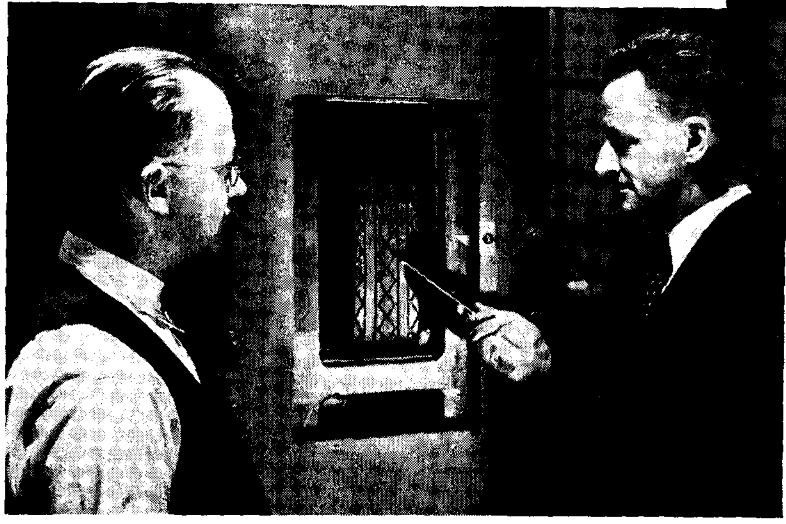
You get more than 43% longer non-skid tread design wear.

You get 50% slower "heel-and-toe" non-skid block wear.

You get the greater safety and traction of 16% more non-skid blocks on the tread.

You get more rubber in the tread—an average of 2 pounds more per tire.

You get a broader, huskier, handsomer tire and a bigger value!



". . . it keeps the blocks in the center of the tread". . . examining the contact of "G-3" under pressure through glass "window"

"Lick it!" was the order

One strange thing about those reports, as they filtered in from east to west, from south to north—there didn't seem to be any explanation as to why they came from certain places.

Carolina, for instance, vacation spot of the east, with its scenic stretches of broad, smooth highways—Arizona, where towns are far between and cars travel without slacking speed hour after hour—California, with one of the finest highway systems in the world.

The whole thing was stubbornly puzzling—didn't seem reasonable.

Here were tires, ours as well as other makers', that up to then had been giving satisfactory mileages, all of a sudden wearing too fast in the tread.

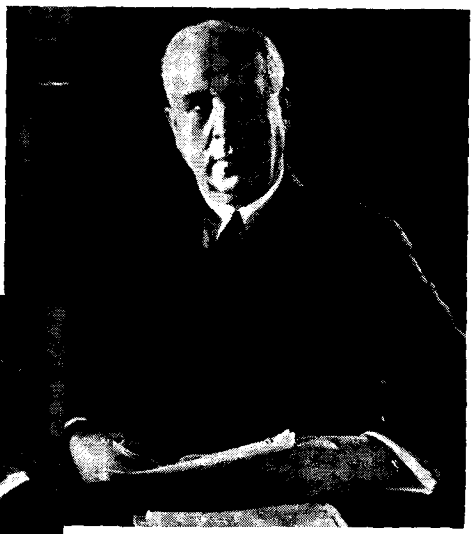
We thought first something had slipped in our inspection system. Checked that, found it okeh. Maybe a batch of bad rubber got through. Checked that, nothing there.

We put in a complete new control system in the calender-room and other parts of the plant. It cost thousands and didn't help.

Finally, the real cause was ferreted out.

It wasn't the tires that were at fault. They were as good as ever. It was the new, modern cars!

Each new year, cars were stepping up in power—stepping up in speed—stepping up in getaway—equipping with stronger brakes. Tires couldn't stand the gaff as they once did. And that was serious. With higher speeds—faster getaway—crowded traffic—tires need to *keep their grip* more than ever before.



P. W. LITCHFIELD
President, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc.

Then the Chief got mad

The orders that came through then fairly smoked. You couldn't mistake their meaning. All the preliminary work was junked, and we started over.

We started on "G-3."

The first step was to get soil samples from the trouble centers—where some strange freak of nature made the tiny grains of grit even in fine concrete roads so razor sharp that tires wear out twice as fast as they do on ordinary highways.

Then this grit—the fastest-cutting in the country—was made into special sandpaper, mounted on high-speed flywheels, used as "grindstones," to test the wear-resistance of tread designs.

We tried different placements of non-skid blocks, different sized blocks, different rubber compounds, different cross-section profiles.

Then we took the tread which stood up longer than any other, and "gave it the works" out on the road. Months of ordinary driving couldn't wear it out—so the test fleet got this order: "Run 24 hours a day, in shifts of drivers, speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—and keep that up day in and day out right around the clock!"

The test cars couldn't take it

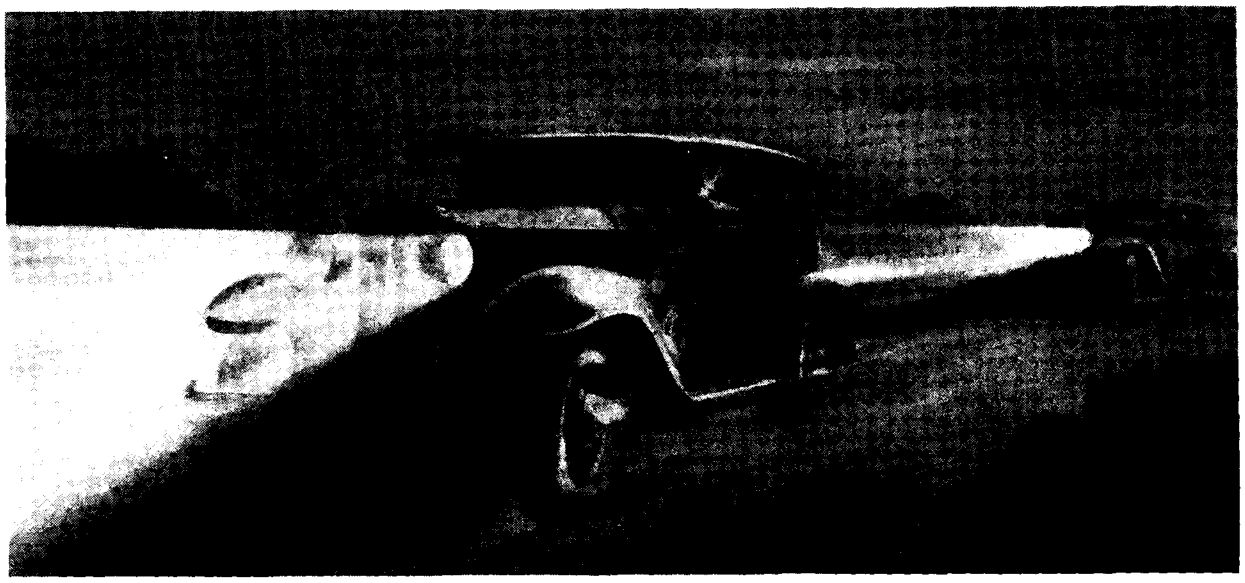
Under that awful strain the tires stood up but the cars broke down. We tried 600 miles a day stopping every 2 miles. Too strong still, so we tried it stopping every five miles.

The cars still gave some trouble but we kept them at it. Brakes had to be adjusted every 8 hours, relined completely every 72.

But *the new-design, flat-arc tread, tough-fibred Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather stood up, and kept on standing up!*

They *outran any previous Goodyear All-Weather and kept their grip twice as long as any other well-known make of tire!*

GRIT, from Carolina, and TEST TIRES *then we built the NEW "G3"*



"Run 24 hours... speed up to 50, then jam on the brakes... and keep it up day and night"

We knew we had something, but we wanted to make doubly sure.

So months ago we started feeding these new "G-3" All-Weathers out to our dealers, in a few sizes. We didn't announce these new tires. We wanted a test *by the public* in advance.

Month after month has gone by. Everywhere the same result, no trouble. The tires have made good with a vengeance. The trouble slate is clean!

You can get the "G-3" now

There's a Goodyear Dealer near you with this amazing new tire in stock in your size.

When you examine it, you will find that it keeps the famous All-Weather blocks *in the center of the tread*—where you need them more than ever before for *quick-stopping safety.*

It would have been far easier for us to follow the rest of the tire industry—and replace *grip* in the center of the tread with smooth running-ribs.

But Goodyear refused to compromise with safety. On smooth highways, you need *grip* on your tires. For the sake of safety, your tires must bite and hold—or powerful brakes are useless. As roads get better and cars get faster—traction becomes more vital than ever to modern tires for modern cars. *So the "G-3" keeps the world's best known safety tread, but makes it even better.*

Those non-skid blocks are nested closer—*there are 16% more blocks on the tread.*

And *the tread is broader by 5½%—the tread is flatter—the riding ribs are 11½% wider—the grooves are narrower*—all of which helps to fortify the tire and eliminate "squirming" under pressure, a common cause of wear.

Such a design puts an extra strain on the sidewalls—but Goodyear was ready for that. It has a patented advantage, something no other tire-maker can use.

In the extra-durable, extra-elastic Supertwist cord carcass it has a tire-body that can easily stand the extra strain.

This new "G-3" All-Weather is the first time that full advantage has ever been taken of the super-strength of this matchless carcass.

Adding it all up, here's what you get when you buy the new "G-3":

You get a tire that averages *more than 43% longer non-skid tread design wear.*

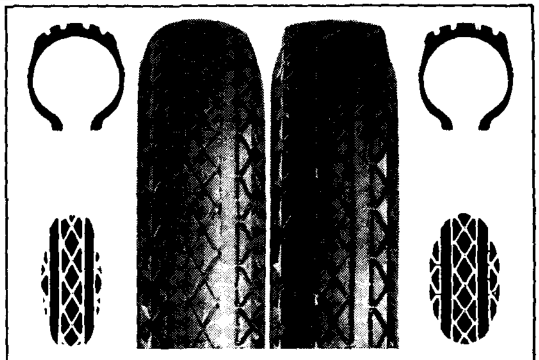
You get a tire on which "cupping" or "heel-and-toe" wear on the non-skid blocks *is cut down 50%.*

You get a tire with *16% more non-skid blocks on the tread for better traction and greater safety.*

And the best news is saved till the last.

Despite the fact that this tire costs more to build, you get all these things in the new "G-3" All-Weather tire at no extra cost!

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO



Old tire (left) and new tire (right) showing comparative wear after same mileage. Cross sections and tread imprints show why "G-3" tire gives greater mileage: because it has wider tread and more blocks of rubber in contact with the road

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The Path of Duty

Continued from page 19

cutting her throat or, better still, getting the surgeon who had operated on Jill to do it for her.

Following the Hollywood practice of an unannounced try-out, the picture was put into a car and carried off to an outlying theater for the purpose of noting its effect upon the public.

As the opening title, T. L. B. Picture Corp. presents JILL MARSH in *DERELICTS OF LOVE*, the main body of the audience settled back for one hour and twenty minutes of sentimental soporific.

At the final fade-out there was a little bewildered applause, stemmed by the timely appearance of Mickey Mouse.

Milton Chennick walked out of the theater with never a word. When he did speak it was in the car and in answer to a question from Ramenoutski, the director.

"How do I think it went? Lousy!"

"But the kid was wonderful!"

"Perfect."

"And the picture's good."

"Best we ever made."

"Then how do you explain it?"

Chennick looked at him and nodded. "I can explain it all right."

But he did not do so until the following day, when a conference of the studio heads and some representatives of the press was held.

"Boys," he said, "you may think I'm crazy, but Derelicts of Love isn't going to be released—and now I'll tell you why."

And he proceeded to do so.

Oh, yes, he was ready to admit that the picture was a classic—that Jill with her new voice gave an incomparable performance, but . . . Had Garbo or Dietrich appeared in the part all would have been well, because audiences had been trained to expect them to appear in rôles of that description. But with Jill it was different. Jill's reputation had been based upon the cardinal virtues: Simplicity, innocence, fidelity. And now, in a single cast, all that build-up had been thrown overboard and audiences were to be invited to accept her as mercenary, vicious, wanton.

Audiences would not accept juveniles as character actors. What did anybody suppose would happen if Gary Cooper, say, was exploited behind a great beard? Why, his fans would rise in a body and cry aloud, "Take off that muff, we know you!" And just the same would happen with Jill Marsh and this new voice of hers. They would think they were being fooled—that the whole thing was counterfeit—phony.

". . . and it won't help any to tell 'em she got that way on account of a scalpel that slipped. No, sir. There is only one hope of putting this picture over and making Jill credible. The public has got to be convinced that some calamity has occurred in her domestic life to account for the change. The world has got to be told that her heart is broken. Either that or I scrap the picture."

THE room emptied, until only Hal Bosser and Chennick were left. The small, round agent scratched his head.

"This is surely a tough assignment that falls to me," said he.

"Take it or leave it, Hal; but I guess it won't do you much good to watch those two kids love each other into four-reel quickies and obscurity."

"You said it. But the one time I did make a move to help 'em fit into the new order, I only missed a punch in the nose because I had my glasses on."

Milton Chennick clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"Gee, that's tough! Socking a guy who has a ten per cent interest in your welfare."

"Nobody's so blind as them that won't see, 'n' I guess they got kind of callous from loving each other."

"*Blind is the word. Doesn't Hollywood* import enough handsome males for Jill to give one of them a break? Ray, too—you'd think he was crippled the way he stays at home. I tell you, the lives they lead are a direct contradiction of all the laws of story construction. Hand the facts to the finest writer in the industry and he wouldn't do a thing with them."

"Listen," said Hal Bosser. "I'm not a religious man, but a few things I do believe, 'n' one is that if your cause is right, it'll prosper. Either I get those two kids to consent to a separation or I rub my name off the industry."

Picking up his hat, he walked out.

THE relations between Jill and Ray had been a little strained since the preview. Unused to seeing Jill appear in the rôle of a tough dame, he had shared with the audience their bewilderment, and added some indignation of his own. As a result he had refrained from uttering a single word of praise. When asked what was biting him, he had frankly stated his objections to Jill being used to appeal to the crude instincts of the hunting male. Jill's reply that her salary had been raised to three thousand dollars a week failed to mollify him. Coming nearer to an epigram than he had ever before approached, he told her that he had never held with making a profit out of sin. After that he went off to soothe his nerves on the polo ground.

Piqued and neglected, Jill then welcomed the arrival of Hal Bosser with open arms.

"What's the news, Hal? Do you know when they are going to release my picture?"

"Maybe never."

He knew that she was well aware of the fate that befalls a star whose picture finds its way into the ash can. It means farewell to fame. Having established a menace, he proceeded to repeat what had taken place at the conference.

"But, Hal, what am I to do?"

"Prove that you aren't afraid," he replied. "Listen, honey, you and Ray would never have met but for T. L. B. Pictures. Thanks to them you've had three swell years together. Because you're nice kids the boys on the press have written up your happiness and given you a break. But nothin' can last forever. Change is the breath of life. You and I know that there is no personal reason why you and Ray should split. But there are reasons of politics, not to mention the matter of loyalty to the company, that now arise. The public demands thrills and means to have 'em.

"Here's you comin' out in a new character, 'n' that character needs a big build-up and plenty of background. We want to see you with the dishes flyin'. We want to see you and Ray all set for the opposite poles. Of course, you may say no, 'n' take what's comin' to you—but I feel you're too much of a straight shooter to do that. You owe the company, the public and the press a break, 'n' nobody'll convince me you'll pass the buck. Give us a divorce, baby! Let the world see you steppin' out in pastures new."

He paused for breath and started again on a note of deeper emotion.

"I'm not the sort of guy who likes to preach, but there comes a time with all of us when we must quit foolin' and face the realities of life. You two have played around long enough. You've had your fun—it's over. The path of duty lies before you—to Reno!"

There were tears in Jill's eyes when he finished speaking. With an impulsive gesture she slipped a hand into one of his.

"You're a grand person," she said. "And I guess you're right—that we mustn't think only of ourselves."

"Atta girl!" said Mr. Bosser, and never in his life had he been so profoundly moved by admiration.

When Ray returned home he was given a note from Jill. In it she stated that she could no longer tolerate his brutalities and infidelities. . . . Good-by. . . .

That night Jill was led in tears from the Brown Derby by a representative of a news syndicate. And Ray, drunker than he had ever been before, accompanied by an extra girl, whose reputation for amorous interludes transcended her other talents, was thrown out of the Hollywood Stadium for starting a rival fight in one of the aisles.

At an even later hour telegraph wires hummed and the cables that creep along the floors of the sea trembled with tidings of two young people who had followed the pathways of duty, unafraid.

The release of Jill's picture synchronized with the published reports of her divorce. The picture was a smash hit and beat box-office records everywhere. Millions of spectators marveled at but accepted the transformation that had been wrought in her by the guile and villainy of her one-time mate.

It may be supposed that the sympathy excited for Jill would have reacted unfavorably upon Ray. But such was not the case. Hitherto the young man had been regarded as an amiable and harmless rube, but thanks to the publicity that centered about him, he assumed a new and glamorous importance.

THUS it will be seen that the whole affair was an unqualified success, and reflected great credit upon everybody concerned.

Following a conference at T. L. B. studios, it was decided to mark the company's appreciation of the services Hal Bosser had rendered them by presenting him with a cigarette case of some precious metal. Their dismay can be imagined when the little agent threw the gift down on the table and refused to accept it.

"If you think I want remindin' of what I did, you're mistaken."

They beseeched him to be himself and not to give way to foolish sentiment. They besought him to look at the advantages that both Jill and Ray had secured as a result of the separation. Why, it was absurd to go all Victorian about a little thing like that.

"Victorian nothin'," roared Mr. Bosser, "but I like square shootin' 'n' when I don't get it I'm through. Why, I pulled those two punks off the skids, parted 'em, and put 'em on top of the world. And how have they repaid me—the dirty double-crossers?" He dropped his voice to a whisper so that the listening world that lay beyond the walls should not hear. "I'll tell you how—by livin' together! Yes, sir, slippin' off after dark and livin' together like a true married couple. Can you beat that for ingratitude? If that isn't enough to break a man's faith in human nature, tell me what is!"

Say
GOOD-BYE
to leaping
SHOE BILLS

THERE'S nothing like running and scuffling to keep youngsters healthy—but what it does to shoes makes most budgets look sick!

Let them have their fun—but *spare your purse*—by putting those perpetual-motion feet in shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

These tough, good-looking, waterproof soles reduce shoe bills because no sole ever built will outwear them. That means weeks and weeks of extra service—*because shoes last as long as their soles!*

Yet with all their extra wear, they cost no more. Get them for the whole family—on new shoes—at repair shops. You'll know them by this trade-mark—

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot Soles
make shoes wear longer

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

The "DATE-LINE" proves *they're fresh*

At times like these, you're glad they're fresh!

"IN THE DEEPEST JUNGLES where the failure of so small an item as the battery in a flashlight may endanger life, we have learned to depend on Eveready!" These are the reports of many explorers who have taken expeditions into the wildest parts of the world.

•

IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD—*She:* Why are you using your flashlight out there in our own back yard?

He: I'm taking no chances this time . . . when I came out here in the dark the last time I almost broke my neck over Junior's bicycle.

At times like these, you're glad they're fresh!

BUY EVEREADYS and you buy *fresh* batteries. Indeed you can't buy any *but* fresh Eveready because your dealer sells his stock so often that when you buy yours he can assure you *they're fresh* . . . and prove it by the Date-line on each battery.

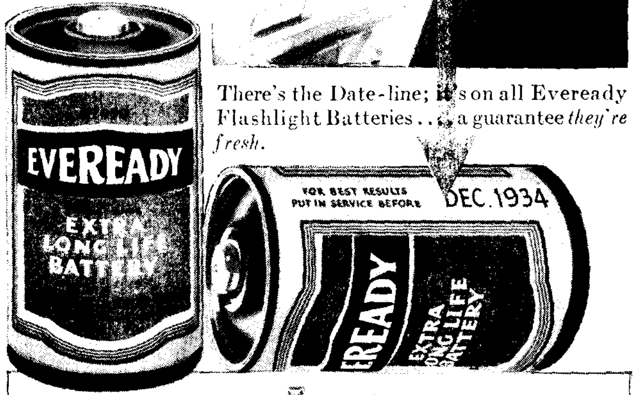
Yes, *freshness* is the "tell tale" of battery usefulness . . . Eveready, the "symbol" of battery freshness. And, to give you that freshness, the chemical engineers of the world's largest makers of batteries have labored early and late.

And what's the result? The mix of the six *active* chemicals which produce the light in Everedys is held constant. A "power-stabilizer," holding all six of these chemicals in perfect alignment, has been perfected and patented. While, to keep power from leaking away when the batteries aren't in use, a spun metal top closes each Eveready.

A lot of work! But in results it's been well worth the effort to us . . . and to you. For it's your insurance that, whether you buy an Eveready for your flashlight, or take home an Eveready battery for your radio or motor boat ignition, you're getting . . . packaged electricity at its freshest and best.

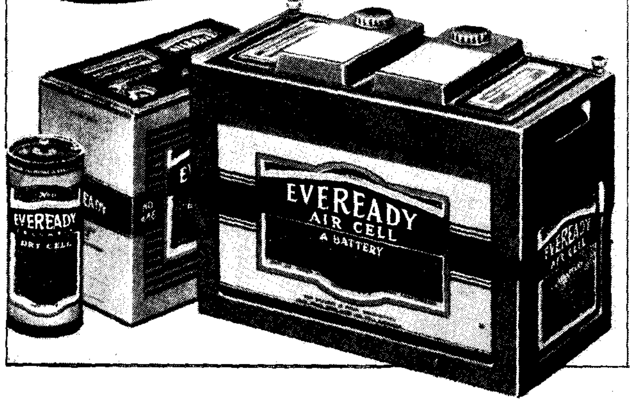
National Carbon Company, Inc. General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

You are invited to visit the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation exhibit in the Hall of Science Building at A Century of Progress Exposition; Chicago.



There's the Date-line; it's on all Eveready Flashlight Batteries . . . a guarantee *they're fresh.*

EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE
DEC. 1934
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY



EVEREADY DRY CELL
EVEREADY AIR CELL A BATTERY
EVEREADY AIR CELL

Thousands of radios in unwired homes are powered by Eveready Air Cell "A" Batteries and Layerbilt "B" Batteries. Eveready Dry Cells serve hundreds of uses in the home and in industry.

NRA

[illegible]DY [illegible]ES *pack*[illegible]

SMOOTH OUT THAT

KNOT OF PAIN

with soothing, relieving Absorbine Jr.

HERE'S quick relief—soothing, gratifying relief for those muscles knotted and throbbing with pain.

Rub and smooth that paining spot in arms, shoulders, neck, back, legs, with good old Absorbine Jr. You can feel this wonderful liniment go to work, *feel* its soothing benefits unkink those knots of misery right out of sore, congested muscles.

It takes only a short time for Absorbine Jr. to accomplish such relieving results. The minute it touches the sore spots, a grand warm feeling—a pleasant glow—permeates to the very seat of the trouble. And as this warmth steals in—the pain steals OUT!

That's why for forty years Absorbine Jr. has been the favorite of coaches, athletes and trainers. Keep a bottle handy. Nothing can take its place for bruises, aching muscles, strains or sprains. It is also a fine antiseptic for cuts and burns. All druggists, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, "Athlete's Foot," sleeplessness

Whisky Ships

Continued from page 11

Being introduced by Artie, we are immediately accepted as one of them, although they look startled for a moment when Artie takes a camera out of the Waco.

"Just a few pictures for the wife," Artie says. They don't like cameras on West End and not a picture has been taken there for years. Not long ago an enterprising photographer came with his big camera. Within ten minutes his camera was broken and he was on his way back to the mainland.

We roam about the island with Artie and we come across the skeleton of a big Loening.

"Harry cracked up in that last summer, taking off with forty-five cases," Artie tells us. "Champagne it was, too. The whole thing burned."

"Was Harry hurt?"

"No," Artie laughs. "He only broke his jaw and cracked a collar bone."

I don't know what these guys call getting hurt. There was another dreary-looking tangle of twisted framework which had once been a proud Fokker. In all there are the remains of fifteen planes half covered with sagebrush and sand. The hurricane of eight months ago accounted for several.

We walk from the "airport" to the settlement and now we see the three wooden warehouses in which the liquor is kept.

All of the liquor comes from Nassau. There was a time when most of it went to Bimini, which is a counterpart of West End, but the coast guard and the customs watch Bimini too closely and then, too, there is no place for a plane to land on that island. So now Bimini has retired in favor of West End.

Depression Comes to West End

One warehouse is owned by the Grand Bahama Trading Company; another by the Southern Trading Company and the third is known as Kelly's. Each is in charge of a white man and they, with Bethel, the wireless operator, form the permanent white population of the island. Cases of whisky, brandy, wines are piled high inside of them. They are in cases and burlap bags, which take up less room in boat or plane.

"I want twenty cases of Scotch; ten of Old Monarch and ten of White Horse," Artie tells Bill, who runs Kelly's.

"How's things on the mainland, Artie?" Bill asks, making a note of the order.

"Lousy, lousy," Artie says gloomily. "We're all done, only we don't know it."

"Yeah," Bill sighs. "A year ago three or four thousand cases went off the island every day in boats and planes. Now we're lucky if we get rid of five hundred."

Bill figures up what Artie owes him. The prices are all in English money, and when it is translated into American currency Artie hands him $300. The whisky is fifteen dollars a case. It used to be eight or ten, but the rate of exchange has raised the price.

Now we meet Commissioner Bow. His little wooden shack is not very impressive, but his six feet four, his 220 pounds and his dignity are very impressive indeed. In many ways Commissioner Bow is the most powerful man in the world. He is the Number One man on the island and wherever he sits is the head of the table. He is commissioner, police chief, mayor, governor, supreme court, army, navy and keeper of the king's conscience. In other words, Commissioner Bow is the works. And a very nice sort of person he is, too.

His table is piled high with copies of the London Daily Mail, the Express, The Times and the Telegraph. When he learns that we have but recently returned from London he fixes us with eager eyes, makes us sit down and we talk of London.

"It is the only city in the world," he says, and when we enthusiastically agree we can wrap up the island of West End and take it home with us. "Say, if they'd put a pound in my pocket and drop me in Trafalgar Square right now I'd be the happiest man in the world."

"That goes for me, too, Commissioner," we say, and now we can have any of the Bahama islands we want.

No Questions Asked

The commissioner is a good business man. Some years ago he built small fishing boats and rented them out to anyone who was interested. He rented them for rather large sums, too, which might have seemed all out of proportion to the profits which could be derived from fishing, but maybe the men who rented the boats didn't go fishing; if they didn't, why, that was no concern of Commissioner Bow's.

So we sit on the sand in front of the commissioner's shack and we talk of London and of the chances of Max Baer against Carnera and of India and of Nassau and of ships and shoes and sealing wax and the commissioner is well informed on all subjects and you've got to like him. The pilots of the whisky ships like him and he talks of them as "the boys" and I really think he worries if they take off when there is an angry, sullen glow in the east or if the wind is whistling an ominous tune.

West End being an English port, all boats and planes have to clear before they leave and the clearance fee is, by law, five dollars. Commissioner Bow is understanding and if a pilot is leaving at dawn he doesn't bother to awaken the commissioner. He makes several trips and then he goes to Bow and says: "I've made six trips, Commissioner. Here's thirty dollars." No, they never hold out on him. So we sit there, and neat, clean-looking Negro children pass by and gaze shyly at us, and the sun beats down and, reflected by the whiteness of the sand, gets in your eyes and makes you lazy and sleepy and a little bit anesthetized and you wonder if there really is a London or a New York or a Palm Beach anywhere beyond the horizon.

The Simple Life

There is no hurry on West End. There are no movies; no automobiles, except a rheumatic little truck that carries the liquor from the warehouses to the planes; no horses; no cattle; no gardens or farms to tend because nothing will grow here except sagebrush, and no amusements except those provided by nature. But the Negroes are happy because, never having known anything else, they think that there is nothing else. Ninety per cent of them were born on the island. They load the ships and the planes and I asked one of them what he did for excitement.

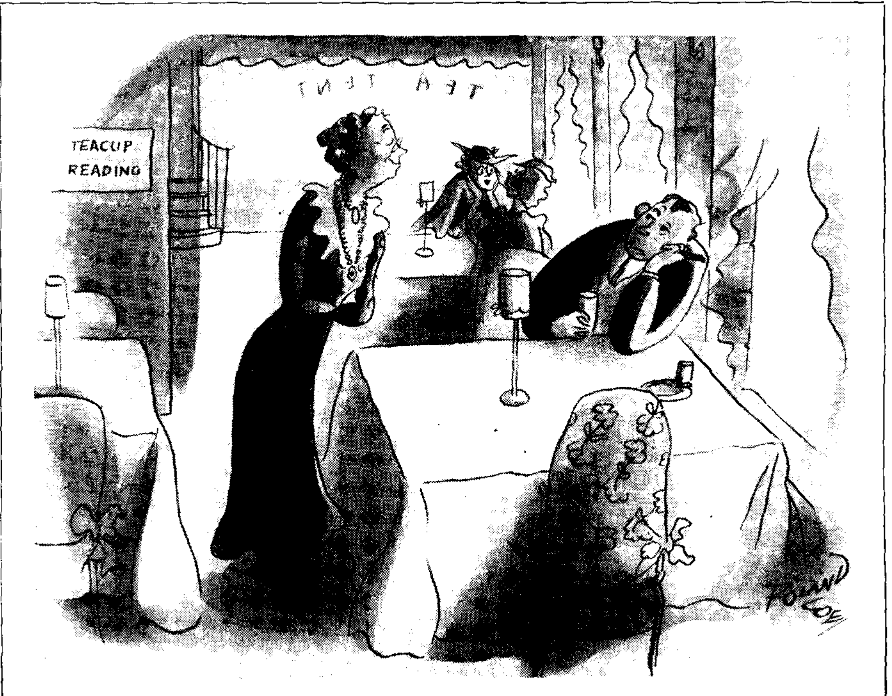
"Oh, we drink liquor," he laughed, "and we play around with the women and we sing and we go fishing. Oh, there's lots to do here."

The day passes quickly and dinner succeeds lunch. We have fish at both meals, for meat seldom comes to the island. The staple food is "conk," which is the meat from huge seashells, the kind kids hold to their ears to hear the sound of the waves. These are conchs. The meat is taken out of the shell and hung on clotheslines to dry out. Then it is fried with butter or made into salads.

The pilots of the whisky ships all dine together in a wooden shack, which boasts a kitchen manned by Annie, a huge and imperious Negro woman. They sleep in a sort of dormitory adjoining.

Dinner is pleasant because Artie and Dick and Johnny and the rest of them are pleasant people. They are clean-looking, hard, tanned to a crisp gold, and they smile easily and sincerely and they all look like young naval officers on shore leave. There is no liquor served at dinner. It develops that none of the boys drink. Once I knew a man who owned an orange grove and he never drank orange juice. These men are like

(Continued on page 38)

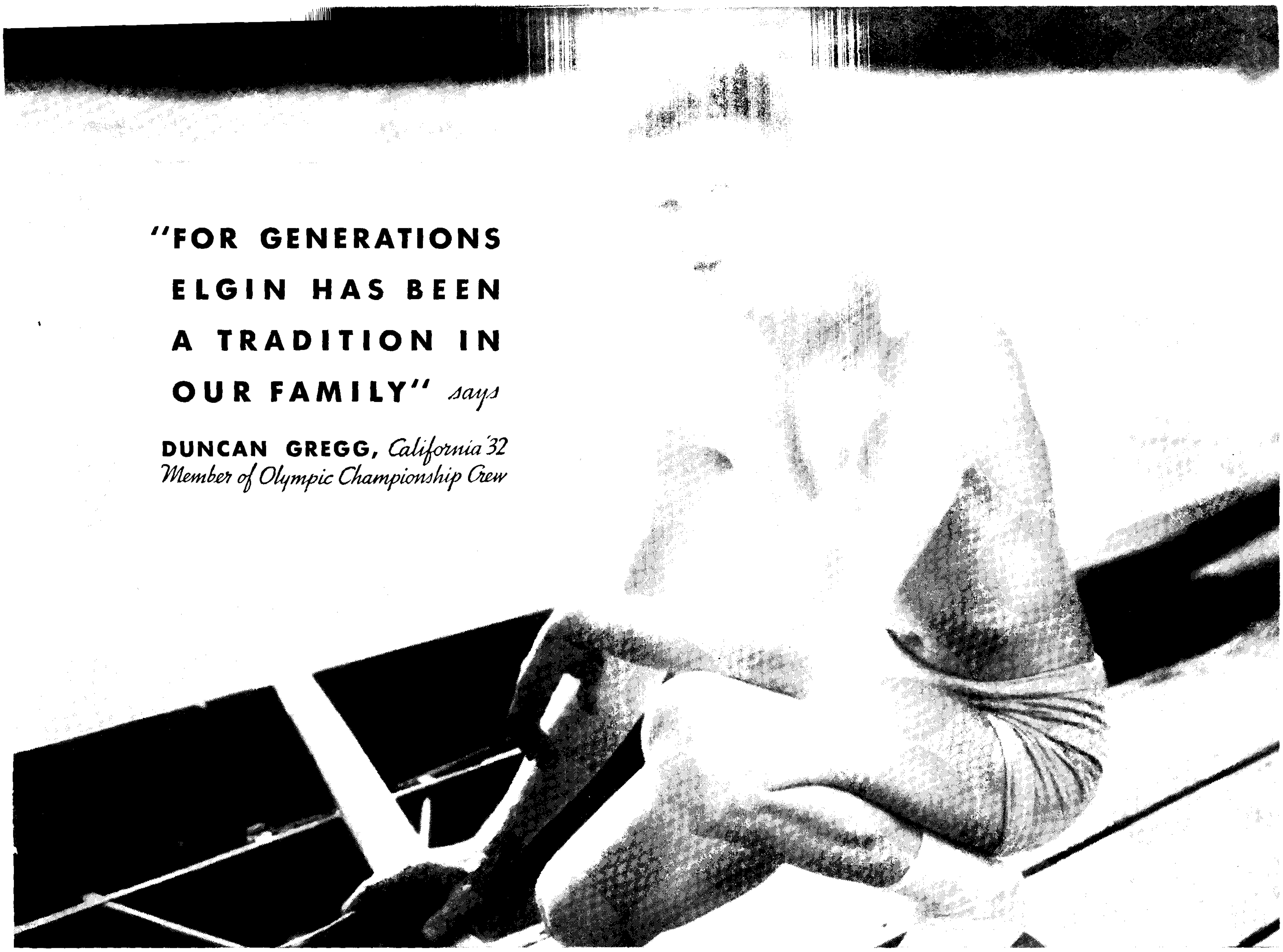


"I also read beer glasses!"

Roland Coe

"FOR GENERATIONS ELGIN HAS BEEN A TRADITION IN OUR FAMILY" *says*

DUNCAN GREGG, *California '32*
Member of Olympic Championship Crew



And in your family... for that graduate-to-be ...what gift so right as an Elgin?

● Like grandfather, like father, like son! Following a family tradition, Duncan Gregg, husky California University oarsman, carries an ELGIN, too.

ELGIN watches are built for men like this. Men who have minds of their own when it comes to styling. Men who know true values.

The latest models shown here you'll find unique. Their newness in design is based on functional correctness. Compact. Almost coin-thin. Yet they are masculine and rugged as any real man could wish. Craftsmanship alone could not create such timepieces!

They could come only from a partnership that is peculiar to America—and to ELGIN. A close union which ELGIN craftsmen, master watchmakers for three generations, have made with modern science.

This union was a natural development at ELGIN. For the entire ELGIN movement is made under a single roof. Scientist and craftsman here, as nowhere else, can daily merge their talents and efforts.

The result? Watches that are ideal for graduation giving. Each one microscopically tested many times by experts. Their timekeeping ability checked to the absolute standard of the stars. Theirs is a lifetime accuracy, a lasting beauty!

See these watches at your jeweler's. Compare them with other makes. The prices range from $500 to $19.

★ ELGIN ★

MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP
SINCE 1865

★ *Handsome strap model Elgin in sturdy Veritas metal case. Model 1422. The price is $19*

★ *Elgin movement in natural gold filled case with natural gold filled band. Embossed index dial. Model 1192. $29.75*

★ *17 jewel movement in gold filled case. Embossed dial. Model 1158, white gold filled; model 1165, natural gold filled. $47.50*

★ *17 jewel pocket watch. 6 adjustments, 3 to position. Solid white gold case. Embossed dial. Model 542. Price $75*

Prices slightly higher in Canada

SKIN
tender to weather?

Try *Listerine* Shaving Cream

Quick cooling relief from wind and sun

25¢ FOR BIG TUBE

"Wind and dust were terrible," says HARRY MOORE of Minneapolis, describing a jaunt thru the southwest and into old Mexico in an open car. "My skin became raw. I was amazed to find how Listerine Shaving Cream lather cooled and soothed my face. I surely am sold on it."

● We made Listerine Shaving Cream to excel in the one way we found there was most need of. That is, to do something more for a tender sun- and wind-burned skin than you can expect from the average cream.

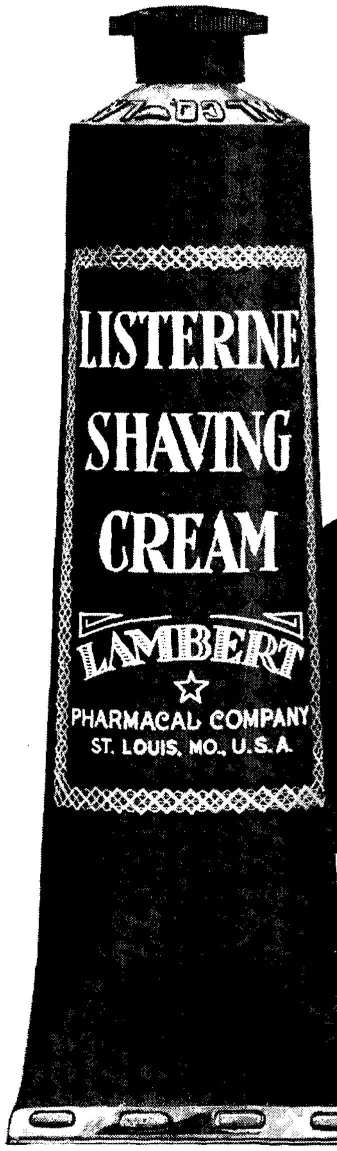
Listerine Shaving Cream does everything else any good shaving cream can do, of course. It builds up a thick, soaking lather that goes instantly thru the oil-film on your beard. As a quick beard-softener, there's not a shaving cream made that beats this one.

And for a cooling, soothing effect—as a half million men can testify—you simply won't find another cream like Listerine Shaving Cream. It contains, besides cooling menthol, some of those essential oils that are in Listerine itself!

These ingredients do make a difference. Again and again men tell us how this shaving cream has helped when their faces were sore from wind and sun. Try it and see! That cooling, soothing effect Mr. Moore speaks of was no day-dream.

New in price, too

Cost is another fact to bear in mind. Instead of 35¢, you pay only 25¢ for a big tube containing enough for 104 shaves. That's a common sense price for a quality product. Won't you do us the favor to try it? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Actual size of 25¢ tube

Everything you'd expect a Listerine product to be!

Whisky Ships

Continued from page 36

that, I guess. Whisky to them is just freight—it isn't a beverage.

"Anyhow," Artie tells us, "a man would be a sucker to drink when he's in this business. It's tough enough to take off and land on this island when you're sober."

Over coffee we talk but mostly we listen and sometimes we shiver at the tales they tell so casually.

Dick, for instance, recently had a rather harrowing experience and Artie gets him to tell about it. He took off at dawn in a heavily loaded Stinson. Halfway to the mainland his motor, for no reason at all, started to sputter and then stopped altogether. The ship lost altitude and just coasted down into the indigo blue waters of the Gulf Stream.

It Might Have Been Dangerous

"I landed luckily without smashing anything," Dick says, and he might have been telling of a fishing trip. "However, I knew I couldn't stay afloat long. It was a clear day, but there was a strong wind from the west blowing me seaward. Well, the plane started to sink. I had an inner tube with me for a life preserver, so I didn't worry much. I was carrying a load of gin and I tossed it all overboard except one bottle. I stuck that in my pocket. Finally the ship sank right under me and there I was floating around on that inner tube with a bottle of gin. The tube was full of patches, too, and I was hoping that someone had done a good job of vulcanizing."

The others roared with laughter at the thought of Dick floating in the Gulf Stream with a bottle of gin for ballast.

"You guys can laugh," Dick said with hurt dignity, "but it might have been dangerous. It got cold so I opened the bottle of gin and started to munch on it. There's no drink I hate like gin but it kept me warm. Every now and then I'd feel something brush against my leg and I'd give it a kick. It wasn't until later that I figured they were sharks or barracudas. You know, I drifted about a hundred miles before a steamer picked me up."

"How long were you floating out there, Dick?" I asked him.

"Fifty-two hours," Dick said.

"That's a swell way to make a living," I told him.

Dick shrugged his shoulders. "I was all right, but think of the poor guy who owned the plane and the load. He lost a $5,000 ship and a pay load. I was just flying it for him."

You listen to stories of close escapes from the authorities and you are surprised to learn of the respect which the pilots have for their logical enemies of the customs, the coast guard and the marines. The pilots respect them as they don't respect local sheriffs and police, for they are untouchable, can't be bribed and they too look upon the chase as a game.

"Tell them about the hell divers chasing you the other day," Artie suggested.

It seems that John (who is Artie's partner) was headed for a spot near Fort Pierce in the same Waco that we flew across in. Just as he hit the shoreline of the mainland two U. S. Marine planes flew up to him—one on each side.

"They pulled a new stunt on me," John tells us. "They hung a sign over the side of one of the ships which said: 'Return and land at once.' I kept on, making believe I hadn't seen the sign. Then they shot a couple of tracer bullets across my bow and I started to get nervous. I flew low down among the trees and then I went over Palm Beach. I knew they wouldn't fire while we were over a city. Then I wheeled over the water and headed straight out. They followed me, too."

"They followed you right over the water?" Artie asked.

"Sure they did," John said grimly. "They followed me for forty-five miles. Then they turned back. I guess they were getting low on gas. They got plenty of nerve, those hell divers."

"You're telling me," Harry grinned. "I flew with them during the war."

The night comes to West End suddenly. There is no twilight in the tropics. The night is a soft enveloping blackness and with it there comes a silence that is a bit startling. Except for a few sea gulls who are quiet at night there are no birds on West End. Except for the gentle lapping of the water on the beach there is no noise and then after a while there is a soft sound of singing. We walk out of the shack and see a fire at the other end of the island. The Negroes are cooking their dinner and are crooning songs that were never written by white men. Except for their speech these Negroes are as primitive as Africans. They are naïve, proud of their strength, boastful of their ability to drink liquor and of their conquests among the women of the island.

Artie stands there in the darkness beside us. "Sometimes," he said, "they dance and where they learned these dances I do not know."

"They were born with those dances inside them," John says shortly.

Homeward Bound

You go to bed early on West End, for you take off at dawn. You fall asleep with the faint sound of those Negro songs in your ears and with the strange magic of a tropical wind filling your room and you get a faint glimmering of why it is that these pilots continue to engage in this hazardous and no longer profitable occupation. At first it is all strange and exciting and then the fascination and the color of it get into your blood and become part of you and you become restless and unhappy when they are absent.

And thinking of this, you sleep and the first thing you know you are awakened to another day and you go out on the sand and let a crisp wind blow the sleep from your eyes. It is hardly light yet but you have huge cups of coffee, toast, and fish if you want it and walk to the "airport." The Waco is ready, fully loaded with the twenty cases of Scotch. You squeeze into the front cockpit, all mixed up with burlap bags of whisky and that precious inner tube which might come in handy during the next hour. The dawn is a bit angry and Artie gazes speculatively at the sky. Whisky ships don't carry radio and you never know what the weather is like fifteen miles ahead. We are to land, Artie tells us, at spot No. 23, which is a field some forty miles behind Palm Beach. He has already sent a code wireless message to his ground man to be there.

The motor barks. Now we have 800 feet of heavy sand runway in front of us, framed by sagebrush. We have to start at top speed to make it, for we are heavily loaded. The whisky alone weighs about 800 pounds.

Then we're off, bumping horribly through that thick, heavy sand. We're screaming down the runway, if this stretch of King's Highway can be dignified by such a title, and we're hanging on to the sides. Then just before we reach the barrier of palm trees and brush at the end it seems as though Artie has literally lifted the plane from the ground, and we clear the brush by eight feet. Slowly we gain altitude—but not much. We wave goodby to West End and lurch into the wind. It's bumpy today and we take sickening downward plunges and the whisky bounces around. Well, if we go down we go down in good spirits entirely surrounded by Scotch.

Twenty minutes pass and the wind, which had been crisp, is now definitely strong and it lashes at us angrily. Artie goes down as low as he can, trying to duck that wind. We're eight feet over the water and the waves, black and surly-looking, seem to leap up at us angrily. Then we again remember that Artie has done this six hundred times before and we relax.

One More Happy Landing

There is a dark haze in front of us and out of it there emerges a tramp steamer bound perhaps for Nassau with a cargo of lumber or perhaps on its way to Mexico with a load of machinery. It emerges silently out of the haze and maybe it's only a phantom ship bound for nowhere with a cargo of dreams. We don't see a soul on its deck, but the foam in its wake is very white. Then it passes us and disappears, and again we're alone with a nasty sea beneath us and a dirty sky overhead.

Then suddenly the wind changes and we're not bucking it any more. That happens often in the Gulf Stream. Just as suddenly, a rift in the clouds lets in a golden shaft of sunlight and it dances on the water and changes its blackness into turquoise blue. The clouds have no chance against a tropical sun that means business. We've run out of the squall and more holes appear and finally the clouds roll away and we realize they weren't really clouds at all but just a heavy haze that had been hanging low. The water has flattened out and the motor is running sweetly and we're headed for home. So we roll merrily along and then ahead we see a ribbon which is Palm Beach and soon we're flying over it. Over Lake Worth we roar and shoot to the right and now Artie noses down. We look back at him but he's only yawning. He's almost clipping the trees now and we learn afterward that he does this to avoid detection. We skim along, and then ahead we see two men in a field and one of them is waving a white sheet, which seems a silly thing to do at six in the morning.

The ground crew consists of two men. The waving of the sheet tells Artie that everything is okay. He drags the field once, looking over the side carefully. Oh, but this Artie is a real pilot. Then he lands as gently as a butterfly lighting on a honeysuckle.

The two men have a touring car with them and they drive it right beside the plane. In three minutes they have unloaded it. Artie stays where he is. He's going to make another trip. Artie grins, "Swell trip, wasn't it? I'll be seeing you again, somewhere."

Then with a roar he's off again and the Waco merges with the sky and becomes one with the white clouds. He's off again—this man with the look of eagles in his eye—off again over that seventy-mile stretch of open water, laughing because once more he's cheated the authorities, the weather and the hazards of flying over open water. I doubt if I'll ever see Artie again but I'll never forget him. He's one of the last of a dying race. He doesn't gain much in a financial way in this illicit traffic, but he lives twenty-four hours a day and he dwells with sunrises over indigo-blue water and he feels the rush of clean wind in his eyes and there is always a song in his heart. So he does gain something after all.

And thinking of Artie and his mates, we drive back toward Palm Beach in the touring car with the two helpers and the twenty cases of Scotch.

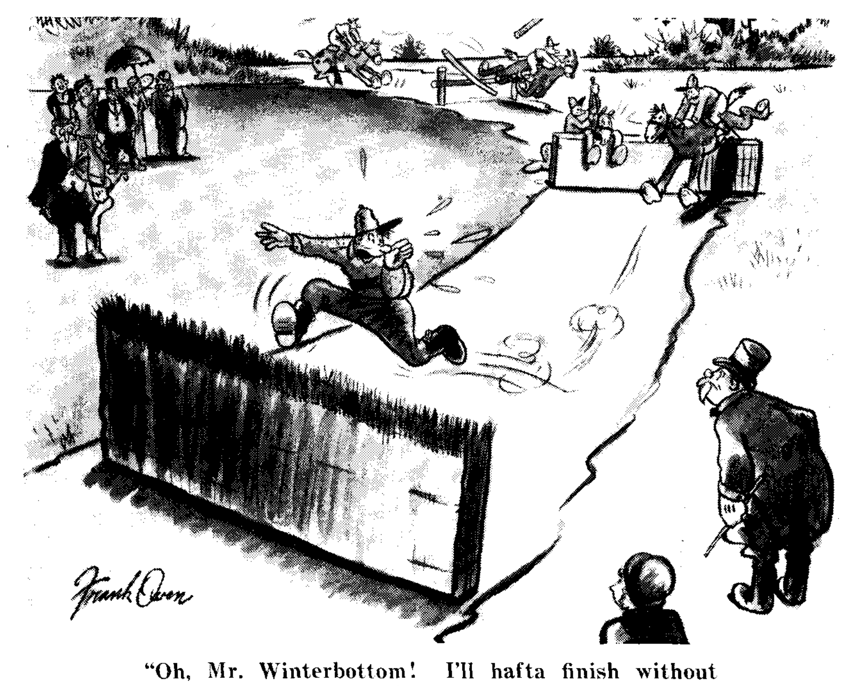
"This was ordered by Weinberg," the driver tells us. "We're delivering it there now."

Weinberg owns a night club which we know well and we drive up in front of the building and the two men unload. This part of it seems somehow to be sordid and dull. Each case of whisky delivered to Weinberg costs him twenty-two dollars. It costs fifteen on the island, five more to bring over, and the ground crew gets two dollars a case for unloading and delivering.

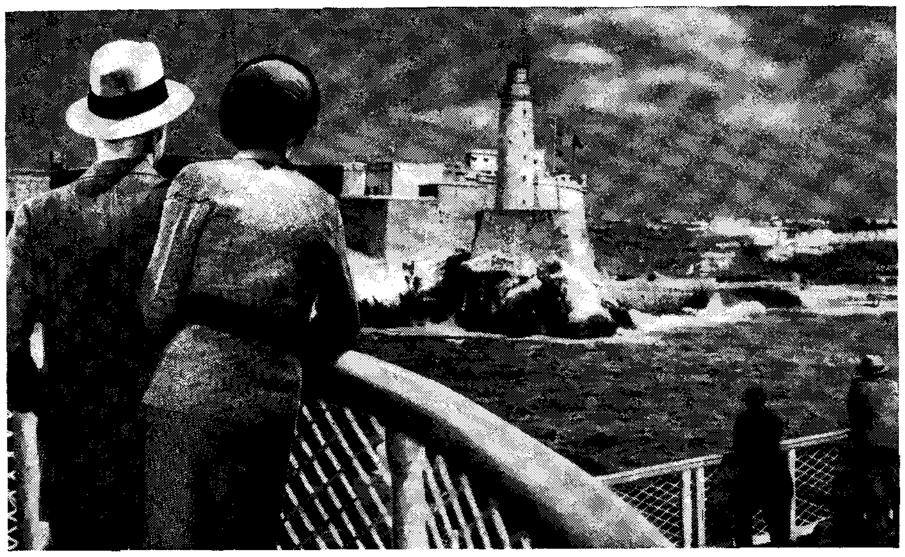
The adventure is over. The whisky has found its final home.

That night we go into Weinberg's club. There is a bartender named Mack there and we ask him for Scotch and soda. He pours a drink of White Horse gently and reverently.

"That's mighty nice whisky," he says, wiping the mahogany with a cloth. "Very nice Scotch that—it came over from West End this morning."



"Oh, Mr. Winterbottom! I'll hafta finish without your horse. He fell in the water on the second jump!" *Frank Owen*



How a Man of 40 Can Retire 15 Years from Today

It makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset by the depression. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were in 1929. Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life. Not only that, but if you should die before that time, we would pay your wife a monthly income as long as she lives. Or, if you should be totally disabled for six months or more, you would not be expected to pay any premiums that fall due while you were disabled, and you would receive a disability income besides.

$250 a Month beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide that you want to be able to retire on $250 a month beginning at age 55. Here is what you can get:

1 A check for $250 when you reach 55 and a check for $250 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

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It sounds too good to be true. But it *is* true. There are no "catches" in it, for the Plan is guaranteed by an 83-year-old company with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. If you want to retire some day, and are willing to lay aside a portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries. You can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

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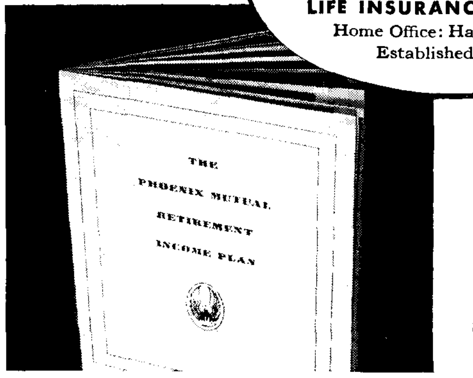

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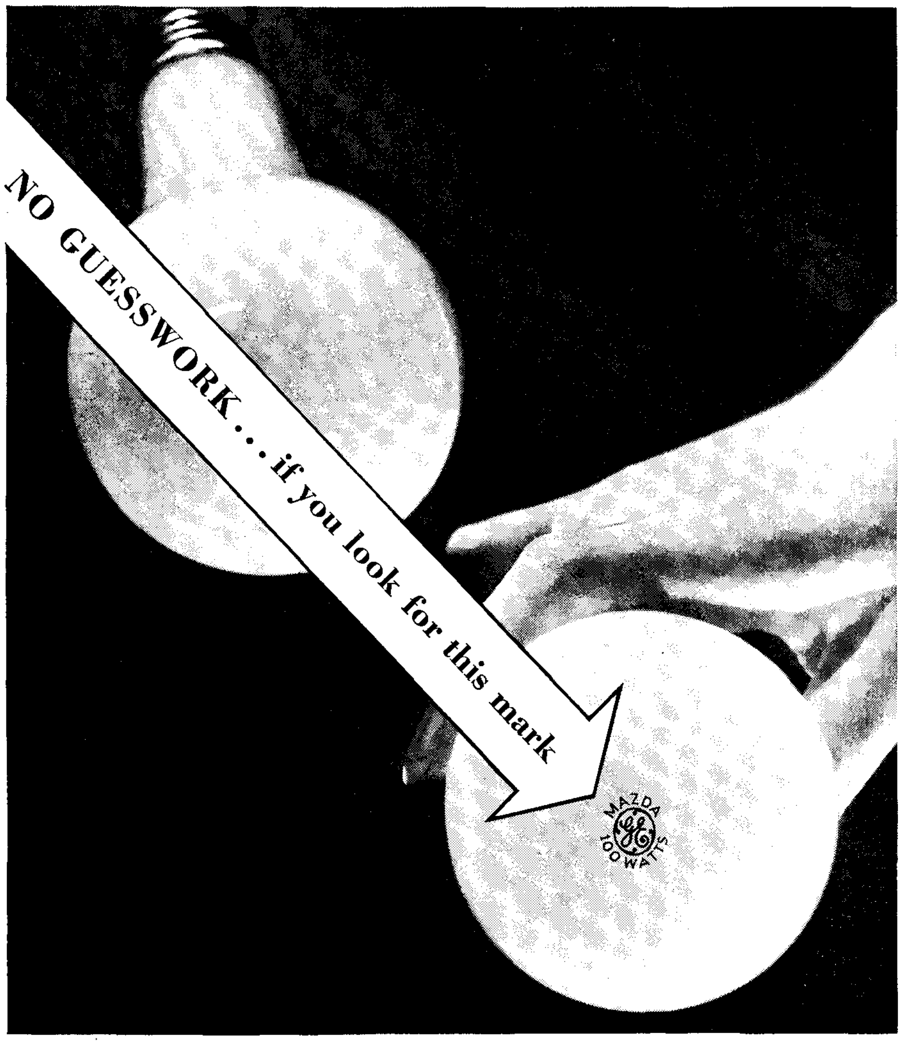
Why does one lamp give MORE LIGHT than the other?



IT IS TRUE that two lamps of equal wattage, side by side in the same fixture, may give widely varying quantities of light. A good lamp is a precise, scientific instrument made to deliver the maximum light for the current consumed. Even a slight imperfection may cut this light output down as much as 30%! You buy lamps to get *light*. Why not make sure of getting all the light your money pays for? General Electric guards against imperfections by 480 tests and inspections. Look for this mark and be sure of good light at low cost.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Another Son

Continued from page 8

give me his .22 pistol with the cylinder missing if I'd lend him my gray flannel pants. It was a good deal and I took him up.

"The sarge will be sore at you," I said, kidding; "he was counting on you for the Marines."

Edgar nodded.

"That still goes," he said.

"That's out now," I told him, "you'll be going off to some swell college like Harvard or Yale."

Edgar socked me and I socked him and we had a good wrestle all over the place.

That night at supper, Mother Sanderson loosened up and had gravy for the hamburgers, also powdered sugar on the bread pudding. She got the little kids together and they sang "Happy landing, dear Edgar, happy landing to you." Edgar was on the verge of backing out on going to the Marchands'. Nothing I said would buck him up, but Mother Sanderson hit on the right idea. She told Edgar what all he could do for us kids at the Home by getting Mrs. Marchand interested in it. So Edgar took a brace.

We all watched him drive off.

EDGAR didn't come to high school for three days. Finally, just before morning assembly, I ran into him. His locker was right next to mine. He had on a peachy new felt hat, and he was wearing his old overcoat over a new suit. He had the collar buttoned up so the new suit wouldn't show.

"Where you been?" I said.

He was taking books out of the locker.

"Hello, Joe," he said. "My mother wants me to change schools."

"Your mother? Oh . . ." I said, then right quick I said: "What school you going to?"

"To the Latin School," Edgar said.

"That sissy school?" I said. "I pity you."

Edgar admitted it.

"I'm only doing it because my mother has her heart set on it. Alfred went there. She wants me to be just like Alfred."

"Don't guess we'll be seeing you any more," I said.

"Oh, yes, you will," Edgar said. He fumbled in his coat pockets and said: "Here, Joe, open your locker." I opened it and he sidled up and dropped two brand-new shoes into my locker.

"Golly," I said, "are they mates?"

"Sure," he said. "My mother bought me four pairs. *I don't need that many.*"

Some other fellows came by. They had all heard about Edgar's good luck and they started kidding him. He was in a tough spot, so I pretended we had something private to talk about.

"How do you like it out there?" I said.

Edgar was already stuck on Mrs. Marchand.

"Mother's awful good to me," he said. "I have to pinch myself every other minute. Father Marchand is all right, too. He's a funny guy, but he's all right. But, Mother . . . golly . . . you don't know how it is, Joe. You don't know how it is, having a lady like her good to you."

"Where do you sleep?"

"I have a room all my own. Two radiators," Edgar said. I asked him what he ate and how many meals a day and a dozen other questions. He acted kind of funny about that. He didn't seem very much interested in the soft pickings. It was making good with Mother Marchand that he had on his mind.

"I think she likes me, Joe," he said. "She showed me all Alfred's things and his picture and talked to me about him and how I should try to be like him. And she put her arm around my shoulder . . . like this. If a lady did that to you you would think she was friendly, wouldn't you?"

"I'd think she was a lot more than friendly," I said. "Quit worrying. You're aces with Mrs. Marchand. Has she got a butler?"

"Yes. His name's Everett. He's snooty," Edgar said. "She tells me all about her family, Joe. And Father Marchand brought me a lot of socks and shirts and ties. He kind of patted my shoulder when I thanked him. Would you think that would be a good sign?"

The assembly bell rang.

"Thanks for the shoes," I said. "Come up and see us some time."

NEXT thing we heard from Edgar was when Mrs. Marchand called at the Home and left stacks of clothes for the little kids. I overheard her telling Mother Sanderson that she was getting fonder and fonder of Edgar every day. Mrs. Marchand said that each month she was going to send money for a big feed and entertainment. That made her aces with Mother Sanderson and with us kids too.

She saw me sweeping the hall and said: "How are you, Joseph? You must come out and see Edgar some day soon. I'm afraid he's a little homesick for his old friends."

The next time I heard from Edgar was one afternoon late. I was cleaning up the little kids' dormitory and Mother Sanderson said Edgar wanted to speak to me on the phone. He wanted me to meet him on the lot—where we used to play cork ball. It was on Finnegan Alley, around the corner from the Home.

Edgar drove up in a swell new coupé. It would knock your eyes out. But Edgar looked like he was ready to commit suicide or something. His face was scratched up.

"Who you been scrapping?" I said.

"Get in, Joe, and I'll tell you about it. I'm in a terrible jam."

He told me he had taken a couple of rich, sissy kids to the cleaner's out at the Latin School.

"I want you to do me the biggest favor a fellow ever asked his buddy," Edgar said. "I want you to try and square me with my mother. She's awful upset. You go with me and tell her I'm not naturally quarrelsome and don't pick fights. You'll *tell her that*, won't you? You see, Joe, Alfred never got in fights and it's all new to her."

I was scared to go out there. Besides, I was due back at the Home.

"Why didn't you tell her? Those kids started the scrap, didn't they?"

Edgar's lip kind of trembled.

"I did try to explain it, Joe. But she just cried. She's awful disappointed in me. Alfred never got in fights and she wants me to be just like him. Joe, you got to square me. You got to!"

WELL, after all, your buddy is your buddy. Edgar promised to let me drive part of the way. It sure was a nifty little car. Edgar didn't act like he appreciated it. He sat hunched down and staring out the windshield.

The Marchands lived in a big stone house away out in the country. There was a park around it and the trees were cut in all different shapes. Mrs. Marchand's fat chauffeur was waiting to take Edgar's car to the garage.

"I'll put it up, Rufus," Edgar said. "You needn't bother."

"Missus Marchand orders me to handle the cars," the chauffeur said, sort of sulky, like he was wanting to say: "I'm not doing this for you."

The butler acted the same way. It was like in a movie. The house inside was like a hotel lobby downtown. We climbed up a big, wide staircase to a parlor with a fireplace in it. Edgar asked a maid where his mother was and the maid said she had a headache. The maid acted snooty, too. Edgar was red in the face.

"You wait here, Joe," he said. "I'll get her."

Mrs. Marchand came out of a room next door just as Edgar was starting to find her. She had been crying.

"Mother," Edgar said, "I brought Joe to tell you that I'm not naturally brutal and I never pick on kids unless they start it. They started it, Mother."

We were both awful surprised. Mrs. Marchand put her arms around Edgar and kissed him and said: "I forgive you, Son. The boys you fought were Alfred's friends. That's why it hurt so. But there . . . we're going to try to understand each other, aren't we?"

"Yes, Mother," Edgar said. "I'm sorry. I'll never fight 'em again. I promise."

I STILL hadn't said anything. Mrs. Marchand went into a long story of how dear and sweet her son, Alfred, was, and how he never fought because he was too manly and brave to want to hurt other boys. Edgar took it all in and swallowed every word of it. But it kind of got my nanny; maybe Alfred was a perfect kid but Edgar was a good kid, too, and it seemed like she didn't have to rub it in with Alfred this and Alfred that so much. Still and all, you couldn't really get sore at Mrs. Marchand. She was awful kind and sweet.

It was almost a month before I saw Edgar again. He sent me some clothes though, in the meantime. He said in the note they were old clothes, but they hadn't been worn more than once or twice. There was a suit and a topcoat and underwear and a nifty necktie with blue and gold stripes.

Edgar invited me out to dinner.

We went to the Jefferson Hotel like a couple of bloods. It was the first time I was ever out to dinner. Edgar didn't know the ropes much better. We started into the dining-room with our hats and coats. The girl caught us and checked them. I was too scared to look around. It was so swell, though, you felt it on the back of your neck. It burned like fire on the back of your neck.

"You order," I said to Edgar.

"Mother made me promise to bring you here," he said. "She's dining out tonight."

The waiter told us what to order. I looked at Edgar and I could see he wasn't feeling so good. He looked awful worried.

"What's wrong?" I said. "You're aces with Mr. and Mrs. Marchand, aren't you?"

Edgar shook his head.

"I'm not making good, Joe," he said. "They gave me flunking grades in Trigonometry and English out at school. Alfred always got honor ranking. And Mother wants me to be a debater so I'll make a good lawyer later on. She came out to school to listen—it was just a class debate—and I got so flustered I made a mess of it. Alfred made the school team his first year."

I couldn't figure it.

"You always got good grades in high school," I said.

"Latin School is different," Edgar said. "I'm an awful disappointment to Mother. Sunday afternoon Father Marchand took me out riding and I let the horse throw me."

"How do they expect you to ride a horse your first time?" I said.

"Alfred won a blue ribbon in the Horse Show when he was seventeen."

I tried to cheer the poor kid up.

"What the heck, Edgar," I said, "you can always join the Marines with me."

Edgar kept looking at his soup.

"It isn't the money; it isn't living out there. It's my mother." He kind of gulped. "I'm stuck on her, Joe. She wants me to be like Alfred and I can't be and I'm afraid she'll be so disappointed she won't like me. I'm kind of crazy about her, Joe. You would be, too."

Just then Edgar saw something over my shoulder. He kind of choked. I looked around.

Mr. Marchand had just walked in with a tall, blond woman. They were clear across the dining-room from us.

"Why, that's Mr. Marchand," I said, "I mean—your father."

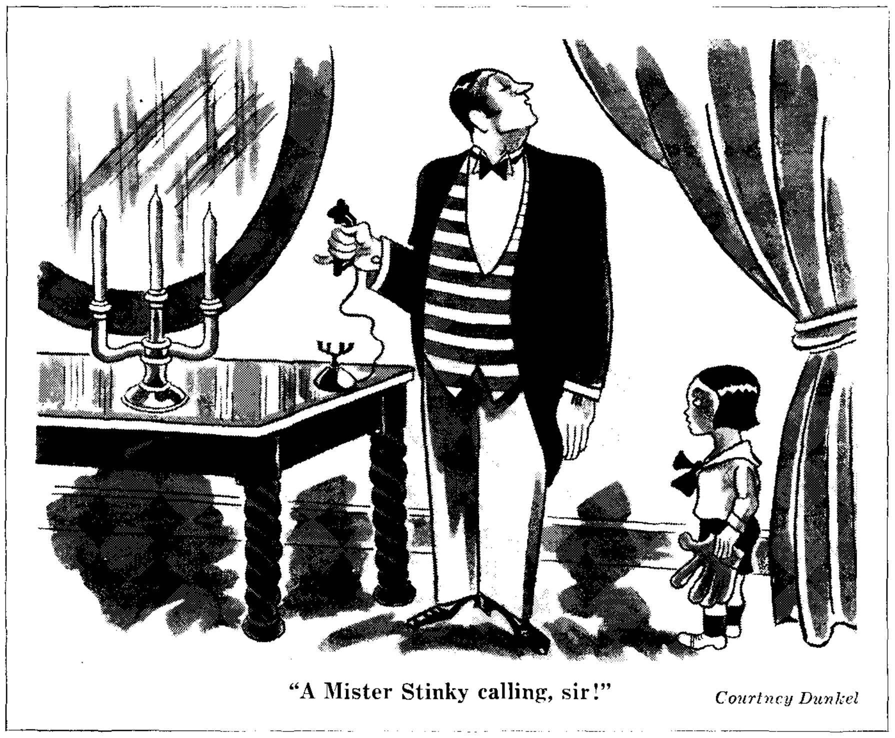
Edgar nodded.

"He's with Aunt Louise," Edgar said.

She didn't look like anybody's Aunt Louise to me. But I kept my mouth shut. Edgar was awful upset. He hurried through dinner. I ate part of his and both desserts. Father Marchand didn't see us.

After dinner, Edgar took me to Loew's State to see a swell funny movie. But the poor kid didn't laugh more than

(Continued on page 42)



"A Mister Stinky calling, sir!"

Courtney Dunkel

GREASE . . . GREASE

how men hate the grease!

Another flock of letters from "brushless fans"! Every day men write to W. G. Mennen . . . tell him how they've used all kinds of brushless shaves—and all were greasy. And then they tried Mennen! . . .

Now men from 48 states hail my new Brushless Shave because it's a cream—NOT A GREASE

W. G. Mennen

"I NEVER could stand grease on my face. When brushless shaves first came out I tried them. But not for me! I just couldn't go the grease.

"Then men began to write me letters. They liked the brushless idea, but the grease peeved them, too. Smeared up their faces. Clogged the razor guards. Messed up the wash-basin and towels.

"Then I went to work with our chemists. I figured that a brushless shave good enough to hurdle my prejudices would certainly please other men. My idea was:—it must be a cream—not a grease. It took 13 months of work, but finally we got it—and what a HIT it made with shavers! Up, up went the sales. Now letters pour in by the thousand. Men who tried old-time brushless shaves—and hated them—are flocking to Mennen for these 5 reasons. . .

THE 5 IMPROVEMENTS

1. Wilts Whiskers—and smooths the path of the razor. The blade *sails* over the skin—cuts clean, Swift! No pull!

2. Shows white on the face. You can see the path of the razor.

3. Washes off EASILY. Being a highly soluble cream, it leaves no residue on the face. Doesn't clog the razor. Doesn't leave curds in the basin.

4. Economical. It spreads easier so you can use less (about ⅓ less).

5. Protects your skin. Particularly good for dry, tender skins.

Send for my "Skin Tester Kit"

Let me send you a tube of Mennen Brushless Shave so that you can check me up.

If Brushless is *not* the type best suited for your skin, then I want you to try Mennen Lather Shave. From my long study of shaving, I know that one type of shave does not suit all faces. Only your own skin can tell you which is better for you.

In the Skin Tester Kit I am also enclosing trial sizes of Talcum for Men (the man's powder that doesn't show) and Skin Bracer (a lotion with a clean masculine odor). Also, a new Mennen double-edge blade. See coupon."

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Brushless Shave, Lather Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade."

Send coupon with 10¢ to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-17.

....

....

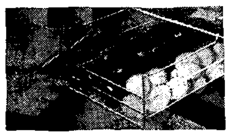
"before I went downtown..
I asked myself
THESE
QUESTIONS"

"WILL I HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE FOR EGGS, CHEESE AND BUTTER?"
"WILL THE CABINET LOOK WELL IN MY KITCHEN?"
"CAN I ALWAYS BE SURE OF ENOUGH ICE CUBES?"
"CAN I FREEZE ICE CUBES AND DESSERTS FAST?"
"WILL I HAVE PLENTY OF FOOD STORAGE SPACE?"
"HOW CAN I SAVE STEPS IN THE KITCHEN?"

WHEN I set out to look at electric refrigerators, I made up my mind I was going to be very hard to please. So first I asked myself some questions. What features did I particularly want? What conveniences would save the most time and effort... and serve my family best? I was determined to have them *all.*

In the new Leonard I found exactly what I wanted. "This is the *complete* refrigerator," the demonstrator told me. It *is* complete. Beautiful to look at, with simple, modern lines . . . a cabinet any woman would be proud to have in her kitchen.

At last I have a refrigerator that is really planned for the things a woman keeps in it. A surprising amount of shelf room . . . special places for bottles and odd shaped dishes . . . 12 freezing speeds and a fast freezing tray... all the ice cubes I'll ever need . . . and many, many other Leonard features every woman should see for herself... LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, *14297 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan, and London, Ontario, Canada.*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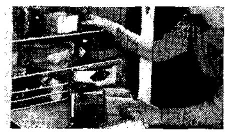
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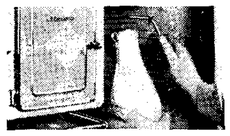
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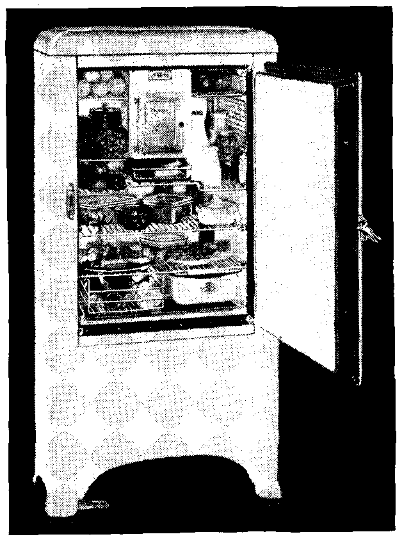
There are 11 new Leonard models (5 all-porcelain), that combine beauty with convenience, roominess with ice capacity, quality with moderate price. Ask to see the model best suited to your needs; you'll find Leonard has anticipated your every want.



Consult classified section of your telephone directory under "Refrigeration—Electric," for nearest Leonard "Selected" Dealer

LEONARD
The Complete REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from page 41)

three times. That got me kind of sore.

"You're a heck of a guy," I told him. "You got the greatest break of any kid I ever knew and here you go worrying around half sick. It isn't *that* serious."

"It's plenty serious, Joe. Plenty," he said.

It was only about five days after that when Mr. Sanderson and Mother Sanderson hauled me on the carpet.

Mr. Sanderson said: "Mrs. Marchand tells us Edgar isn't happy in his new home. Have you been talking to Edgar and turning him against his foster parents?"

"Me?" I said. "I should say not. I told Edgar he was acting like a darn' fool."

Mother Sanderson was all worked up about it. She said: "Ovid, you and I will just have to go out there and talk some sense into that fool boy's head."

THEY went out to see Edgar. But it didn't do any good.

Edgar came back to the Home. He walked into my room carrying a satchel. He was wearing the clothes he went away in.

"You dog-gone fool," I said, "what happened?"

"You wouldn't believe me," he said.

He sat down on the bed and rubbed his hair in his hands. He was trembling. He wouldn't say anything.

In walks Mr. Sanderson. The power of the Lord sure was on him, too.

"You ingrate," he said, "you worthless scamp. You've thrown away your life. You can't stay here. I'm going to have you committed to the Industrial School."

Edgar stood up.

"Okay," he said, "you better do that, Mr. Sanderson. I'm a liar and a thief and a brutal kid and no good."

That kind of took the wind out of Mr. Sanderson. He sort of gasped and stared at Edgar. Then he said: "Stay in this room until the probation officer comes. Don't try to run away."

"What is this?" I said. "Have you gone crazy? You didn't steal anything. She forgave you for fighting. What lie did you tell?"

"Leave me alone," Edgar said.

But I wouldn't. I kept after him, pleading with him. I was half crying, I was so scared. That Industrial School is a heck of a place. Not much better than the pen.

Finally, Edgar said: "If I tell you about this, will you promise, cross your heart and hope to burn in hell, that you'll never say what I told you? I mean this, Joe. I'll get you, if you ever tell."

"I'll never tell, so help me God," I said.

"Listen, Joe," Edgar said, "that wasn't Aunt Louise that night. That was one of Father—Mr. Marchand's—women. He has several. He offered me fifty dollars a month spending money if I never let on to—Moth—to her."

"Fifty bucks? The cheapskate!"

Edgar scowled at me.

"Quit wise-cracking. This isn't funny," he said. "Mr. Marchand told me he used to pay Alfred to lie for him, sometimes."

"Alfred?" I said. "Geez, I thought he was a holy kid."

Tears came into Edgar's eyes.

"He wasn't, though. He was just like his dad. Remember I told you how he was so smart in school and got prizes and everything?"

I couldn't say anything.

"Well," Edgar said, "I found out how that was worked. Out at the Latin School the profs graft on rich kids. You have to pay one of them to tutor you or you don't get good grades. A kid out there who propositioned me for a prof said Alfred used to pay Prof. Milford. And Prof. Milford wrote his themes for him and his debate material."

"That was slick," I said. "Why didn't you think of it?"

Edgar doubled up his fists.

"Quit wise-cracking, Joe," he said, "I don't feel like it. That's not the worst. Alfred didn't die a hero. He was drunk and ran his motorboat into the corner of a pavilion. Then, he lost his head and swam the wrong way and drowned. Mr. Marchand fixed it with everybody to tell Mother that hero stuff."

"*Some* hero," I said.

"He wasn't but eighteen and he got mixed up with a girl," Edgar said, half sobbing by this time, "and Mr. Marchand has been paying hush money ever since to keep them from telling her. That's how I got in trouble. Mr. Marchand is on an allowance. It's all her money. He ran short and said he had to make a payment and didn't have the money and he was tired of keeping up the lie. He said he'd let them tell her about Alfred. I couldn't stand that, so I—"

"Geez, Edgar. How much did you swipe?"

"Two hundred dollars," Edgar said. "And I'd do it again. For her, I would. I'd lie and steal and beg. For her, I would. Alfred was all she had. That's why she took me—because she loved Alfred so much. That's what makes her like she is."

"You're a sap, Edgar," I said. "Why don't you tell her the truth? Why did you let her keep throwing Alfred this and Alfred that up to you? I'd tell on old man Marchand too, the skunk."

He kind of saw my point.

"I should, I guess I should," he said. "She might have loved me. She might—she even kissed me one evening—she might have loved me if this hadn't come up."

I told him what-for.

"Don't be dumb and let 'em send you to the Industrial," I said. "Stand up and tell 'em."

Edgar shook his head.

"No," he said, "I couldn't do that to my mother. I couldn't."

I STARTED in on him again, when all of a sudden we heard footsteps.

It was Mrs. Marchand.

I couldn't think of anything to say right quick. Edgar couldn't either. We just stood there.

Mrs. Marchand walked straight over to Edgar.

"Son," she said, "why did you run away? Why didn't you come to me and tell me about the money?"

"I just couldn't," Edgar said.

"Did you think I was that sort of mother? That I'd quit you because you got into trouble? Oh, Edgar—I'd—I'd love you whatever you did. I know what you thought. You thought I'd expect you to be as good as Alfred, didn't you?"

"Yes'm," Edgar said.

"Oh, Edgar, that isn't the way I want to love my second son," she said. "I want to love you no matter what you do, no matter what happens. I forgive you about the money."

"Thanks, Mother," Edgar said, half bawling.

She put her arms around him and hugged him. I wanted to say something. I wanted to put her wise to the whole thing. But Edgar was looking at me like he meant to say: "I'll whale the tar out of you if you squeal." He looked awful happy, even if his eyes were full of tears.

His mother said: "Come, sonny. We're going home." Then she smiled at me. "I've got some plans for you, Joseph."

They went down the stairs.

The plans were very swell. Edgar and I are going to college next year. It is sure going to be an awful loss to the Marines.

Treating the House

Continued from page 30

paint you can handle yourself? It comes in heavenly colors, dries flat, doesn't show brush marks, won't rub off and stars at the bottom of the price list. It can be used over any existing surface, even paper, if this is in good condition. Should such a scheme sound too ambitious—or should the walls seem all right as they are—think about painting the doors, if these are well-placed, and the baseboard, almost sure to be scuffed. Lots of smart doors are done in two or three colors today—frame and door in one, moldings in another, panels, perhaps, in a third. The baseboard is done the darkest shade, and it won't show mop or polisher marks.

Hall and Living-Room

If you can plan for a new hall rug, three cheers—and don't forget those modern beauties, expensive but with such effect! If not, and the present incumbent is plain, why not give it an edging of carpet fringe in white, natural or some appropriate dark shade?

As for the furniture, the old rule of a table and two chairs is safe and sane. But maybe your particular table would be smarter if its finish were removed—a lengthy job—or covered with paint, which is easier. Don't forget to give mahogany a coat of aluminum paint first, to seal the pores. Otherwise the poor thing "bleeds," and so does your reputation as a decorator. If the chairs are to stay, they might be treated to new seat pads, tied on with cord and tassels—or new slip-covers—or new upholstery. But please don't get tapestry or mohair for this last; try something gayer and fresher. And always keep a bowl of flowers or leaves on the table.

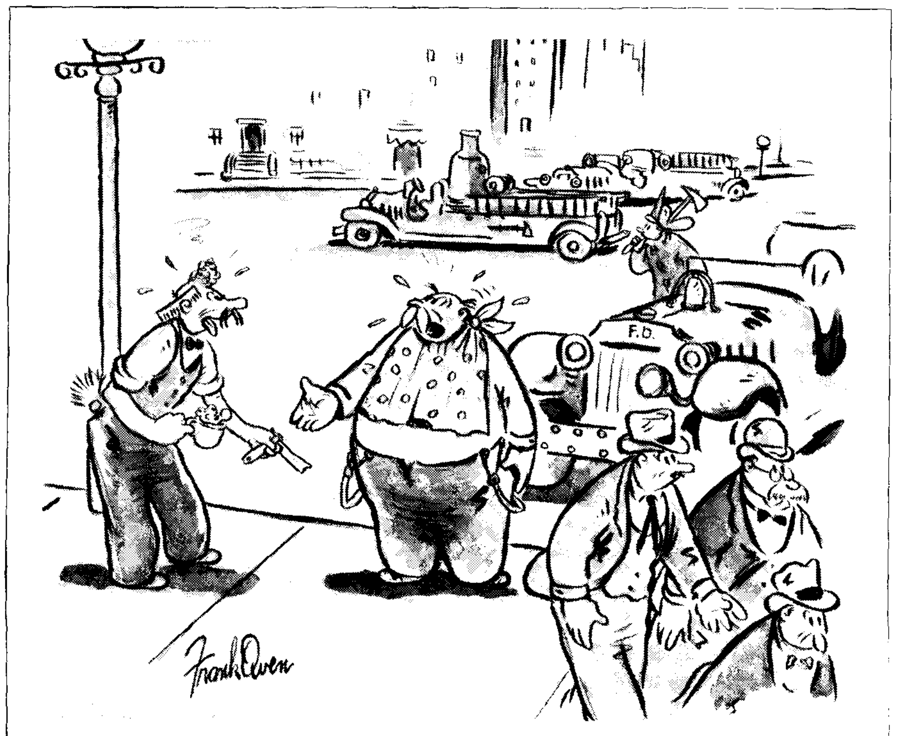
When it comes to the living-room, the neatest trick is to take everything out, leaving yourself a nice, empty box. House-cleaning time, if you aren't too distracted, is your golden opportunity. Then go into a daydream and pretend you're a bride. What would you do with that room if you had a free hand? How can you come anywhere near it with the hold-overs you have and the little extras you can buy?

This is the point at which to consider your personal slant on color as a whole, for aside from regroupings, most inexpensive changes will be a matter of palette. Today there are two distinct color schools. One goes in for sharp edges, bold contrasts, uncompromising gefiniteness, whether or not these are coupled with modern forms. The other likes subtle, subdued tones that slide into each other. White is inscribed on the banner of the first, with much use of brown, rich blue, dark green, brilliant red as background or accent. Off-whites, beiges, grays, with all the other colors softened, appear in the credo of the second. Right at the outset you'd better decide to which school you incline. Neither will let you work haphazard—you must keep your effects simple and uncluttered.

Just to visualize the two color schools, let's outline a few schemes, taking the "definite" ones first. White walls, curtains and Venetian blinds, the curtains to be lined in red or the blinds hung in red tapes; brown carpet with a little white rug in front of the fireplace; a pair of upholstered chairs slip-covered in red, two more in medium brown piped in white, others in chartreuse, plain or patterned to include bold white and brown; dead-white paper lampshades or indirect lighting from white urns. In similar feeling you might proceed as follows: Plum walls, white trim and mantel; cream-white curtains lined in pink; powder blue carpet; sofa in blue, rose and white chintz, chairs in terra cotta; white stretched taffeta shades on white lamps. Neither of these schemes may be practicable in your particular case, but their "crisp" effect, translated into your own terms, is the thing to aim for, if you want to line up with Mrs. Draper in her own color preferences.

At the other extreme of the mode, think of a use of the rainbow that mutes everything. Yellowish gray walls; curtains in creamy beige cotton damask, very full, trimmed with beige fringe and falling from a shaped valance board made with that quilted cotton mattress-protector stuff dipped in coffee and moss-fringed on the lower edge; beige rug; sofa and pair of chairs slip-covered in grayish beige woven cotton material with an interesting but not too definite

(Continued on page 44)



"Do you realize, sir, we've run sixteen blocks and there's no fire?"

Frank Owen

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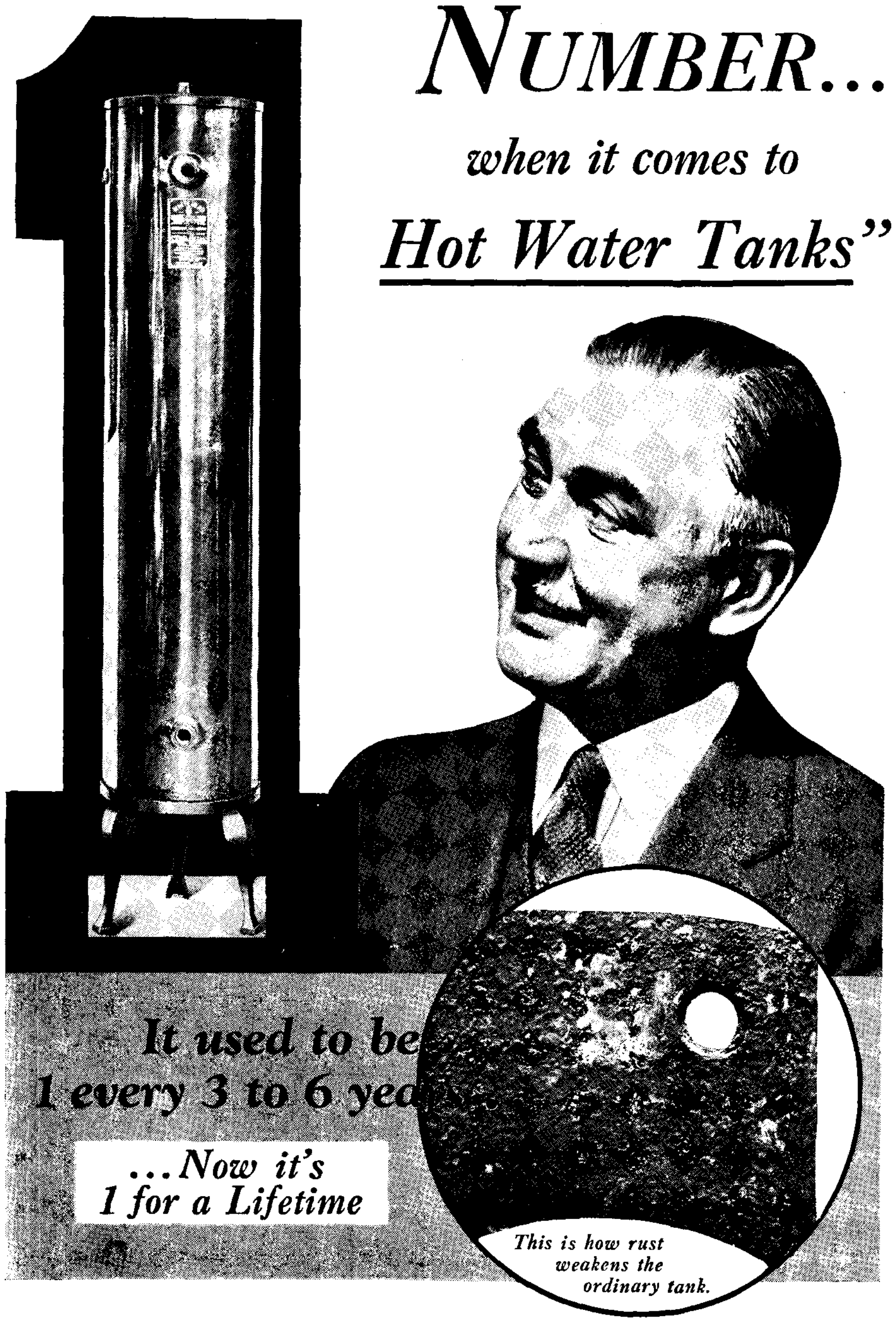

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Yet the cost, as your plumber can tell you, is decidedly reasonable. (No more, in fact, than a copper tank of comparable size.)

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Monel Metal

(Continued from page 43)

texture; another pair in pinkish gray washable velvet or corduroy; crystal lamps with cream shades lined in pink; crystal ash trays; low modern tables made by the local carpenter and painted or lacquered brown.

If your existing furniture is walnut, brown mahogany or the brown fruitwood that is usual with French Provincial pieces, any one of these schemes would be good. For reddish mahogany, something like the fourth or compromise solution would be preferable—one taking for granted that you have the taupe rug and the walls in Adam green or yellowish cream that were so popular a few years ago. Rooms of that particular period are apt to seem a bit cold and dated today, so let's try putting it in bold pattern, weighting it with dark color and giving it accent: Dark brown sateen curtains; a sofa in brown, or in a definite chintz with bold leaves or flowers; a couple of chairs in whichever of the two materials is not chosen for the sofa, one or two in clear bright yellow; the dark, glossy green of plants or leaves; polished brass fireplace fittings; dark lampshades with shell-pink painted linings. Here is a room that inclines toward the "crisp" school, though using some of the muted colors of the second.

It will be seen in all four schemes that new materials are either quite dark, so that frequent cleaning is unnecessary, or chosen in versions that can go into the tub, for cotton is coming to the front more and more in decoration. When slip-covering, don't attempt the old-fashioned box-pleating that used to finish the skirt; a plain band is newer and more practicable. And don't aim for a sausage-casing effect; a looser fit marks the smart slip-cover of today. In making curtains, an inexpensive material used lavishly is to be preferred to a costly one cut skimpily. Straight-hanging curtains, or those looped back simply, seem better-looking to the eye of the moment than a lot of elaboration. Valance boards, if used, may be made of plywood and padded, if the material covering them is thin. Venetian blinds are having a country-wide vogue, but split bamboo blinds also have their votaries, and so have those roller shades crinkled horizontally to imitate Venetian blinds.

Gayety in the Fun Room

But it's time to move away from our contemplation of the living-room, into which we've probably moved back fewer pieces than we took out, and try our eagle eye on the dining-room. Suppose the background here needs pepping up. If we can't manage new paper or paint, we might consider running a paper border around a plain wall—cornice, baseboard, doors and windows if well placed, all outlined with it. If our chairs have slip seats, we're in luck, because we can change their color schemes as often as we like, using washable cottons. Wooden or caned chairs may be given new pads, with covers snapped off on wash day. Should our chairs be upholstered, we might slip-cover them, or do them up in white washable leatherette with brown nails, in red, green or yellow leatherette with white nails. If we have pictures in this room, we might consider taking the finish off wooden frames, or painting white those that are wood or gilt. Lots of smart dining-rooms today get away rugless, or with a small rug before the fireplace or the sideboard, which may be a plain-colored remnant fringed.

But the center of interest here is the table itself. If by any chance there is still a lighting fixture over it, by all means take this out—one of the foremost sign manuals of the Nineties. Plain, slim, white candles are *de rigeur.* Doilies are on the wane. White damask is conservative and beautiful, the new modern linens, in pale or pale-and-dark combinations are smart, but nothing is better than a bare polished table.

Some place in the house we might try one of the new monotone rooms, and the library is an excellent choice, on account of the varicolored tapestry of books. The walls can be painted a luscious cream-beige or done in lining paper, very cheap and used by some of the best decorators. The furniture can then be treated to variants of the same color in interesting textures of washable cotton, with curtains in the same general tone, weighted with natural-colored carpet fringe.

At the opposite color-extreme stands the fun room, which we all ought to have, its location depending on space not necessary for something else. Fun rooms go in for bold effects—white walls with a flag-blue band top and bottom, a black floor, red and white oilcloth curtains—walls in green and white lattice paper, yellow floor, shiny black ceiling and white curtains. Such a room is best with the minimum of furniture, aside from a built-in bench with a colorful seat cushion along one or more walls, for the billiard table, the backgammon board, the radio, the phonograph or the piano for banging are its leading features. A transformed barn can even contain space for shuffleboard, deck tennis and putting. In such a "Saturday Night Room," a fortunate gentleman in northern New York State provides refreshments every week for an average crowd of twenty-five hilarious cronies at a cost of around six dollars.

Shingle Your Lampshades

After such goings on, house guests may seek bedrooms that probably cost much less to do over than is generally supposed. The bed itself is often more in the mode after it has had its footboard discarded, its headboard painted, or padded and covered with fabric, its box spring and mattress set on a low frame made of four stout boards. A sateen cover weighted with fringe or a candlewick spread takes the place of the more ornate silken offering—or a cover is done in ruffled muslin to match the great wide curtains. One boudoir chair has had a stool of equal height made for it, both have been covered alike in bright flowery chintz, and the result now poses as a chaise longue. Another has merely undergone moss-fringing on all edges. If the rugs were unsatisfactory, they've been replaced by Japanese matting to the baseboard, by white rag rugs or by the versatile remnants of plain carpet edged with fringe.

If the existing lampshades were dowdy, the lady of the house has bethought herself of inexpensive shortcuts—how about covering plain white parchment with two or three rows of organdie frilling, or, cheaper still, cutting those tiny lace-paper doilies from the ten-cent store in half, removing their solid centers and shingling the shade from top to bottom?

Bedrooms don't need to be pastel, but here, if anywhere, is the place for such a color range. Pink, blue, yellow, pale green—white with any of these, with brown or with little touches of red; gray or beige with dusty pastels, or with violet, brown or green, even dark rich colors with light accents, because these, we're told by sleep experts, are the most restful of all—here is a bedroom gamut that surely ought to make us able to pass up the only color that rouses violent antagonisms, lavender. If we happen to have an urge for it that won't leave us alone, let's use it in our own bedroom, taking the curse off with white, gray, violet or brown.

When California Builds a Bridge

Continued from page 20

water distances are three times as long.

Worst drawback of all, the encircling bay cut San Francisco off from the forests, vineyards, dairies and poultry yards of the north, and the fertile valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin to the east, compelling transshipment of every ton of wheat and fruit. The water gap also precluded a direct motor route to the Russian, Eel and Klamath rivers, California's playground, and cut in two the great scenic highway from San Diego to Seattle, leading through the heart of the mighty redwood empire.

There has never been a time when the people of the Golden Gate have not dreamed of overcoming these handicaps. As far back as the '50's, one William Tecumseh Sherman, then a young banker in San Francisco, discussed the possibility of bridging the bay, and in 1867, Leland Stanford, that shaggy old empire builder, urged bridges for the integration of a trade region the size of New England. The engineers, however, laughed at him as a visionary, holding that depths and distances presented insuperable obstacles.

Digging In

There was, to be sure, a huge mound of rock and dirt halfway between San Francisco and Oakland. They called it Goat Island in the days of the gold rush, but Yerba Buena was its name when Joaquin Castro won it from another Spanish don on a horse race. Even the island, however, did not solve the problem, for it lay two miles from the San Francisco shore, and not only did the water run deep and swift, but the ferry companies insisted that there was no bedrock in the bay.

This defeatist propaganda ruled public opinion until 1929, and then the old pioneer spirit got up on its hind legs and declared that the Twin Cities *must* be connected by a bridge, impossibility or no impossibility. The state and cities contributed to a common fund, and a bunch of bespectacled geologists were equipped with diamond drills and put to work. For months there was boring all over the place, and then the scientists excitedly announced a ledge of rock between San Francisco and Yerba Buena capable of supporting any weight that human beings could put upon it.

Then the engineers were called in, and these technicians sat on the San Francisco docks, two miles from Yerba Buena, and brooded heavily. The broad stretch of water seemed to make a suspension bridge utterly unthinkable, but suddenly one of the number had a brilliant idea. "Why not two suspension bridges," he suggested, "put end to end, and with a common center anchorage?"

A great idea, but what about piers? Pneumatic caissons, the usual method of construction, were plainly out of the question, for 110 feet was the maximum depth at which human beings could work in safety, while the bay bottom was down as far as 235 feet in some spots. Quite a difference between that and the Hudson River, where the George Washington bridge's piers were only 75 feet below water. No doubt about it, operations would have to be conducted from the surface. But how?

Fortunately, Charles H. Purcell, California's state engineer in charge of the project, happened to be a man of considerable experience, having fooled around with bridges in a good many parts of the world. Hurrying to New York, he put his problem before one Daniel Edward Moran, entering his seventieth year but still amply able to do a fine job of original thinking, and asked him to "work it out." And Dan Moran did!

Soon after Mr. Purcell's return, an Oakland shipyard began constructing a colossal box, about the size of a city block, and twenty-five feet high, with much the interior arrangement of a carton in which eggs are packed. Only instead of eggs, Mr. Moran specified huge steel cylinders, fifteen feet in diameter, each capped and filled with compressed air, the whole giant crate to be eased off the ways into the water, towed gently out to the anchorage site, and there held in place by twenty-six concrete blocks each weighing about twenty tons.

The cylinders are three feet apart, and into this space go streams of concrete, hurried out from shore by specially constructed barges that mix sand, water and gravel as they chug along. Down goes the crate, and as it sinks, the sides are built higher with creosoted timber and steel plates, and the cylinders are also raised ten feet at a clip. More concrete, more lifts to the sides and cylinders, until at last the crate rests on mud and sand and silt. So far so good, but bed rock is still a hundred feet farther down.

At this point the "knives" begin their work, for at the bottom edge of the crate, on all four sides, are shearing blades that cut through the muck. Now the cylinders are uncapped, and down each one goes a "clam shell" bucket that scoops up 6,800 pounds of mud at every dip. In go additional tons of concrete, up go the sides, and eventually 200-pound jet hoses are lowered through the cylinders, and the bed rock is washed as clean as a doorstep so that the crate may come to rest firmly and finally.

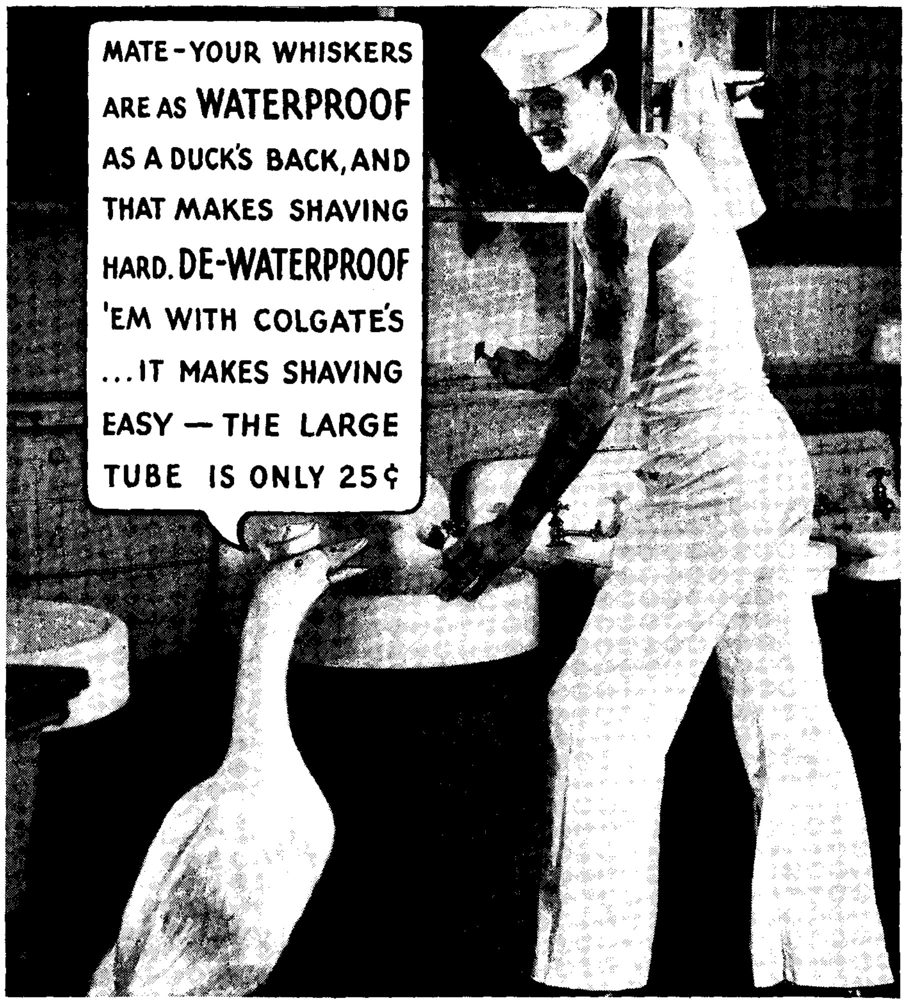
And all of it from the surface with the exception of precise, finishing touches here and there. Bill Reed, champion diver, goes down regularly to see that the anchors are in place, that the crate is settling properly, and last of all, to make sure that the huge box comes to rest within inches of the engineers' estimates. When Bill has reported to the upper air by submarine telephone, and given assurance that everything is well, the cylinders are filled with concrete, completing the tremendous monolith made up of 295,000 tons of concrete and 81,000 tons of steel.

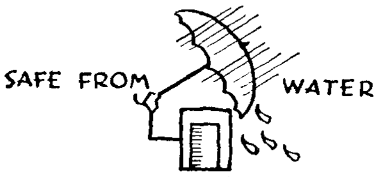
"Biggest in the World"

This, then, was the idea that Dan Moran gave Charlie Purcell to take back to California. Just to give it added value, five more similar piers are required for the West Bay crossing, each with its own particular problem. At the two nearest Yerba Buena, for instance, the depth forbids a working docks for derricks, and everything has to be done from barges. Imagine a twenty-two story apartment built under water, and on top of it a steel tower 460 feet high, and some idea of the magnitude of the task can be gained.

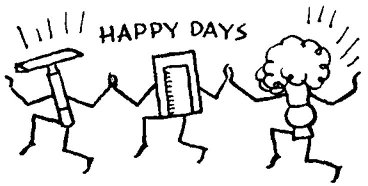
While great forces of men are working on the piers, other small armies are busy with the anchorages, prime importance where a suspension bridge is concerned. The San Francisco end is comparatively simple, offering few problems, but at Yerba Buena there are two anchorages, each in a tunnel slanting down into the rock for a distance of two hundred feet. It is into these caverns that the cables will be carried and fastened to mighty steel anchors, after which concrete will be poured in, mak-

(Continued on page 46)

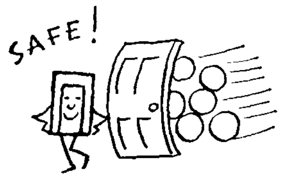

MATE-YOUR WHISKERS ARE AS WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK, AND THAT MAKES SHAVING HARD. DE-WATERPROOF 'EM WITH COLGATE'S ...IT MAKES SHAVING EASY — THE LARGE TUBE IS ONLY 25¢



Every whisker that darkens your chin is encased in a tough, waterproof coating of oil—and that oil coating is what makes your whiskers so hard to cut.



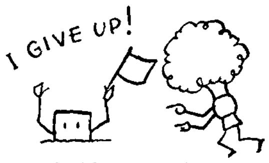
Once you remove that waterproofing—remove every trace of it from *every* whisker—your razor will cut smoothly —without scrape, without pull.



But—that's where many shaving creams fall down on the job. They don't, *can't* remove *all* that waterproofing. For most shaving creams whip into *big-bubble* lather—and you can't get a lot of big bubbles *close* to anything so small as a whisker.

THEY'VE GOT ME!

That's where Colgate's is different. Colgate's Shave Cream lathers up into millions of *tiny, small bubbles.* Thousands of these *little bubbles* swarm around every single whisker—crowd *close* to it.



These tiny bubbles attack every whisker you own and strip every trace of waterproofing from it. They *emulsify* that oily, waterproof coating. They literally *dissolve* it—and wash it all away.

GRAND FEELING

Then they seep into each whisker—*soak* it *soft.* And your razor sails through those limp whiskers like a knife through cheese! Try Colgate's...see if its *small-bubble* lather doesn't make your daily shave easier. Buy Colgate's Shave Cream today—the large 35c size tube is now only 25c.

P. S.—*For a grand finish to a great shave, try Colgate's After-Shave Lotion and Colgate's Talc for Men.*

LARGE SIZE TUBE *now only* 25¢

COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

De-waterproof your whiskers, and make shaving easier.

"for Richer · for poorer"

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IS THE MOST SIGNIFICANT GIFT ANY MAN CAN MAKE TO HIS BRIDE

IN the mind of many a young girl today are questions she cannot answer. Even the man she is about to marry cannot answer them. And she knows it.

She is concerned about their future. "He is so confident! . . . but is confidence enough?" She thinks of her own mother and father, struggling to be cheerful with little.

You can set her mind at rest by starting **now**, to build a financial reserve.

That is **Living Protection**—the most significant gift any man can make a woman—as a wedding present—as an anniversary remembrance—at any time.

Throughout its forty years, Investors Syndicate has an unbroken record of promptly-paid maturities. During the past four years, alone, it has paid over 30 million dollars to Certificate holders.

Start now to build up **Living Protection** for yourself, and for those dear to you. A bonded, thoroughly-trained representative of Investors Syndicate will call at your convenience. Mail the coupon, or telephone the office nearest you.

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I am interested in Living Protection.

Name ....

Address ....

(Continued from page 45)

ing solid blocks that may be expected to hold until doomsday.

By way of making everything as difficult as possible, Yerba Buena is not a flat stretch, but rises abruptly from the water's edge to quite a peak, and therefore a vehicular tunnel must be bored. An expensive undertaking, but not without compensation to all true Californians, for it is to be "the biggest in the world." A length of 500 feet is not record-breaking, to be sure, but it will be 80 feet wide, 60 feet high to accommodate two decks, and will run 150 feet below the tree-crowned summit.

Leaving Yerba Buena for the swing to Oakland, two miles away, the engineers soon found that all thought of a suspension bridge would have to be given up. A suspension span must have its anchorage in the solid rock, and the only granite that could be located in the East Bay was some thousand feet down. At certain possible depths, however, they found sand, and contrary to general opinion, well-packed sand makes the very best foundation for a pier.

On Sacred Soil

What was decided on, therefore, was the cantilever type of construction, with a main channel span of 1,400 feet, and two side anchor arms each 510 feet in length. Proceeding eastward, there will be five through-truss spans, each 509 feet long, followed by fourteen deck-truss spans, each 291 feet long, running into a mole built far out into the water.

The seven-and-a-half-mile structure will have six lanes for passenger automobiles on the upper deck, and on the lower deck will be three lanes for trucks and two lanes for interurban electric cars. Its cost, when completed, will be $71,400,000, but not one cent of this staggering amount will come out of the pockets of California taxpayers, for the bridge is one of those "self-liquidating projects" made possible by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

The bonds of the California Toll Bridge Authority are taken by the RFC and every cent of the money received from tolls will be applied to the payment of interest and principal. All costs of operation and maintenance must be borne by the California Highway Commission out of the gasoline tax, and in addition the state is under agreement to provide $6,600,000 for the approaches to the bridge.

Various Eastern cartoonists have portrayed California as a motion picture siren wheedling millions out of poor, fatuous Uncle Sam, but it looks to be a pretty fair bargain all the way around. The Californians get their bridge and furnish profitable employment for thousands, and the RFC receives 5 per cent interest and will have the entire principal returned by 1954, which is a good deal better than distributing millions in doles.

The Golden Gate bridge, unlike the bay structure, is not a state undertaking backed by federal funds, but the courageous adventure of six counties. There were eight back in 1923, but two dropped out, putting the burden on San Francisco, Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Mendocino and Del Norte. What all wanted was not only unbroken transportation for their products, but a bridging of the water gap in the great motor route from San Diego to Seattle.

For ten long years, however, the six counties met with a vigorous, unscrupulous opposition that stopped at nothing. The ferry companies and other interests filed innumerable nuisance suits, dragging them from court to court, and circulated reports that the bridge could not possibly be built, or that if it were built, the cost would bankrupt every county, $227,000,000 being advanced as a minimum figure. Added to all this, the two terminals were on military reservations, necessitating the approval of the War Department, and the medieval generals at Washington were in a fine sweat for fear a bridge might damage old Fort Winfield Scott, built in 1853, or knock the rust off of the cannon that poked through the ancient battlements of Fort Baker on the Marin County side of the Gate.

Fortunately, however, the counties had a fighting man behind them. Joseph B. Strauss is small and soft-spoken, more like an artist than an engineer, but bridges are not only his specialty but his passion. He has built them all over the world—Russia, Denmark, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, China, Egypt, Santo Domingo, Cuba and Japan—and the more impossible the job, the better he likes it.

Mr. Strauss had his heart set on building a bridge across the Golden Gate, seeing a chance to give free rein to his imagination, and in every crisis he rushed to California from Chicago at his own expense, and gave successful battle. One by one the nuisance suits were beaten; the consent of the War Department was finally secured; a bond issue of $35,000,000 was carried by a vote of three to one, and the spring of 1933 saw ground broken at Fort Point, sacred soil to every San Franciscan.

In 1846, when Commodore Sloat took possession of California in the name of the United States, it was to Fort Point that the San Franciscans hurried. The town held less than four hundred people at the time, but the discovery of gold brought thousands pouring through the Golden Gate, and in 1853 the government built a massive fort on the point, and crowned the hill with formidable batteries.

Although abandoned, dismantled and dilapidated, nevertheless Fort Scott presented a problem to the bridge builders, for the War Department was insistent that not one of its bricks should be mussed. Making a virtue of necessity, therefore, the engineers drew their plans for two mighty pylons, one on each side, with a 319-foot steel arch over the ancient structure, gaining a doorway effect of great beauty.

The site for the anchorage was deep in the hillside at the back of the old fort, and here the rock men went sixty feet straight down into bed rock. The cables of the Golden Gate bridge will have a combined pull of 126,000,000 pounds, calling for quite a bit of resistance, and as a consequence the girds and eye-bars will be imbedded in a concrete block the size of a fifteen-story building.

A Dent-Proof Fender

With the shore excavations under way, attention was turned to Pier Number One, a grim, difficult business, for the site selected stood more than a thousand feet off-shore in the open sea, with water sixty-five feet deep, and current that ran swift and strong. Moreover, there was still another thirty-five feet that had to be gouged out of bed rock. Hard rock, too, that called for a lot of heavy blasting.

Some problem, but Mr. Strauss came forward with an idea every whit as brilliantly original as Dan Moran's steel-cylindered crate. Imagine a great steel and concrete oval, 311 feet long, 170 feet wide and 27 feet thick. These are the dimensions of the "fender" designed to form a protecting wall about the pier site during construction, and which will remain in place after completion to break the dash of waves and guard against blundering ships. Twenty-two steel boxes constitute the bottom tier, and when set solidly on bed rock, they will be filled with concrete. On top of these is placed another tier, locked into place with the first by huge steel girders, and these, too, are filled with concrete. Another tier in still more concrete, and the wall is finished, standing some fifteen feet above the water.

One end of the "fender," however, is not closed until a steel caisson is floated into the pool of still water, and weighted down until its cutting edges rest on bed rock. This will be the theater for the operations of the "sand hogs," protected by air pressure as they burrow another ten feet down into bed rock. This done, the caisson is filled with concrete, and becomes the base of the gigantic pier 90 by 185 with a height of 144 feet, the largest in the world.

California's Answer

The work on the Marin County shore presented no such problems as the San Francisco side, for the pier was sunk at the water's edge. For the anchorage, however, a whole mountain side has to be blasted away for the concrete blocks that will imbed girds and eye-bar equipment weighing 3,400 tons. With the completion of the concrete work the steel men take charge of the job, and begin erection of the mighty towers that rise to a height of 746 feet above the waters of the Gate.

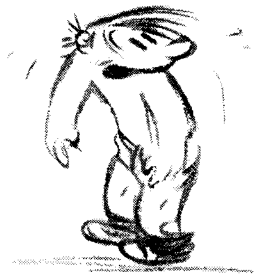
As in the case of the Bay bridge, the cables will be spun on the ground, a job of magnitude, for the Golden Gate suspension cables are the longest in the world, being 7,660 feet as compared to the George Washington's 5,270. Each of the cables will weigh 11,000 tons, and their total wire length is 80,000 miles, long enough to go around the earth three times. The grand total length of the bridge, including the two main approach roads, will be seven miles, and the sixty-foot roadway will carry six lanes of vehicular traffic with an eleven-foot promenade on each side for pedestrians.

During the years of litigation, when the railroads and ferry companies were exhausting efforts to defeat the project, a favorite cry was that the bridge would bottle up the harbor, preventing the entrance of the Pacific fleet and generally dealing a blow to shipping. The engineers have answered this attack by providing a vertical clearance at the center of 220 feet, just 100 feet higher than the Brooklyn bridge clearance, and twenty feet higher than that of the George Washington.

Although the taxpayers of the six counties voted $35,000,000 for the bridge, the final cost will be $32,077,000, and the amount includes emergency interest and litigation expenses. This pleasing result is due to the fact that every engineering cost was predetermined, after which the directors of the enterprise gave solemn pledge not to award a single contract if the total of all contracts exceeded the amount of the bond issue. It is an example of prudence in the expenditure of public funds that might well be held up before the eyes of every city, county and state in the country, and is California's answer to the "motion picture siren" charge.

From three to four years is the time that it will take to finish the two jobs, but already San Francisco is planning the celebration for the opening day. That's California!

You Name Him



We'll have to call him *something.* His earnest helpfulness has endeared him to many thousands of Collier's readers who say they are no longer content to call him "he" or "it" or even "Jasper." So you name him and we shall have the christening in an early issue of Collier's.

You may suggest only one name and names mailed up to midnight, May 25th, will be considered. Collier's will pay $2.50 each to those suggesting the name finally chosen. Address:

The Name-It Department
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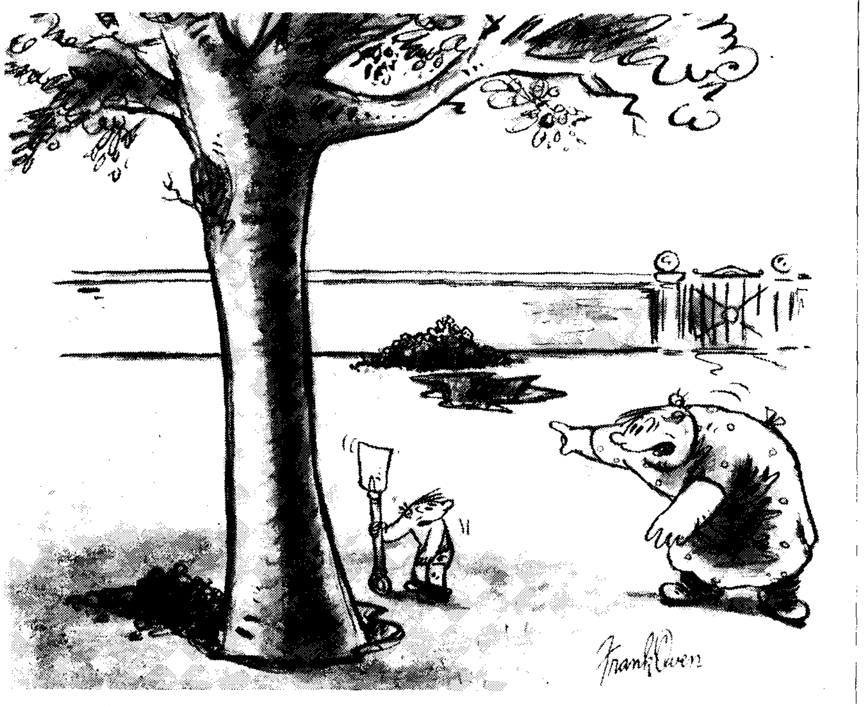

"What was wrong with the tree over there where it was?"

Frank Owen

"Wow! What a drive!"

TRY THIS NEW MACGREGOR CLUB YOURSELF—

Drive 10 *to* 40 *yards farther—with Accuracy*

THE GRIP IS RIGID

Note the stiffness of the shaft under the grip. This is because of the Control Sleeve (patent pending) which keeps the grip rigid. That's why you get the control and accuracy of a stiff-shafted club.

SHAFT BENDS HERE

Tru-Whip shafts whip only from grip to neck. The snap of a powerful, short spring builds up on the down swing to put "Extra Wrists" and tremendous power into the impact . . . the clubhead *must* follow through.

THE NECK IS SOLID

The patented Neutralizer makes the neck solid. This keeps the head from wobbling and lets you hit the ball squarely. It also absorbs shock and vibration and prevents the shaft from breaking.

If you want a new thrill . . . if you want 10 to 40 yards more distance . . . if you want your shots to zoom straight down the fairway . . . try the new MacGregor Tru-Whip Clubs. They are different from any you've ever touched—built on an entirely new, patented principle.

Just swing a Tru-Whip. Feel that snap in the shaft. Take a couple of practice shots and feel the clubhead smack into the ball. Your swing flows with a new rhythm . . . you don't want to "press" . . . you find it easier to follow through.

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For months MacGregor golfer-craftsmen experimented on the MacGregor course until they devised a shaft that gives greater distance and more accuracy. It has extra whip—*and all the whip is concentrated between the grip and neck of the club.* It gives the clubhead a faster, livelier kick at the moment of impact. It puts extra force into each shot.

Two inventions made this possible. MacGregor's exclusive Control Sleeve keeps the grip rigid. MacGregor's patented Neutralizer keeps the neck solid. Together, they make the Tru-Whip as accurate as a stiff-shafted club. This scientific and patented construction makes Tru-Whips the *only* whippy shafted clubs *suitable for every golfer*—from beginner to par-shooter.

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You owe it to your game to try these new Tru-Whip clubs. They will give you new confidence in all your shots from tee to green. Your pro and dealer have both woods and irons at popular prices—lower than you would expect to pay for such sensational, new MacGregor Clubs. Try them today.

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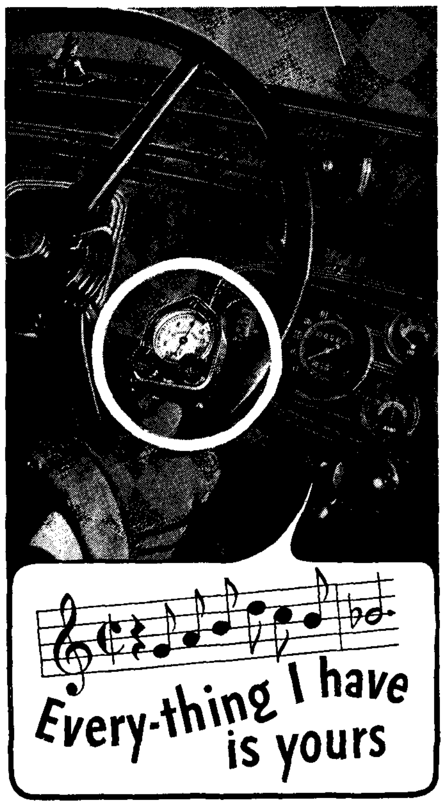

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The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 17

"Gerald Dempster, overstimulation, May 15th, Ryker's Hospital."

"What does overstimulation mean?" grinned Kernochan.

"A phrase of my own invention," replied Gandy. "This is my own private record. The nurse outside has a more formal one. Gerry was in a state of nerves. Alcoholism had a lot to do with it, but some sort of shock had something else to do with it. Don't ask me what the shock was because I don't know."

"Is he goofy?" asked Kernochan.

"Not at all. He's just taking a rest cure. He's in the hospital—it's up in Westchester—for observation. He leaves whenever he likes to spend an evening in town. He hasn't been under restraint since the first week. But his nerves aren't too good. I guess they've improved. I haven't seen him for a month. He came in and I told him that he was silly to remain in a sanitarium any longer, but he said that the regular life was doing him good and he thought he'd stay there a while longer. He may have left there. I don't know. Why?"

Kernochan ignored the question.

"YOU say he had some sort of a shock. You're sure you don't know what the shock was?"

Gandy shook his head.

"I haven't an idea." Then he smiled. "I don't know why I shouldn't be frank with you, Kernie, as long as it's just between us two. There was a girl mixed up in it. One Amy Lanton. Breach of promise. You know, legal blackmail. Gerry was in a spot. He'd written letters—you know, the sort of silly things young men do, especially when they're toying with the bottle."

Kernochan pursed his lips.

"I shouldn't think a breach of promise case would knock over a young man," he said.

"This one wasn't so good. You see, Dempster doesn't come into all his money until he's thirty. His uncle is trustee and can withhold his allowance if Gerry's conduct isn't satisfactory. Also, the uncle—do you know old Lowry? A hard old bird—well, Gerry is his only heir. The boy would do anything to keep in his uncle's good graces. A breach of promise case would put him right out the window as far as Lowry is concerned. The allowance from his father's estate would be cut down and his uncle would change his will. So he did some heavy drinking, got himself into a state of nerves and came to me."

"And you prescribed the hospital. But what about the girl? How did that quiet her? Or did you give her sedatives, too?"

"Gerry's lawyer saw her. Young Forman; you know, the man who defended Rose Ames. I told him to tell the girl that Dempster was in a sanitarium, that she'd better take the cash that Gerry had scraped together, and that if she sued I'd go on the stand and testify that Gerry had not been responsible for his actions for a great many months."

"You doctors will do a lot for your patients, won't you?" laughed Kernochan.

Gandy smiled thinly.

"We don't do things offhand. But I knew it was blackmail, and in a matter like that a good doctor tries to be helpful."

"I'll make a note of your name and address. I may be able to use you sometime," said Kernochan. "You think that Dempster's at the hospital now?"

"I'll ring up his apartment," volunteered the doctor.

"No, don't bother. I'll do that myself."

"The boy isn't in any jam, is he?" asked Gandy.

"Not that I know of at the moment."

"He's a nice young fellow," said the doctor. "If he is in any trouble, remember he's a friend of mine."

"I'll not forget, Terry," said Kernochan.

He shook hands with the physician, and left the office. At a corner drug store he entered a telephone booth and looked up Gerald Dempster's address. He found himself less than two blocks from Dempster's residence and five minutes later was admitted to Dempster's apartment. A manservant told him that the young man had gone to Boston that morning on some business and would not return until the following day. There was no reason to doubt the servant's statement, so Kernochan departed.

On the sidewalk he stood a moment in thought. John Ames had died on the fourteenth of May. On the fifteenth of May young Dempster had been sent to a sanitarium suffering from alcoholism and shock. Young Dempster was, according to Minta Penfield, in love with Rose Ames.

The case for or against Rose Ames began to take shape. Only, there was another perplexing element. Amy Lanton had been an intimate of John Ames. She had preceded Emily Trephon in the somewhat unstable affections of John Ames. He walked to another drug store, rang up Tommy Turner, and found that gay person only too willing to receive a call. In ten minutes more he entered Turner's office.

"Well, Kernie," the theatrical agent greeted him, "want me to get up another party?" His round face grew sober. "If you do I'll try and get girls that don't know Jimmy Pottery."

"A swell idea," laughed Kernochan. "The mere fact that a girl doesn't know Pottery makes her attractive. No, I don't want a party. I just want to find out something about a girl named Amy Lanton."

THE theatrical agent leaned back in his chair, placing his feet upon the edge of his desk. Cocked at an angle that seemed most precarious, he grinned engagingly at his visitor.

"Whom are you kidding? You don't want a friend of Pottery and you talk about Amy Lanton."

"Is she a friend of Pottery?" asked Kernochan quickly.

"I don't know that she is, but I certainly don't know that she isn't. I mean, she's one of that Broadway crew. She used to be at the Cricket Club and everybody knows Pottery had a piece of that joint. Now, she might never have met him, but that's hard to believe. I never heard of them being mixed up together, but there are two or three things that I don't know much about."

"No more than two or three?" smiled Kernochan.

"Well, maybe four or five," admitted Turner. "What do you want to find out about her?"

"What do you know?" asked Kernochan.

"I know she was running around with a young fellow named Dempster for quite a while. That was after John Ames gave her the air."

"Was she Ames' girl?" asked Kernochan.

Turner frowned.

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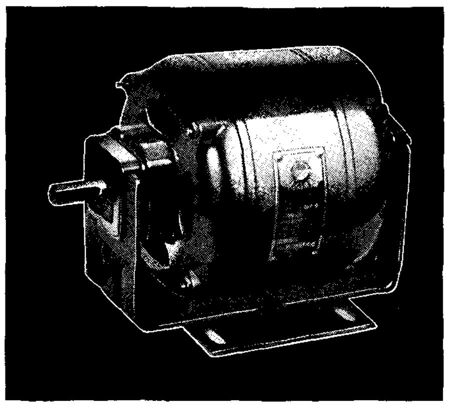

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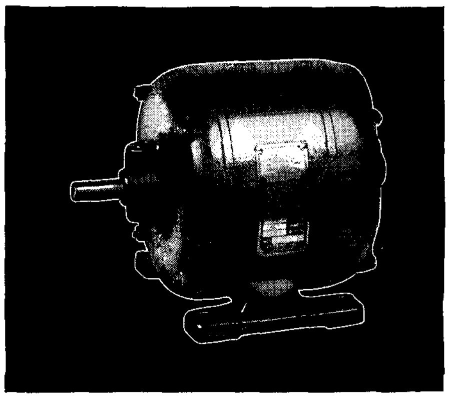

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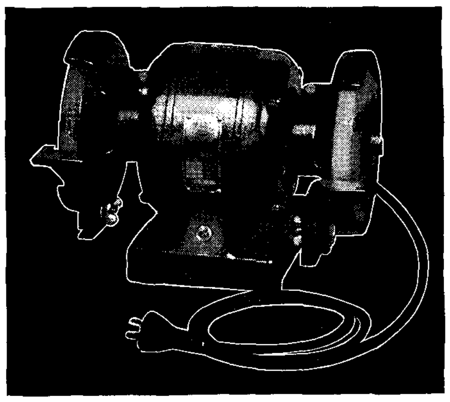

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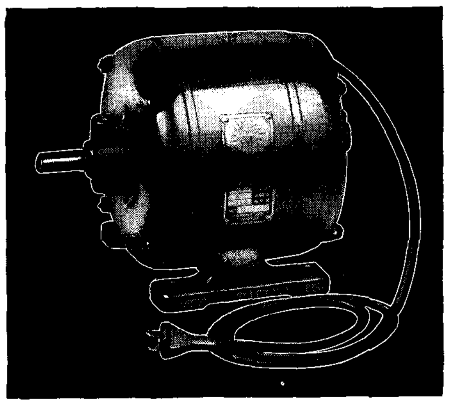

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"Maybe I shouldn't have said that. You know how it is with some of these gals. A man buys them a ham sandwich and when they tell it he's killed a steer for her. If he buys her a bridge lamp he's furnished an apartment. It used to be that the wrong kind of man bragged about the girl he kept. Times have changed: now the wrong kind of girl brags about the man that's keeping her. I don't believe a tenth of what I hear along Broadway, and usually think that the tenth I do believe will be disproved later on.

"Lanton came to me to see if I could place her in a show or a night club. That's my job, even if you do think I live just to get up dinner parties for you. I'd never seen her, although I'd heard her name. So I asked her what shows she'd been in. She hadn't worked in any for several months, and came right out with it that Ames had been taking care of her. Now, I'm loose in my talk to you, but I keep my mouth shut most of the time. I'd never heard that Ames fooled around, and I didn't quite believe her. But I didn't care. She had a nice figure and was pretty. I got her a job in the chorus of Great Days and she played in it on the road. When it came to New York she quit cold the second week. I made some inquiries and found that Gerry Dempster, who kicks around Broadway a bit, was buying her ham and eggs. Then I heard, about six months or so ago, that she was putting the bee on Dempster. I don't know how that one came out. But I wouldn't say, offhand, she'd make a nice playmate. And that's all I know about her."

"Got her address?" asked Kernochan.

Turner shook his head.

"I crossed her off my list. A dame that quits a job just because some John pays better than the chorus rates can't be a client of mine any longer."

"Can you get her address?" asked Kernochan.

Turner shook his head again.

"I wouldn't know where to ask. But I've got an address of nearly a year ago. A hotel on Forty-fourth Street, I think it is. It's a hundred to one she doesn't live there any more, but they might be able to tell you where she is."

He produced from his desk a ledger, opened it and ran down a page with his forefinger.

"Here it is: Amy Lanton, Bayonne Hotel, West Forty-fifth Street. The old memory was a block out of the way. What do you want her for?"

"I'll tell you sometime," evaded Kernochan.

"Are you really going to work for Donohoe? Don't forget to shove my name into those papers once in a while. At that, I can't see you as a press-agent. I hope that Donohoe's paying you plenty. The way he's bragging that you're going to work for him ought to make him a cinch for a heavy salary. Well, be good."

KERNOCHAN nodded farewell and left the office. He walked to the Bayonne Hotel and asked a clerk if Miss Amy Lanton still lived there. Finding, to his pleased surprised, that she not only lived there but she was in at the time, he sent up his name and received word that Miss Lanton would be glad to see him. A moment later he was inside the dingy two-room apartment which she occupied.

Turner had told the truth when he said that she was pretty and had a nice figure; the latter was generously displayed; the faded dressing-gown which she wore kept slipping from her shoulders all the time, entirely without embarrassment to her. Her face was hard, with that early brittleness of expression that comes from too much Broadway.

"You're Kernochan, the newspaperman, aren't you?" she greeted him.

"I used to be on the Leader," he told her. "Just now I'm killing time until I go to work as press-agent for Donohoe."

"You couldn't work me into one of his shows, could you?" she asked eagerly.

"I'll speak to Donny," he said.

"But what do you want now?" she asked.

"I wanted to talk to you about Gerry Dempster."

"What about him?" She stiffened.

"Oh, this and that." He tried to make his voice light. "Seen him lately?"

"What's it to you? Where do you come from?"

Kernochan deliberately took several bills from his pocket. He looked meaningly about the shabby room.

"You don't owe him anything, do you? It doesn't look to me as if he overpaid you. I thought maybe you could use a few bucks."

"Who couldn't?" she laughed bitterly. "But what's it for?"

"I want to find out some things about him. You brought a suit against him and it was settled."

"And when it was settled it was settled," she snapped.

"WHY did you break off with him?" asked Kernochan.

"Now, be yourself," said the girl. "Why would a girl like me break off with a swell like him? You've been around; you know the answers. Those Park Avenue boys get tired; they need a change of scenery. He got tired of Broadway; he wanted to play in his own street. If you know so much about me you ought to know the rest of it."

"I don't know so much. I know that you and John Ames were pally, but that's all."

"And I suppose you're going to flatter me by asking me why I broke it off with Ames, too," she jeered.

"Why did it smash up between you and him?" asked Kernochan.

"Ever hear he had a wife? Ever hear that wives don't like their husbands' girl friends? God, how I hoped that dame would get the chair! It was all right for her to pull her husband back, but why did she have to take Gerry away from me?"

"Did she?" asked Kernochan idly. His casual air would have deceived anyone.

"I don't know why I should talk to you," said the girl. "Except there isn't anything I wouldn't do for five twenties. You must want information badly, if you'll toss down a hundred in advance."

"I might pay more after I got the information," he told her.

"What sort of information?" asked the girl.

"Well, for example, more about Mrs. Ames."

She stared at him.

"Say, you're the guy that was on the Leader and didn't think she was innocent. What are you trying to do? Pin something on her? I'd help you do that, if I could."

"Maybe you can," said Kernochan. "But how did she interfere between you and Dempster?"

"He got stuck on her, of course. Ever hear of things like that? A bachelor falls for a married dame. That sort of thing happens, even if you never guessed it."

"And Dempster fell in love with Mrs. Ames?"

"You said it. He went goofy for her. He used to cheer me up when he got tight, telling me what a tramp I was, and how he ought to be killed for associating with me when he loved a good woman like Mrs. Ames. I tell you, he was goofy for her."

"And she made him give you up?"

(Continued on page 50)

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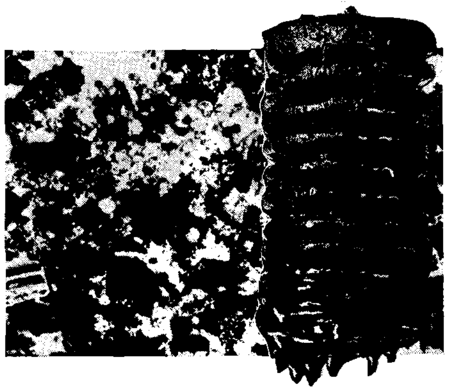

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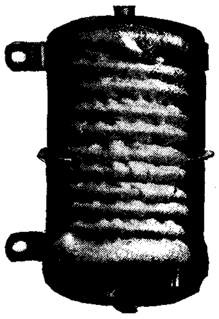

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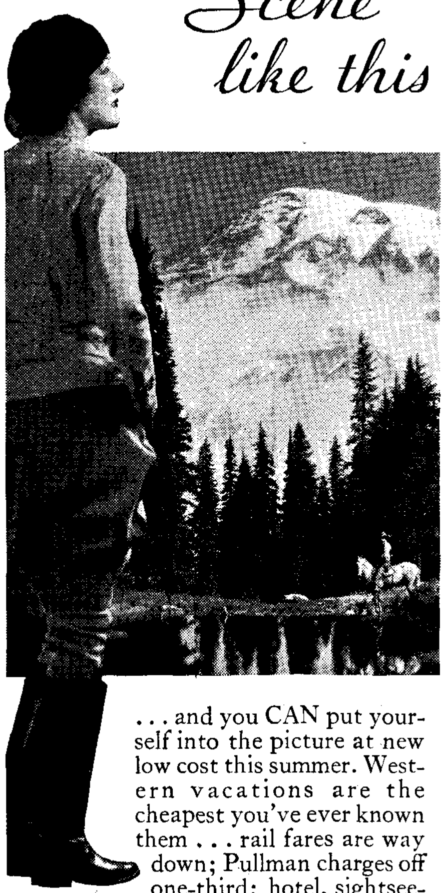

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ASK FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE OF "TOMORROW'S TRAIN TODAY"

(Continued from page 49)

"I didn't mean exactly that. I don't suppose she even knew my name. But just the same, he gave me up because of her. He never said so, but when a guy's drunk and begins talking about another woman with the third drink, and when he *does* air you, it isn't hard to guess the reason. Sure, he canned me because he loved her."

"Then it wasn't her fault, was it?" asked Kernochan.

"I guess not. Only married women know when men fall in love with them, and she could have eased him out if she'd wanted to. A married woman can kill a thing like that right at the start. And she didn't. And her not doing it cost me Gerry. So if you think I was rooting for her to beat the rap you don't know Amy like I do."

"BUT Dempster settled with you," said Kernochan.

"In a two-bit sort of way. And at that, I'm sorry I took anything from him. I was stuck on him, I don't mind telling you. It burned me that he should walk out on me, and I wanted to hurt him, but after I'd got his money I wished I hadn't taken it." She smiled suddenly. "That didn't prevent me from spending it and losing it on the races, though."

"When did he break with you?" asked Kernochan.

"Last May. Just before her husband got his. Isn't that a hot one? I don't like to think about it too much. A man that I was chummy with gets his; the next man I'm chummy with gets stuck on the wife of the first man. It sort of makes me feel I'm bad luck. Ames is dead and Dempster's goofy. At least, he had to go away for a while."

"I don't see how you can be blamed for either of those things," said Kernochan. "They just happened, didn't they?"

"I suppose so," sighed the girl, "but I wish they'd happened to someone else. You know, mister, there's an awful lot of bunk peddled around. You hear that if you don't do right, wrong catches up with you, and you give that stuff the merry laugh. You're young and the men go for you in a big way, and you think that whatever you do is swell just because you do it. And then you find out that life isn't the smooth and serene thing you thought it was. People die, and there's rotten scandal, and some lad you're living with suddenly falls for what he calls a good woman and you're out in the air. You aren't a bit worse than he is, but you're a woman, and you're not good enough for him. And you wish to God you'd listened to all that boloney that you used to laugh at. But what's the use? No Park Avenue lad would have ever bought me a ring, no matter how good I was. Anything else you want to know?"

"Did Dempster hate Ames?"

THE girl sat bolt upright; the dressing-gown slipped from one shoulder now and she made no coquettish attempt to replace it.

"What are you driving at? Say, just because I'm loose in my talk and so down-hearted that I'll chatter to anybody for a hundred bucks, don't imagine I'm a stool pigeon. What are you trying to do? A minute ago you made me think you were trying to pin it on Mrs. Ames. Are you trying to put the work on Gerry now?"

"What work? What could I pin on him? Mrs. Ames herself has testified that there was no one with her husband, that she was the only person in their rooms."

Only slightly mollified, the girl glared at him.

"I've heard about you. You're the slick guy that dopes out cases that fool the police. Now just put one thing away in your hat: what I've been telling you doesn't go. I'll just say I never talked to you at all."

Kernochan laughed at her.

"But, my dear Miss Lanton, why so excited? I simply asked you if Dempster hated Ames?"

"Why would he hate him?"

"He could easily have been jealous of your friendship with Ames."

"Sure. And he could have hated Ames because he loved Mrs. Ames, couldn't he? And that's what you're driving at."

Kernochan figuratively threw his cards on the table.

"Well, suppose I am? You know perfectly well that you're not in love with Dempster. You did a shabby thing: you blackmailed him into a settlement and you know it. He treated you badly and he probably deserved what you did to him, but don't try to make me think that you're sorry you did it. You can be on the level with me. I'm never going to tell a living soul what you say to me."

"You bet you're not, because I'm not going to say another word to you," said the girl. "Will you get out of here now or wait until I telephone the office downstairs to have you thrown out?"

Kernochan walked quietly to the door.

"Come back here and take your money," she cried. "I'm no female copper and I don't want your dough."

"Just the same, keep it," he said. With that he passed through the door and closed it.

ALL the way down in the elevator and as he passed through the lobby of the hotel he pondered on the incomprehensibility of women. He had just left one who, at sight of a hundred dollars, was apparently willing to tell anything he wanted to hear. Then suddenly she refused to say anything and threatened to deny what she had already said. It was perfectly obvious that she hated Gerry Dempster.

Now, Broadway was a strange street, and Kernochan knew that rules that applied to other streets had no application to Broadway. Broadway minds its own business. Broadway knows that the law is being broken but has less contempt for the law-breaker than for the person who informs the police of the breaking of the law. Broadway's first commandment is, "Mind your own business."

Amy Lanton would probably countenance any illegal harm that might be done to Gerry Dempster. She would blackmail him and probably would be glad enough if some of her friends assaulted her ex-lover. But she would fight bitterly against the intrusion of the police into Dempster's affairs. She hated Rose Ames and, as she said, would have been glad to see Mrs. Ames suffer for her husband's death. But, suspecting that Kernochan was trying to connect Dempster with the killing of Ames, she rallied instantly to the defense of the young man.

How instantly suspicious she had become when Kernochan asked if Dempster hated Ames! So quick was her resentment at the question that Kernochan knew that Amy Lanton must have heard Dempster voice his hatred of the husband of the woman he loved.

The links of evidence were beginning to form a chain. He hailed a taxi and alighted before the stationery and hardware shop where he had been this noon. He entered the shop and spoke to the proprietor.

"Can you leave your shop a moment?" he asked.

"What for?" asked the man.

"I want you to come with me to the house of Mrs. Ames," said Kernochan.

(To be continued next week)

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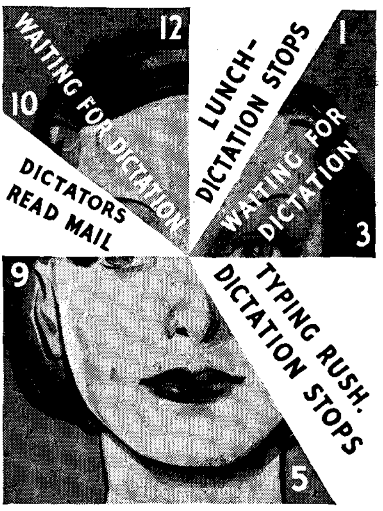

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A Man can Take it

Continued from page 15

than another man? He was young and bold and handsome; he knew how to live in the world, how to hold his own. Plenty of girls liked him. Josephine . . .

"If you don't want to come in, Pete . . ."

"Sure, I'll come!" he said, and smiled down at her. She was a sweet kid.

"Well, I hope—you'll have a nice time, Pete!" she cried, vehemently.

Then she rang the bell of an apartment across the hall, and the door was opened by a Negro in a white jacket. He held out his hand, and, after a moment's hesitation, Pete took it.

"He— If you'll give Judson your cap, Pete . . ." said Dilly.

Her cheeks were scarlet; she smiled and smiled at him; she took his arm. Because she did not want him to be unhappy about that mistake.

He was unhappy, though. He was proud, and it hurt him. He went with her along a narrow corridor; he heard voices, high-hat voices, the laughter of women, and he knew now that it was going to be hard for him here. They entered a long room, hazy with tobacco smoke, filled with people; near the doorway stood a thin, pretty, dark girl in a red dress.

"Carla," said Dilly, "this is P-Pete."

THE girl in red looked at him, not scornfully, but with a sort of distressed anxiety; she smiled at him.

"How do you do?" she said, in haste. "Foxy—will you see that Mr.—er—gets something to drink?"

This "Foxy" was the fellow they all wanted Dilly to marry. . . . Somehow, he was not at all what Pete had expected. He was a tall, lean, young fellow, with fair hair, and a good-humored, weather-beaten face, faint lines at the corners of his eyes, as if he had been much in the sun. . . . In one glance Pete saw how well his dark suit fitted him, with what ease he moved and spoke. Yet there wasn't anything exactly high-hat about him.

"Martini or Manhattan?" he asked.

"Martini," Pete answered curtly. He didn't know one from the other; he was no drinker of cocktails; beer he liked, and sometimes a whisky. He took the glass offered him, and the Negro in the white jacket offered him a plate with some queer little things on it.

"No," he said. For he did not know what they were, or how to handle them.

"Pete!"

Dilly slipped her hand through his arm, and smiled up at him. She was being sweet to him, trying to help him. . . .

"Pete! Want to c-come out in the car? It's—so stuffy here . . ."

That tall fellow they called "Foxy" was standing behind her.

"It seems to me you had a date with me, Dilly," he said. "To go on to the Wymans' tea-dance." He smiled; he was trying to be easy and good-humored. But his eyes were miserable.

"Well, I'm not going!" said Dilly. "Come on, Pete!"

She wasn't cruel, thought Pete. She wouldn't hurt that fellow so if she realized what she was doing. To break a date like this, to walk off with another man. . . . She just didn't understand.

"Dilly!" said the other. "We— Change your mind, won't you?" Then he looked at Pete, and he was not scornful, he was not angry. "Give me a break, won't you?" he said, with a strained, unhappy smile.

It was an appeal that stirred Pete. He had no use for a fellow who played around with another man's girl. And ordinarily he had only contempt for a girl who tried that game. Only, Dilly was different. She didn't realize. . . .

"I'll have to be going," he said to her, and said it with gentleness.

"*No*, Pete!" she cried. "Please stay! Pete. . . . I'll show you some—pictures . . ."

She took him by the hand and tried to drag him after her. She was such a slight little thing; she couldn't move him. But she was almost crying now, and he thought that perhaps there was something here that he didn't understand.

He went with her to a room lined with books, a big room and not luxurious or grand, but with something about it. . . . Something he wanted to understand. It was not even very neat; there were magazines lying about, there was a pile of phonograph records on the window seat, and the open desk showed scattered papers. Yet there was something heart-warming here; some nameless grace.

Dilly sat down on the sofa.

"Sit beside me, Pete!" she said.

He didn't want to. Not before in his life had he felt any shyness or uneasiness with a girl. If any other pretty girl had run after him like this, he would have been a little swaggering about it; he would have responded promptly, and have thought the less of the girl. Only Dilly was different. He sat down beside her because he could not refuse, but when she laid her hand on his knee he did not touch it. He took out a packet of cigarettes, and lit one.

"Give me one, Pete!"

As he held a match for her, she looked into his eyes, lowered her long lashes, and moved a little closer to him. He did not stir; when she glanced at him sidelong, his face was impassive.

"It was awfully sweet of you to come like this, Pete. . . . Why did you come, Pete?"

"Oh, I don't know . . ." he said. "I didn't have anything else to do."

"Pete—why are you—so hateful, all of a sudden?"

She was crying, but he pretended not to notice that.

"I didn't know I was," he said.

"Well, you are! I've been perfectly frank and straightforward with you. *I'm* not ashamed to tell you I liked you the first moment I saw you. And I thought you—liked me. . . ."

"Sure, I like you," said Pete. "Only not too much."

"WHAT do you mean?" she demanded, startled.

"It wouldn't be so good, to like you too much," he said.

"What do you *mean?*"

He knew very well what he meant.

"I think—" she began, angrily, when that other fellow came into the room.

He saw her crying, he saw her sitting there, so close to Pete; his eyes narrowed a little, but he smiled.

"Finished looking at the pictures?" he asked.

Dilly sprang to her feet and ran past him out of the room. And Pete braced himself for a fight. He was sorry, too; he didn't feel like fighting. He was sorry for this fellow. Dilly didn't realize, but still it must hurt. . . . Hurt like the devil, to see her turn away, to a stranger.

"O'Hara," Foxy said, "I don't know if you've been able to get any idea of the situation in this little time. . . . I—in a way, I don't much care to talk about it, but . . . The thing is, if you've ever cared much for a girl . . ."

(Continued on page 52)

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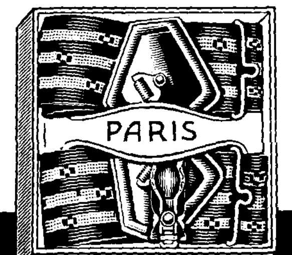

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Read Mr. Wood's own story:

Howard Wood's Wissinoming
Athletic Association,
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October 9, 1933

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Dear Sir:

After smoking one brand of tobacco for years, I suddenly switched to Edgeworth. It has been my habit for a long time to buy six or eight packages of tobacco at a time, always the same brand referred to above, but on my last visit the Smoke Shop could not fill my order, being shy several packs of the other brand, so I remembered the Corn Cob Pipe Club was on the radio that night and it immediately suggested Edgeworth. So I had the tobacco man include several packages of Edgeworth to complete the order, intending to mix it with the other brand and fill the tobacco jar with the mixture. When I reached home I filled the old briar with Edgeworth alone and "Oh, boy" what a smoke. No more other brands for me. I had at this late day found the smoking tobacco I had wanted for years and despaired of ever getting. So put me down as an A Number One, 100% plus Edgeworth fan.

Sincerely yours,

Chas. E. Wood

Will you give Edgeworth a trial in your pipe? It is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant—the part that is the mildest pipe tobacco that grows. Edgeworth has genuine tobacco flavor—mellow and rich. It has true mildness.

He asked his tobacco man for Edgeworth

The Corn Cob Pipe Club to which Mr. Wood refers is the radio entertainment of Edgeworth tobacco, which is on the air every Wednesday night at ten o'clock, Eastern time, over WEAF Coast to Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. Tune in. Listen to the singing, dancing and general big time the folks have among themselves at the old cross roads hall down in Virginia. You will be refreshed by this good, wholesome entertainment. Not a crooner in the crowd.

He filled his briar with Edgeworth

Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va. It is sold everywhere. You can buy the pocket package for a few cents. All sizes up to pound tins. Some sizes vacuum packed—which keeps the tobacco in perfect condition indefinitely in any climate.

(Continued from page 51)

There came to Pete's mind an image of Josephine.

"Yes," he said. "I guess I do . . ."

"Then you know how it is," said Foxy. "I mean—girls haven't much sense about some things—girls like Dilly. . . . I don't mean she's in any way stupid; it's just that she's . . . She's the youngest in the family. . . . Her mother and father—you can imagine how they feel about her. . . . She's twenty—but she seems like a kid to me. . . ."

"Yes. . . ." said Pete, absently. He was thinking. He was trying to understand. This fellow wasn't angry at him, or at Dilly. He was only worried and unhappy.

"The trouble is," Foxy went on, "that I'm probably too matter-of-fact. I can't say what I feel. . . . She got it into her head that everyone just wanted to get her married off. It's not like that, of course. Her mother and father—you can imagine how they'll miss her. . . . Only, they thought she was—fond of me, and they thought I understood her, more or less. . . . Anyhow, they know I'll try—to make her happy."

Pete listened, with a growing anxiety. He had to get this straight.

"She told her sister what she was going to do. . . . Naturally, we were a bit worried . . . But when we saw you . . . Carla was ready to cry with relief. . . ."

HE SMILED, and there was something in that smile that strangely touched Pete. This fellow was a *man*, all right, yet he had that gentleness about him. He wasn't mad at his girl for doing a thing like this, a thing he had a right to be mad at. And that sister, and the parents. . . . Well, what was there in Dilly, that they should so forgive her her willfulness, her recklessness, her unkindness?

"Josephine . . ." he thought. "She'd never treat a man like that. . . . When she was a kid herself, she was looking after the little ones. . . ."

All her life Josephine had been faithful, and generous. And no one had had tenderness for her, mercy for her youth, as these people had for Dilly.

"O'Hara," said Foxy, "will you give me a break?"

"How d'you mean?"

"Well, this," said Foxy. "She's such a silly kid. You're new to her. You're damn' good-looking and all that. She might—get ideas in her head about you—for a while. And I shouldn't like that much. If you've got a girl of your own, O'Hara, you'll understand."

Pete sat on the couch, his hands clasped between his knees as he stared at the floor. No one blamed Dilly. No one was angry at her. She had done a thing that was silly; more than that, a thing that was dangerous and cruel. . . . He looked up at Foxy, who was standing before him.

"You mean—" he said, "that it don't make any difference to you? You mean—you let your girl pick up a fellow. . . . You let her get away with it?"

"I dare say I'm a fool about Dilly," said the other. "I hope to God I always shall be. Every woman's got that coming to her, I guess."

"What? For a man to be a fool about her?"

"That's my idea," said Foxy. "When you see the women who haven't anyone. . . . Things aren't so easy for women."

"I don't see that," said Pete rising. "But—" He paused for a moment. "I'll duck," he said. "Will you tell her good-by?"

Foxy held out his hand.

"Thanks!" he said. "And I hope some brother will do as much for you some day."

"Not a chance!" said Pete. "No girl of mine gets away with anything like that."

"If you ever want to look me up," said Foxy, "Cortell Fox is the name. You'll find it in the telephone book. I'd be damn' glad to see you sometime, for a drink and a little talk about women. You've got—pretty austere ideas. . . . But probably I'm a sap."

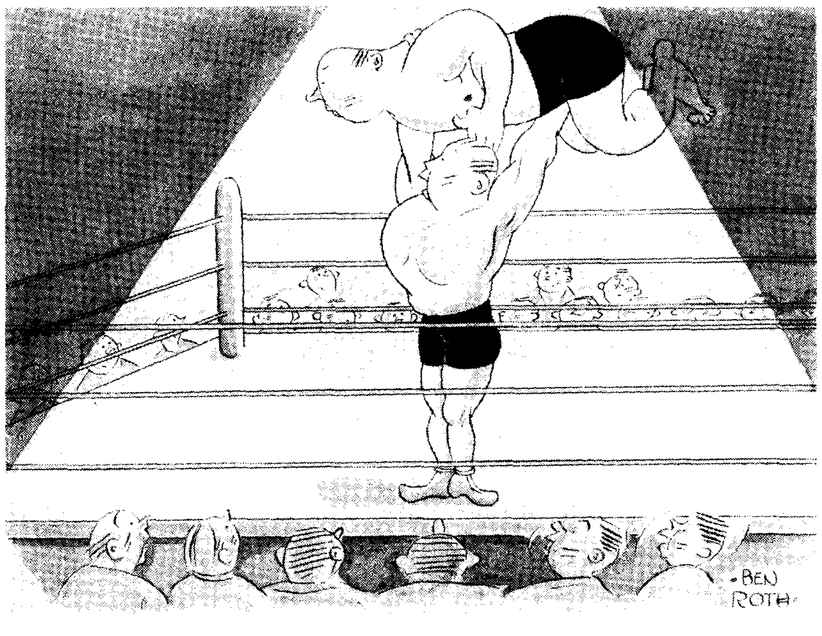
"No," said Pete. "You're all right."

Cortell Fox. . . . He had seen that name in the newspapers; one of these society fellows who played polo. . . . But he was all right. He was a man. Pete went down the narrow hall to the door; he wasn't going to look for that Negro in the white coat and get his cap. He would rather go without it.

But the fellow came popping out from somewhere with his cap; Pete slipped a dime into his hand and went out. In the elevator he couldn't help thinking about Dilly, with a queer sort of feeling. What she had done was wrong. But there was something about her, some delicate and touching loveliness. . .

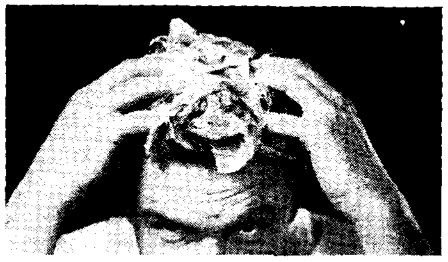
"You can sort of see . . ." he thought, "why they all act like they do about her."

The sun was down when he left the house; he rode uptown in the dusk, still trying with his quick, energetic mind to understand this thing. And, in a way, he did now. Those people were so indulgent to Dilly because she was young, because she was sweet and careless and curiously innocent. And because she was a girl. Fox seemed to think that just being a woman consti-



"See if she has a friend with her" *Ben Roth*

2-way Method *stops* DANDRUFF



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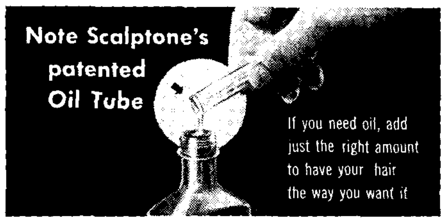
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If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic and dressing that has this feature.

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1 Shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap
2 Massage with Packer's Scalptone

"Miss L— had indigestion, was run-down"
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"—The patient had indigestion for years. She had headaches, was constipated. I had her eat yeast. It made her well quickly."

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Let Fleischmann's Yeast tone up your system *naturally*. Then see how your digestion stops being so "finicky" . . . how much better you work, and play, and sleep!

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● "Nothing I ate agreed with me," *writes* Mrs. Wm. A. Rhodes, *of Seattle.* "After meals I felt dull—'heavy.'

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tuted a claim. . . . Well, Pete acknowledged that, too, in a way. He admitted that you had to fight for a woman, protect her against physical dangers. But this other idea. . . . That a man ought to be a fool about a woman. . . .

"No," he said to himself. "I don't see that."

He inspected the radio and found what was wrong, and he got home late to dinner. Joe had finished; he was sitting in the parlor in his shirtsleeves, reading the newspaper.

"Where the dickens did you get to?" he demanded.

"I had some business of my own to see to," said Pete.

He didn't expect to get by with that. If you worked for Joe, you had to do what he said. But, to his surprise, Joe looked at him for a long moment, and then said, "O. K.!" and took up the paper again.

MOLLY was washing the dishes, and she turned on Pete angrily.

"It's double work you make for me, coming in this hour. Your dinner is all dried up, and serve you right!"

He would, ordinarily, have said, "Forget it!" But not tonight. He looked at her face, that was so worn and so young; not much older than Dilly. . . . Some obscure compassion stirred in him; it was after seven, and she was still working; she had been working all day. She had those two little children. . . . Joe was a good husband to her; he did his work, and of course she had to do hers. And yet . . .

"It's hard for her," he thought. "She used to be always laughing. . . . What was it she said this morning about no one talking to her? . . ." And aloud: "Sit down and talk to me while I eat."

"I have my work to do!" she cried, fiercely.

"I'll help you dry the dishes," he said.

"Why, Pete! . . ." she said, looking at him with her dark blue eyes. "Why, Pete. . . ."

"Sure!" he said. "It's nothing to me. Sit down, Molly."

It was queer, the way she changed. She sat down across the table from him, and talked and talked.

"Like she'd been shut up in prison," he thought.

"Old Man Sullivan got in trouble today," she said. "Fighting drunk he was, and the cops took him away. I'm sorry for his wife. And I'm sorry for Josephine."

Joe stood in the doorway, his pipe in his hand.

"What's this?" he said. "The two of you, talking like a couple of old women."

"I'll be old soon enough," said Molly. "It's not often you'll see *me* sitting down for a talk."

The sight of them sitting there at the kitchen table seemed to make Joe thoughtful.

"Get the dishes done," he said. "And then see will Mrs. Miles stay with the kids, and I'll take you to the pictures. Maybe it'll do you good to hear somebody else talking."

"I told her I'd help her with the dishes," said Pete, a little ashamed, but defiant.

"You'll have her spoilt on me," said Joe.

"Spoilt, is it?" said Molly. "Take a look at my two hands!"

She laughed as she held out her hands, but neither of the men laughed. Roughened little hands. . . .

"It's too bad you didn't marry a millionaire," said Joe, and turned away.

She was after him like a flash. From the kitchen Pete heard her speaking, in the hall, in a low, unsteady voice.

"Aren't you the fool, Joe? I'd rather have you than all the millionaires walking the earth. . . ."

The love she had for her man and her children; the faithfulness of her. . . . Pete dried the dishes, and she was happy, because Joe was going to take her to the pictures.

Pete changed into his good suit, and went downstairs to the Sullivans' flat. He didn't exactly like to do that; his dark face was flushed as he rang the bell. Mrs. Sullivan opened the door, and he could see that she had been crying.

"Is it Pete O'Hara?" she said. "What is it that's gone wrong now?"

"Nothing," he said. "I came to ask would Josephine come out with me."

Josephine came out into the hall, in her apron; she was tired, and her dark hair was untidy. He had never seen her like this before; never any way but trim and smart and neat. And he had never felt like this before about her.

"I couldn't come out tonight Pete. I've got too much to do."

"You go!" said Mrs. Sullivan. "I'll do what's needed."

She wanted her child to go, wanted her to have her hour of youth. She would have worked until she dropped, to see her child happy. And Josephine wanted to go. . . .

When she was dressed, she looked fine, as proud as ever. Only Pete knew she wasn't feeling proud. She was ashamed about her father; she was tired and unhappy. They walked down the street together, and he took her hand. Her slim fingers were a little roughened, and somehow that hurt him. She was young, like Dilly. . . . A passionate tenderness filled him. This was his girl. He had known it a long time, but he hadn't wanted to know it. . . .

"Josephine . . . I've got enough money to get married."

She pulled her hand away.

"All right! Get married!" she said. "I'm not thinking of that."

"It's you I want. Nobody else."

"No! I couldn't leave my mother, the way things are. The others are too young. She's got it hard enough. . . ."

"We could help her out."

"You—don't know what you're talking about!" she said, and he knew she was crying in the dark. "My dad—"

"I know about that. That's not your fault."

"You've got no right—to worry me like this. . . . I've got to help my mother, till the young ones get a start. . . . I wouldn't put that burden on any man."

SHE too was so faithful; there was in her such tenderness. Let her have her due. He thought of Dilly, in her cherished and exquisite youth, Dilly who was allowed to get away with anything, because the people about her had those ideas. . . . Let this girl he loved have her due.

"I've got to marry you," he said. "I love you, my darlin' . . . I'll help out your mother till the young ones grow up."

He didn't care if it took every cent he had; he didn't care how hard he had to work. He didn't care if he was a fool. In a dark doorway he took her in his arms, and she clung to him and could not stop crying.

"I'd keep my job, Pete. I tell you that!"

And keep the house, too. She was willing to do that.

"We'll get one of those new flats, all up-to-date," he said. "I'll get you a vacuum cleaner—all those things—that way it won't be—so hard for you. . . ."

"Pete, I love you so. . . . Oh, Pete!"

"Then don't cry, if you love me. I'd like to see you laughing."

He held her close.

"I won't let it be like that for her. . . ." he thought, his cheek against hers that was wet with tears. "I won't let it be so hard—for my girl."

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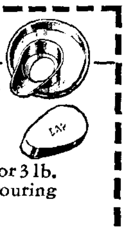

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The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 28

Sterling had lighted his pipe and had dropped back into the big armchair, but his mood was far from restful. He sat there, clutching the arms, watching Sir Denis pacing up and down the carpet. Suddenly:

"On your word of honor, Sir Denis," he said, "do you think she's alive?"

Nayland Smith turned and fixed an unflinching gaze upon the speaker.

"On my word of honor," he replied, "I do."

"Thank God!" Sterling murmured. "You're a rock of refuge!"

"HE'S well on the run," Sir Denis continued grimly, the cold gray-blue eyes alight with suppressed excitement. "He has doubled back to his riverside haunts. He's finding it difficult to raise funds. The police of Europe are on his tail. He's a cornered rat, and dangerous. The Mandarin Prince has become the common criminal. I wonder if it's to be his fate, Sterling, that having threatened the safety of nations, he is to fall captive to an ordinary Metropolitan police officer. That would be poetic justice, indeed. In the past he has shown them scant mercy."

Sterling watched the speaker fascinatedly. He radiated vitality; the force within him vibrated through one's nerves. Only a man who had known Dr. Fu Manchu as Sterling knew him could have doubted that the Chinaman's fate was sealed. But knowing and appreciating the genius of the great Eastern physician, Sterling, with optimism crying out for recognition in his heart, was forced to admit that the betting was even. Sir Denis Nayland Smith would have been an impossible adversary for any normal man to pit himself against, but Dr. Fu Manchu was *not* a normal man. He was a superman, Satan materialized, and one equipped with knowledge which few had ever achieved: a cold, dominating intellect, untrammeled by fleshly ties, a great mind unbound by laws of man.

The silence which fell was only broken by faint ringings of a telephone bell and the distant rumbling of the voice of Inspector Gallaho. Nayland Smith walked up and down. Sterling smoked, and clutched the arms of the chair. Then Gallaho, still carrying his glass which now was empty, returned.

"I've found him, sir," he reported, "and by great good luck, got him on the phone."

A CONSTABLE patrolling the Embankment pulled up and stared suspiciously at a pair of dangerous-looking loafers, possibly sailors, of a type rarely seen in the Westminster area; very dark-skinned fellows wearing greasy caps and smoking cigarettes. To that lurching walk that belongs to the sea, a certain furtive quality seemed to have been added. Some of these foreign sailormen had other jobs when they were ashore and the officer didn't like the way in which this pair kept staring up toward a certain lighted window in a block of expensive residential flats.

A strong westerly breeze had sprung up, driving banks of fog before it so that in certain areas, temporarily, the night was clear enough. Such a lucidity prevailed now in this part of Westminster. The face of Big Ben was clearly visible, no great distance away, and the many lighted windows of New Scotland Yard. But whereas most of the windows in the block of flats were shaded, that one which seemed to interest the pair of watchers—a large bay window—had neither curtains nor blinds drawn.

From time to time a man, apparently tall and thin, and who might have been in evening dress, appeared in this window. One would have supposed that he was pacing up and down the room to which it belonged. He was smoking a pipe.

Yes, the officer was certain, it was this window or this man or both that the loafers were watching. He determined upon action. Quickly retracing his steps:

"What are you two up to?" he demanded gruffly.

The shorter of the pair started and turned. He had deep-set, very bright eyes, and a truculence of manner which the constable regarded as suspicious. His companion grasped his arm, and:

"*Lêltak sa'îda*," he said.

The officer could not be expected to know that the man had wished him good night in Arabic.

The pair moved off slouchingly.

"Don't hang about here," the constable continued, following them up. "Get a move on."

"*Khatrâk!*" replied the taller man.

The constable watched them lurching away, unaware that the word meant "goodby." They did not loiter again, but went on their way. The officer, retracing his steps, glanced up at the lighted window. The tall man smoking a pipe became visible for a moment, then turned and disappeared.

AS THE two foreign sailormen whose language was presumably Arabic proceeded on their way:

"Comedy interlude with a policeman!" snapped the taller. "Do you think Fay looks the part?"

"I should never have suspected it wasn't you up there, Sir Denis," the other replied. "But, except the constable, did you notice anyone watching?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"A man apparently asleep on the stone steps nearly opposite my window, with a tray of matches on the pavement before him."

"Good heavens! Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then we've thrown them off this time?"

"I think so, Sterling. We must be careful how we join Gallaho and Forester. This is a case where a return of the fog would be welcome. Is there anyone behind?"

Sterling glanced back.

"No, not near enough to count."

"Good. This way, then."

He gripped Sterling suddenly, pulling him aside.

"Duck under here! Now, over the wall!"

A moment later they stood at the foot of some stone steps. A dinghy lay there, occupied by one rower, a man who wore the uniform of the River Police. As the pair appeared:

"Careful how you come aboard, sir," he said; "those lower steps are very slimy."

However, they embarked without accident, and ten minutes later were inside the dingy little office of the River Police depot. Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho was leaning against the mantelpiece chewing phantom gum, his bowler worn at an angle. Forester, a thick-set man who looked more like a mercantile skipper than a police officer, stood up as the hang-dog couple entered.

"Do you think you've covered your tracks, sir?" he asked, addressing Sir Denis.

"I hope so," snapped the latter. "But anyway, we have to go on now. Too much valuable time has been wasted already."

Big Ben chimed the hour. A high pall of fog still overhung the city, and the booming notes of the big clock seemed to come from almost directly overhead.

"Eleven o'clock. Is it fairly clear down-river, Inspector?"

"It was clearing when I came up, sir," Forester replied. "A lot of shipping is on the move now. Some of them have been locked up for twenty-four hours. But I'm told it's still very thick in the channel."

"Sam Pak's, I take it, does not close early?"

INSPECTOR FORESTER laughed.

"To the best of my knowledge it never closes," he replied. "Cigarettes and drinks, of a sort, can be had there all night by anyone in the know."

"Habitual law-breaker?" Nayland Smith suggested.

"Exactly, sir. But he's a safety-valve."

"I quite understand. No news from Fletcher?"

"No, sir. I have been expecting it for the last half hour."

Nayland Smith glanced at a gun-metal watch strapped to his wrist, and:

"I'll give him five minutes," he said rapidly. "Then we'll start. The fog may develop at any moment if this breeze drops. You can arrange for any news to be passed down?"

"Certainly, sir."

At which moment the phone bell rang.

"Hello!" the inspector's voice was eager. "Yes, speaking. He's here—hold on." He turned. "Fletcher on the line, sir."

Nayland Smith took the instrument from the inspector's hand, and:

"Hello, that you, Fletcher?" he asked.

"Fletcher speaking, sir, and it's like old times to hear your voice. I've been out of touch with Limehouse for some years, but I was really glad of tonight's job. I dropped into this man's place to buy a packet of cigarettes, and managed to stay long enough to get a glimpse of the old boy."

"Well?"

"You're right, sir. It's John Ki, formerly keeper of the Joy Shop, now known as Sam Pak."

"Good." Nayland Smith's eyes shone like burnished steel in the mulatto mask of his face. "You didn't arouse his suspicions, of course?"

"Certainly not, sir. I didn't even speak to him—and he couldn't be expected to remember me."

"Good enough, Fletcher. You can go home now. I'll get in touch with you tomorrow."

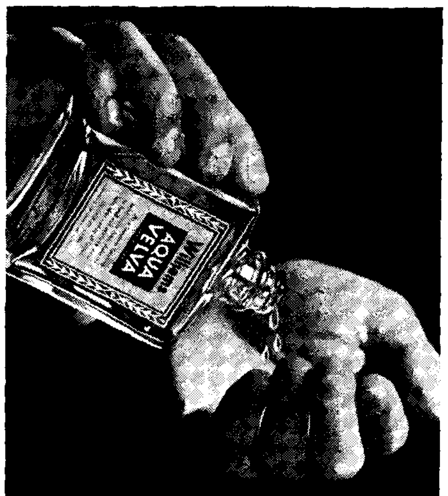
HE REPLACED the receiver and turned.

"That seems to clinch it," growled Gallaho. "With any luck we ought to make a capture tonight."

Nayland Smith was walking up and down the linoleum-covered floor, twitching at the lobe of his left ear.

"Give me some brief idea of your arrangements, Gallaho," he snapped.

"Well . . ." Gallaho closed one eye and cocked the other in the direction of the ceiling: "Inspector Forester, here, has got a cutter tucked away within easy call, with a crew of six. They're watching the place from the river side. Nobody can get out that



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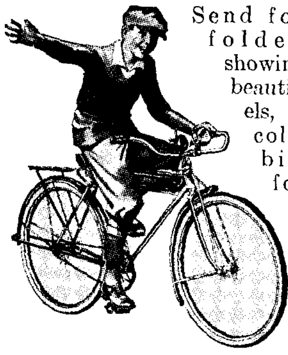

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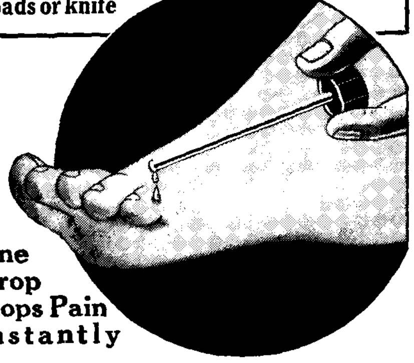

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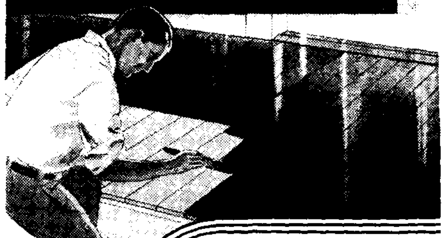

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way. I sent eight men, picked them myself, who are used to this sort of work. You won't see a sign of them when you arrive, but they'll see you, sir."

"Anybody inside?" snapped Nayland Smith.

"Yes," said Gallaho, grinning. "Detective Sergeant Murphy. Fast asleep in the clubroom. He's the most wonderful 'drunk' in the C. I. D."

"Good. It's time we started."

THE port of London had suddenly come to life. A big liner, fogbound for a day and a night, was bellowing her warning to all whom it might concern as she crept slowly from her dock into the stream. Tugs towing strings of barges congested the waterway. The shipping area was a blaze of light, humming with human activity. That narrow stretch of waterfront, behind which lies the ever-dwindling area of Chinatown, alone seemed to remain undisturbed under these new conditions.

Here, a lazy tide lapped muddily at ancient piles upholding pier and wharf and other crazy structures of a sort long since condemned and demolished in more up-to-date districts. The River Police launch lay just outside a moored barge. From this point of vantage the look-out had a nearly unobstructed view of a sort of wooden excrescence which jutted out from a neighboring building.

It overhung a patch of mud, covered at high tide, into which it seemed to threaten at any moment to fall. It boasted two windows: one looking straight across the river to the Surrey bank and the other facing up-stream. There was a light in this latter window, and the River Police were watching it curiously.

From time to time a bent figure moved past it—a queer, shuffling figure. For fully ten minutes, however, this figure had not reappeared.

Each warning of the big steamer reached them more faintly. One of the police crew, who had been a ship's steward, shivered slightly; picturing the warmly lighted cabins, the well-ordered life on board the outgoing liner; sniffing in imagination the hot, desert air of Egypt; glimpsing the palm groves of Colombo, and wondered why he had ever joined the police. A tow-boat passed very close to them, creating a temporary swell in which they rocked and rolled violently. The breeze carried some of her smoke across their bows, making them blink and cough. Then, suddenly:

"There it is again," muttered the ex-steward.

"What are you talking about?" growled the officer in charge, heartily fed up with this monotonous duty.

"That blue light, Sergeant."

"What blue light?"

"Nearly over the roof of Sam Pak's. It's the fourth time I've seen it."

"I can't see anything."

"No. It's just gone again."

"You're a bit barmy, aren't you?"

"I've seen it too, Sergeant," came another voice. "Not tonight for the first time, either."

"What?"

"I first saw it early last week. I was with the four o'clock boat. It sort of dances in the air, high up over the roof."

"That's right," said the other man.

"Something like a gasworks," the sergeant suggested facetiously.

"That's it, Sergeant, only not so bright, and it doesn't stay long. Just comes and goes."

The tide lapped and sucked and whispered all around them. The deep voice of the liner moaned down-stream. Metal crashed on metal in the dockyard, and the glare of a million lights created the illusion of a tent stretched overhead; for that high pall still floated above London, angrily, as if waiting to settle again at the first opportunity.

A bent figure moved slowly past the lighted window.

"Tell me if you see it again," said the sergeant.

Silence fell upon the watchers. . . .

"Hello! Who's this?" the sergeant growled.

The creaking of oars proclaimed itself, growing ever nearer. Hidden in shadows, the River Police watched the approach of a small rowboat. The rower had all the appearance of a typical waterman. He had two passengers.

"What's this?" muttered the sergeant. "I believe he's making for Sam Pak's . . . *Ssh!* Quiet!"

The crew of six watched eagerly; any break in the monotony of their duty was welcome. The sergeant's prediction was fulfilled. The boat was pulled in close to rotting piles which at some time had supported a sort of jetty. At the margin of mud and shingle, the two passengers disembarked, making a perilous way along slippery wooden girders until they reached the sloping strand. The crunch of their heavy boots was clearly audible; and as the boatman pulled away, the two mounted a wooden stair and disappeared into a dark opening.

"H'm!" said the sergeant. "Of course, they may not be going to Sam's. People are often ferried across here. It's a short cut to the bus route. Hello!"

He stood suddenly upright in the bow of the launch, and might have been seen staring upward at a point high above the roof of Sam Pak's establishment.

"There you are, Sergeant . . . that's what I meant!"

A curious blue light played there against the pall above. At one moment it resembled a serpent's tongue, or rather, the fiery tongue of a dragon; then it would change and become a number of little darting tongues; suddenly it disappeared altogether.

"Well—I'm blasted!" said the sergeant. "That's a very queer thing. Where the devil can it come from?"

THE exterior of Sam Pak's presented the appearance of a small and unattractive Chinese restaurant, where also provisions might be purchased and taken away.

As one entered, there was a counter on the left; the air was laden with an odor of Bombay duck and other Chinese delicacies. Tea might be purchased or drunk in the establishment, for there were two or three cane-topped tables on the other side of the shop. Although midnight had come and gone, lights were still burning in this shop, and a very fat woman of incalculable nationality was playing some variety of solitaire behind the counter, and smoking cigarettes continuously.

A curious, spicy smell, mingling with that of the provisions, indicated that joss-sticks might be purchased here; rice, also, and various kinds of cold eatables suitable for immediate consumption. Excepting the fat lady, there was no one else in the shop at the moment that Nayland Smith and Sterling entered.

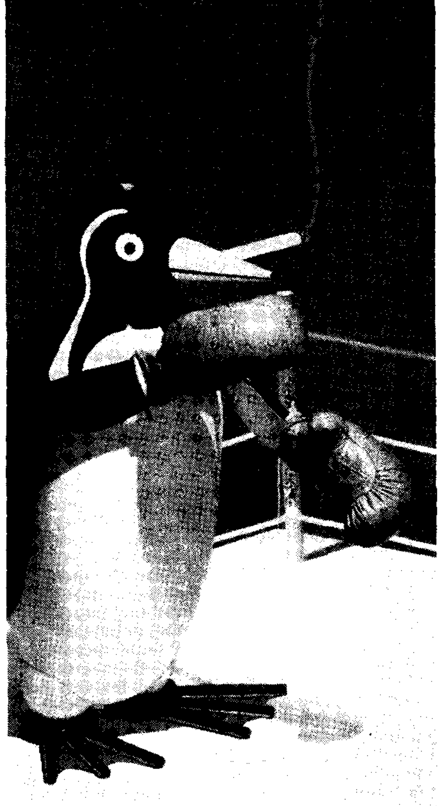
They had been well schooled by a detective attached to K Division, and Nayland Smith, taking the lead, leaned on the counter, and:

"Cigarette please—Gloriosos," he said, his accent and intonation those of one not very familiar with English.

The lady behind the counter hesitated for a moment, and then put another card in place. Laying down those which she still held in her hand, she reached back, abstracted a packet of the desired cigarettes from a shelf, and tossed it

(Continued on page 56)

THE WINNER



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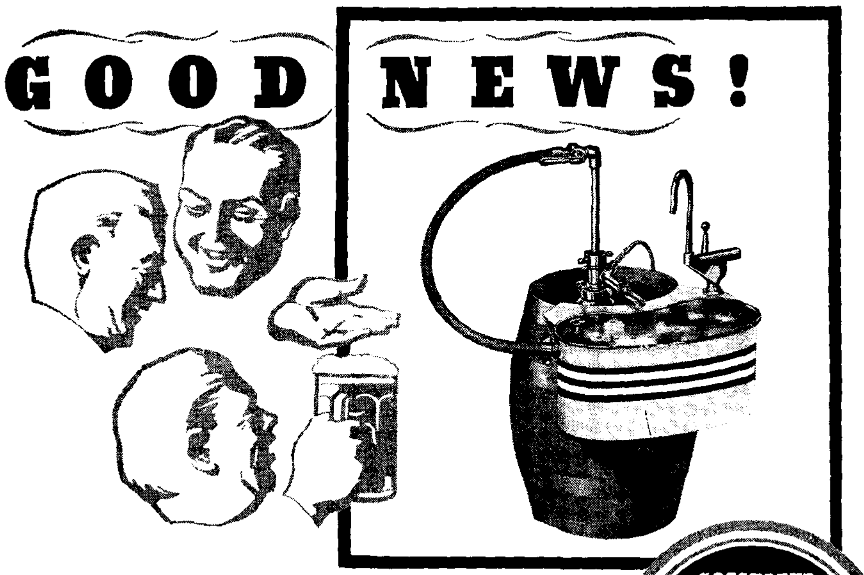

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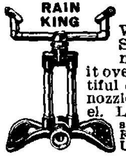

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IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

(Continued from page 55)

down before the customer, without so much as glancing at him.

He laid a ten-shilling note near to her hand.

"I'm thirsty," he continued. "Got a good drink?"

Piercing dark eyes were raised instantaneously. Both men recognized that at that moment they were being submitted to a scrutiny searching as an X-ray examination. Those gimlet eyes were lowered again. The woman took the note, dropped it into a wooden bowl, and from the bowl extracted silver change.

"Who says you get a drink here?" she muttered.

"All sailors know Sam Pak keeps good beer," Nayland Smith replied rapidly, in that Shanghai vernacular which sometimes passes for Chinese.

THE woman smiled; her entire expression changed. She looked up, replying in English.

"How you know Chinese?" she asked.

"Live for ten year in Shanghai."

"You want beer or whisky?"

"Beer."

The woman pushed a little paper pad forward across the counter, and handed the speaker a pencil.

The paper was headed "Sailors' Club."

"Please, your name here," she said; then, glancing at Sterling, "your friend, too."

Nayland Smith shrugged his shoulders as if helplessly, and then laboriously traced out some characters to which no expert alive could possibly have attached any significance or meaning.

"Name of ship, please, here."

A stubby finger, with a very dirty nail, rested upon a dotted line on the form. They had come prepared for this, and Nayland Smith wrote, using capital letters in the wrong place "*s. s. Pelican.*"

"Now you, please."

The beady eyes were fixed on Sterling. He wrote what looked like "John Lubba" and put two pencil dots under Smith's inscription—*s. s. Pelican.*

"One shilling each," said the woman, extracting a two-shilling piece from the change and dropping the coin into the wooden bowl. "You members now for one week."

She pressed a bell-button which stood upon the counter near to her hand, and a door at the end of the little shop was opened.

NAYLAND SMITH, carefully counting his change, replaced it in a pocket of his greasy trousers, and turned as a very slender Chinese boy who walked with so marked a stoop as to appear deformed, came into the shop. He wore an ill-fitting suit and a red muffler, but, incongruously, a small, black Chinese cap upon his head. Perhaps, however, the most singular item of his make-up, and that which first struck one's attention, was an eye-patch which obscured his left eye, lending his small, pale yellow features a strangely sinister appearance. To this odd figure the stout receptionist, tearing off the form from the top of the block, passed the credentials of the two new members, saying rapidly in Chinese:

"For the files."

Sterling did not understand, but Nayland Smith did; and he was satisfied. They were accepted.

The one-eyed Chinese boy signaled that they should follow, and they proceeded along a short, narrow passage to the "club." This was a fair-sized room, the atmosphere of which was all but suffocating. Ventilation there was none. A velvet-covered divan, indescribably greasy and filthy, ran along the whole of one wall, tables being set before it at intervals. At the farther end of the place was a bar and, on the left, cheap wicker chairs and tables. The center of the floor was moderately clear. It was uncarpeted and some pretense had been made, at some time, to polish the deal planks.

The company present was not without interest.

At a side table, two Chinamen were playing Mah Jong, a game harmless enough, but forbidden in Limehouse. At another table, a party, one of whom was a white girl, played fantan, also illegal in the Chinese quarter. The players spoke little, being absorbed in their games.

Although the fog had cleared from the streets of Limehouse and from the river, one might have supposed that this stuffy room had succeeded in capturing a considerable section of it. Visibility was poor. Tobacco smoke predominated in the "club," but with it other scents were mingled. Half a dozen nondescripts were drinking and talking—mostly, they drank beer. One visitor seated alone at the end of the divan, elbows resting on the table before him, glared sullenly into space. He had a shock of dark hair, and his complexion was carrot-colored. His prominent nose was particularly eloquent.

"Gimme another drink, Sam," he kept demanding. "Gimme another drink, Sam."

Save for two chairs set before the table upon which the thirsty man rested his elbows, there was no visible accommodation in the "Sailors' Club."

"Go ahead!" Nayland Smith whispered in Sterling's ear. "Grab those two chairs."

NO ONE took the slightest notice of their entrance and, walking toward the bar, they seated themselves in the two vacant chairs. The one-eyed boy stood by for orders.

"Two pints beer," said Nayland Smith in his queer, broken English.

The boy went to the bar to give the order. And the barman to whom he gave it was quite easily the outstanding personality in the room. He was a small Chinaman, resembling nothing so much as an animated mummy. There was not an inch of his skin, nor a visible part of his bald head, which was not intricately traced with wrinkles. His eyes, owing to the puckering of the skin, were almost invisible, and his hands when they appeared from behind the counter resembled the talons of some large bird.

"Gimme another drink, Sam," hiccupped the man on the divan. "Never mind these blokes—gi'*me* another drink."

One elbow slipped and his head fell forward on the table.

"O. K., sir," came a low whisper. "Detective Sergeant Murphy. Something funny going on here tonight, sir."

Nayland Smith turned to the aged being behind the bar.

"Give him another drink," he said rapidly in Chinese. "Charge me. He is better asleep than awake."

The incredible features of Sam Pak drew themselves up in a ghastly contortion which may have been a smile.

"It is good," he whistled in Chinese—"a sleeping fool may pass for a wise man."

The one-eyed boy was bending over the counter placing the mugs on a tray. Sterling watched, and suddenly:

"Sir Denis," he whispered—"look! That isn't a boy's figure."

"Gimme a drink," blurted Murphy; then, in a whisper: "It isn't a boy, sir—it's a *girl*. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

The Wishing Wind

Continued from page 13

"The Japanese have a diabolical method of treating debtors. There was something I was unable to pay. So my creditors called these *uma* . . . the word means horse . . . and they stay with me until the sums are forthcoming."

Bill said, "You've got quite a stable, haven't you?"

"What chance has a man with such a retinue?" Cochrane spoke to Marianna. "Where I go, they go. If I manage to find some sort of work, they collect the payment. I never lose sight of them." He sighed, reached down, and picked up a short blue kimono. "This afternoon one of them sold my coat to get a few sen for tonight's performance. I was desperate. That's why I tried to swim to the ship."

"IT'S utterly horrible," Marianna agreed. She looked meaningly at Bill, but Gage said nothing. The girl realized that Gage didn't like the stranger, for no reason she could fathom; she became doubly charming. "It can be arranged," she said. Her chin high: "I'll arrange it myself."

"I can't take money from a woman."

"Then," said Marianna, "you're not a banker, are you?"

"Ouch," said Bill. "No fair."

He didn't like this Cochrane fellow, and he couldn't help it. If the chap were in a mess, didn't he have friends in the Orient to whom he could go? If he didn't have any friends, there probably was a good reason for it. Or . . . was he, Bill, becoming hard, veneered, judging because of circumstances? Or did he resent Marianna's interest, the little shine in her eyes? It was all mixed up.

"He's Bill Gage," said Marianna, "and sometimes he isn't nasty."

"Mr. Gage," said Cochrane. "Well, well."

Bill grinned, "Fancy meeting me here, eh?" The least he could do was to ask a careful question and learn just what was what. He was about to do it when some of the natives started running up the beach, toward the spot where a miniature boat was drifting. It was loaded with large branches of pink coral, and, illuminated by tapers, tiny dolls stood stiffly on the craft, the metallic threads in their costumes glinting. A strange paunched image sat enthroned in the stern.

"That is a *takarabune*, a treasure ship," Cochrane explained. "It brings good fortune." He hung his head. "Good fortune," he repeated bitterly.

Marianna stepped close to him, a comforting hand on his arm. One of the *uma* snickered, saying something involving the white man's reputation. Marianna said earnestly: "I know how you feel. This evening, on the ship, I felt the same way. Lonely. Unhappy. I made a wish. Perhaps it's . . . coming true. It's all so strange. The way it has happened. The moment I wished, it began. I—"

"I made one myself," interrupted Gage. "I wished the steward wouldn't mix cocktails in a shaker, but the lazy pup is probably proof against magic." He didn't like the way Marianna spoke. The hidden eagerness of it. Why had he told her about the wishing wind? He was suddenly tired of the whole performance. He said, "How much do you owe, Cochrane? I'll arrange it." It wasn't what he wanted to say. This Cochrane, he felt, was not much of a man.

Cochrane said lightly, "Four thousand yen, all told. Or a little more. About two thousand dollars."

A bell began to ring, not sweetly nor slowly, but with increasing clamor. The village natives hurried from the beach, lanterns bobbing; Cochrane's *uma* showed signs of impatience, all seven of them. One spoke sharply to Cochrane, who answered shortly and arrogantly, as one who sees positive relief from bondage.

"Now that it's all settled," Marianna smiled, "I want to go to the village."

"Nothing do. If we don't get in a jam by having landed on the beach, we'd be sure to, there. If Mr. Cochrane will wait here, we'll row back to the ship and I'll get the—"

"*I'm* going," Marianna said. "Something's going on in the village. I'm sick of temples and tea-houses and being met by a delegation of authorities . . . I want to see Japan."

"It's *noryo zumo*," Cochrane told her. "Cool-breeze wrestling. They do it once a year. All the local champions are there . . . really quite a sight. I don't see why you shouldn't see it."

"Neither do I," Marianna sniffed. "Are you coming, Bill?"

"The natives are very friendly, Mr. Gage," Cochrane smiled. "It's perfectly safe, you know. I've witnessed many wrestling contests. Why, a few years ago, I was in one of 'em myself. I'll tell you about it later."

Before Gage could marshal his arguments on the safe side of things, the two were already walking along the beach. The dark shore was rocky and uneven, and Cochrane's hand was soon guiding Marianna along. By the time they reached the street of the Scarlet Pomegranate, Cochrane had told her a good deal about the Orient, and himself, and camphor in Formosa and dancing-girls in Korea.

THEY passed the shrine of a temple, where a few belated worshipers were dropping coins in the alms-chest, and, with clasped hands, praying for the success of the wrestlers they favored. On the eaves of the shrine hung ball-shaped brass bells, and the natives pulled constantly on the ropes attached to them.

To Marianna it was all new, all wonderful. All brought by the wishing wind. She made only a laughing protest when Cochrane's arm went around her, as the press of natives became tighter and tighter. She felt excited and very alive.

"It's fun," Marianna breathed. "I've wanted this. Seeing things. And an hour ago I was waiting to play bridge."

"Happy?"

Marianna nodded: "Isn't it strange?"

"That treasure ship has brought me luck," Cochrane whispered. "Hasn't it?"

Marianna Warren did something she had never done before, did it instinctively; she glanced sidewise at her companion, like a geisha making a promise, and then said, "Has it? Oh. Perhaps." Like that.

It was just as well that Bill missed all of this. In the rear, he was making tough going of it. Again and again he forged nearer, only to have polite little villagers become wedged between him and the damnable *uma*. He, on his part, was more disturbed than angry, but had long since ceased to be amused. The lights, color, sounds, smells, might just as well not have existed for Bill.

Not until they were at the very entrance did Cochrane speak to anyone except Marianna; he said something in Japanese now, and the *uma* squirmed through the crowd and shoved Gage forward. Smilingly, Cochrane said that

(*Continued on page* 58)

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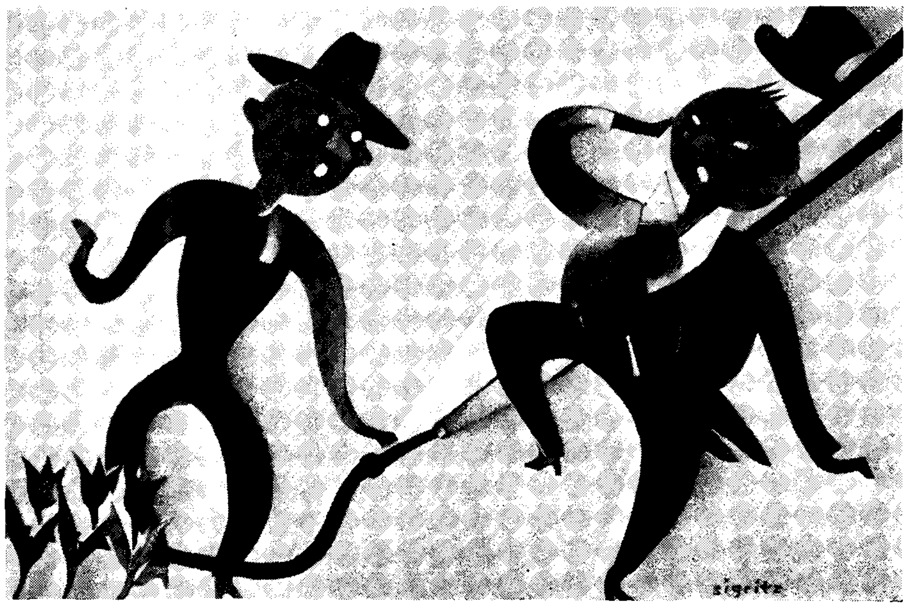

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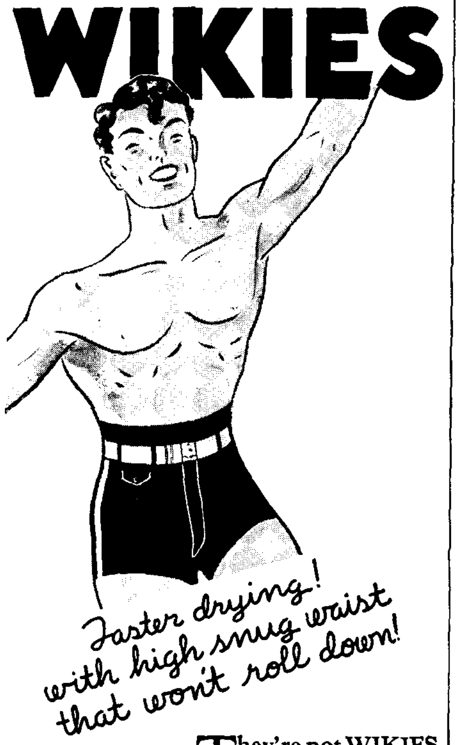
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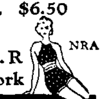

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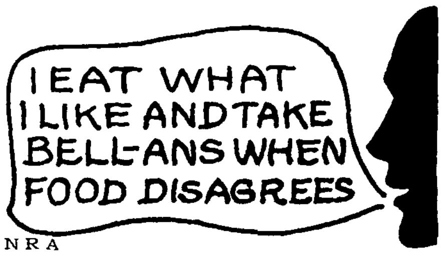

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(Continued from page 57)

the price for the best positions was a yen, "And, counting the *uma*, there are ten of us," he said. "They've got to come along, naturally."

"Naturally," Bill remarked. "The king's 'orses."

Marianna asked, "Having a good time, Bill?"

"Wonderful. It reminds me of the subway." As Bill paid and the party passed through the gate, Bill stared at the many signs on the wall. "Even to the advertisements."

Cochrane, laughing, said, "I'll translate them for you. 'Senyo Kikuro, geisha, presents Yen 10 to Wrestler Takamura.' That's a fair sample. The women are all wild about wrestlers . . . and the champions can take their pick of any of the girls. I remember when I was up in Taikozu province, the headman coaxed me into the ring after all the local men had been defeated, and—"

Bill couldn't hear the finish, but he did hear Marianna's, "Really?"

THE roof of the ring was covered with a gay cloth, green and red; the four pillars were wrapped with red, blue, black and white. The canopy hung motionless. Above, only one of the Three Councillors was visible, although it was impossible to tell where cloud ended and sky began. Both were black as the pit. The audience was the entire village—shopkeepers and geta-menders and temple sweepers. The inns and the eating places were all shut, and the gaudy robes of geisha and ne-san made spots of vivid electric blue and snaky green and lustrous black and crimson in the squatting throng. Venders hawked their wares—cakes, oranges, sake, beer, shaved ice flavored with almond. . . .

Someone cried out, and the buzz of voices stopped. Into the ring of soft sand an old Japanese stepped. The umpire, Cochrane announced. He was in proper ancient costume, long skirt to his ankles, green and blue folds, his shoulders enveloped in a silvery shawl. In his hand was his war-fan, the *gunbai*. As he hopped into the sand, two ponderous wrestlers appeared; they bowed to each other and squatted down like two frogs, facing each other with a look of defiance, blinking ominously. Each picked up a bit of purifying salt from a pail beside the pillar behind them; the umpire made an announcement, pointing to the two men . . .

"These fellows aren't much," Cochrane said. "Just students."

"They look tough enough to me," Bill remarked.

"Wait until you see Takamura. He's a wrestler."

The opponents were naked, save for a twisted belt about their middle. At a second word from the umpire, they leaped together, each seizing the other's belt, trying to push or lift the enemy out of the ring. As Cochrane said, it wasn't much of a match and was over swiftly as one of the men, using his abdomen as a fulcrum, lifted his opponent bodily and thumped him down outside the sand.

"That all there is to it?" Bill asked. "I'm satisfied. Let's get going. I don't like this sky. If I'm not mistaken, before long it'll—"

"Go ahead," Marianna told him. "We're going to a tea-house after. Have a boat at the beach for me later."

"Who said I was going? I'm having the time of my life."

There were more bouts, more tugging and grunting. Marianna and Cochrane sat close, side by side, while Bill suffered more than any of the defeated gladiators. It was bad, and he knew it.

Although they sat on an aisle, it was not until late that any wrestler walked past them on his way to the ring. Then, "That's Takamura," Cochrane said. "He's good. He's killed three men just by hurling them out of the ring. He squeezed one to death. See the championship fan he carries?"

Marianna looked up; the wrestler had halted, waiting for his signal. Marianna said, "That fan's gorgeous. Like silver silk." She reached out her hand to touch it, and Cochrane was late in preventing her, try as he did. Takamura glanced down, and, with a broad grin, dropped the fan into her lap.

"You shouldn't have done that," Cochrane muttered. "It means—"

Takamura, chuckling, leaned over, and the odor of oiled flesh was in Marianna's nostrils. He placidly touched her hair; he reached down a tentative exploring finger to touch her throat when Bill pushed him back. It wasn't a punch, but it was more than a push. Bill had considerable venom needing a vent. Takamura rocked back on his bare heels.

The crowd, standing, shrieked. Here was something not charged for: the pretty *danna-san* had accepted Takamura's fan, and the big *seiyo-jin* had challenged Takamura for her! It was like a page from a book, and they there to see it all. The wrestler growled, shook his head once, and stalked toward the ring. He spoke briefly to the umpire, who immediately came trotting to where the foreigners were; the official began to speak ceremoniously. When he had finished he cocked his head on one side and waited for a reply.

Cochrane said, "You've done it, Gage. Pushing Takamura. Now—"

"Tell Skirts that it served Takamura right. He ought to do his wrestling in the ring instead of mauling Marianna. Aside from that, she's particular, or"—grimly—"she was, until this evening."

"You don't understand. When Marianna touched his fan, it meant that she would meet him after the contests—"

Marianna's nervousness grew, but she said nothing. It was Bill who spoke again: "I'll make one of these donations, like the signs told about, to Takamura. Will that satisfy him?"

"I'm afraid not. You challenged him in the presence of the crowd when you gave him a push. And now you must strip, get a belt, and wrestle with him."

"Me?" Bill asked. "You mean . . . me?"

"That's what everyone is waiting for."

Marianna looked from Bill to Cochrane and back to Bill again. Gage rubbed his chin. "Why don't you do it?" he asked the other white man. "You know the game. You told us how you'd cleaned up some tough eggs somewhere . . . you go give Takamura a shove, and then—"

"You got yourself into this mess," Cochrane said hastily.

"THAT crack," Bill said, "is going to cost you two thousand dollars. Get up, Marianna. We're leaving. The party's turned rough."

He actually managed to pull her several paces toward the outside of the gathering when the throng bore down on them. As hands grasped at Marianna, Bill's fists hammered out; for an instant he had a clear space in which to work, and then . . . then somebody was washing his face with icy water.

"I'm . . . O. K., coach," Bill gasped. "Don't take me out."

"Cannot go out," he heard. "Too bad for you."

Bill saw a grinning brown face bending above him. For a moment he thought it was three faces, but it was only one. "Where's the lady?" he demanded.

"Rady go back to watch. I are Kumazami, teregraph op'rator. I speak U. S." He sucked in his breath politely. "Crowd is wait for you, sank you."

"Don't mention it," Bill told him. He saw that he had been stripped, and that he was attired only in a wrestler's belt. He was in some sort of shed used by the contestants. "Let's get it straight. If Takamura wins, he gets the lady? And he'll win?"

"Sank you. I are bet yen three on Takamura."

"But"—Bill sat up—"while I'm getting my neck broken, you're going down to the beach, row out to the ship, tell the captain what's going on, and get paid a hundred yen."

The little Japanese sighed. "Cannot," he said. "Guards outside. Too bad."

"Too damn' bad," Bill agreed. "What happens if I give Takamura a few healthy punches and then pull him out of the ring?"

"You punch, you lose. Must have hands on belt. I are assistant for you. You must be pushing Takamura. Bite cannot. Kick cannot. Butt can. Run at other man can."

"Nice prospect."

Kumazami did not understand. In deadly earnest he squatted down beside Bill. "So-fashion you begin," he said. "When ready, you jump. Takamura jumps. Banzai! All are started."

Bill said, "They're supposed to furnish me a spear for this act," but he didn't feel at all funny. He tried to squat as Kumazami did, as the wrestlers had, without success. He shifted position, as if digging his feet into football turf, saying suddenly, "You know, even a banker reads the sporting page. I've never seen it done, but . . . who knows? Let's go."

Kumazami stroked his stubby nose. "You have pran?" he giggled excitedly. "*Hai!* Betting on your honor'ble person, could obtain rich odds. You sink I do so?"

Bill was surprised to discover that he could still grin. "Go ahead and be a sucker," he said.

AS THEY passed into another room of the shed, the wrestlers there, dressing, stared at the slim-waisted, broad-shouldered white man; several taunted Kumazami, and he snarled back at them. To Gage he moaned, "I have bet. You lose, too bad for me."

On the way to the canopied ring of sand, Bill tried to locate Marianna; Kumazami was bowing to the skirted umpire and apologizing for the delay before Bill saw her.

"Bill," she called. "Oh, Bill!"

Gage's throat constricted. Then he waved his hand to her. "In this corner, Kid Galahad. You'd better look the other way when it starts."

She stared straight at him. Behind him was a pillar covered with black cloth; against it, Bill's body was slim and white. Involuntarily she let her gaze swing to the wrestler. The man was shorter than Gage, but weighed close to three hundred, with thick legs and ponderous arms. His head was like a mallet. Her own throat ached. She wailed, "I can't let you, Bill! I'll do . . . anything! He'll murder you—"

"That's a fine way to feel about your champion. You wait—"

Kumazami whispered a warning; the umpire lifted his fan and, without waste of time, Takamura leaped forward and butted Bill squarely over the heart. Before the Japanese could secure Bill's belt, Gage's fists swung up automatically. There was the man's tempting chin . . . but he mustn't lose on a foul! Although Bill didn't strike out, his raised hands kept Takamura from finishing the contest then and there.

Again Takamura rushed, but this time Bill wasn't there. The throng shrieked disapproval because Gage slipped away; Takamura crowded after him, forcing Bill to circle the outer edge. Then, suddenly, body met body as the

(Continued on page 60)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

On festival days, the Bolivian Indian feels that he is not in style unless his holiday underclothing is showing. So his trousers legs are slit up the back—to the knees—for the express purpose of exhibiting his long, white undergarment.

From earliest times to the present day, more things have been bought and sold with shells than with any other kind of money made by man. Shell money, as well as silver, was legal tender in Connecticut up to 1704. Even today shells are the medium of exchange in remote parts of Africa and several South Sea islands.—*By R. E. Griffin, Portland, Oregon.*

Beside a certain lighthouse on the South China coast is the only cemetery of its kind in the world. It is filled with "The Unknowns"—unknown not only by name and former residence but even as to where, how and when they died. Human bodies are continually washed ashore at this point by some peculiarity of the ocean currents and they are buried there by the keeper of the light.

The "Golden Rule" did not originate in Christianity. It was a component part of seven other religions—Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism and Greek philosophy—centuries before the time of Christ.—*By J. W. Eastwood, Mispec, Canada.*

A century ago in England, Friday was considered such an unlucky day that the Admiralty decided to refute the superstition with the building of a "Friday" ship. Friday was the day her keel was laid, and the day she was launched. Friday was her name, and the name of her captain. Friday was the day she started on her maiden voyage. And she was never heard from again.—*By C. N. Bellm, Golden, Colorado.*

Uncle Sam now recognizes acrobatic aviation with its sudden changes in air pressure as a possible remedial agent in certain types of deafness. So hereafter, when a commercial pilot has such a prospective passenger, he may obtain a special permit to go up and zoom and tail-spin him back to normal hearing. Those considering this treatment may be cheered by the fact that no person has ever died of fright.

Asia today still has tribes in which children are betrothed before they are born—two families agreeing that the first boy is to marry the first girl—and other tribes in which couples are not married until one or two of their children are old enough to take part in the ceremony.—*By A. C. A. Wadood, Saigon, French Indo-China.*

The Habeas Corpus Act, considered to be one of the most important pieces of legislation in English history, was passed in the House of Lords in 1679 only because a clerk, in a spirit of fun, counted one very fat member as ten.—*By Lucile Deen, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

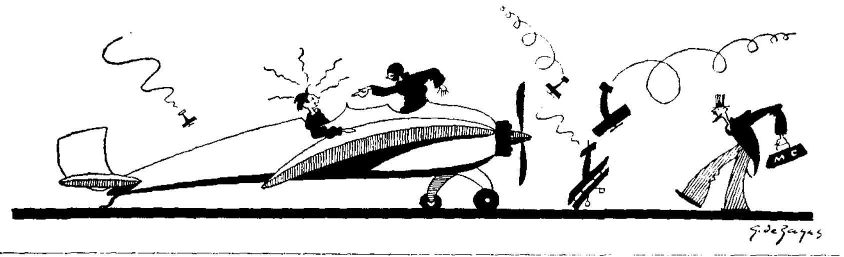
A singular case of brain injury occurred in Egypt in 1798. During the Battle of the Nile, a captain—while giving an order to his men—was struck on the head and knocked unconscious. After 15 months in a coma, a skull operation was performed, whereupon he suddenly regained consciousness, sat up in bed and finished shouting his interrupted command. — *By Ronald Arnelle, Plainfield, New Jersey.*

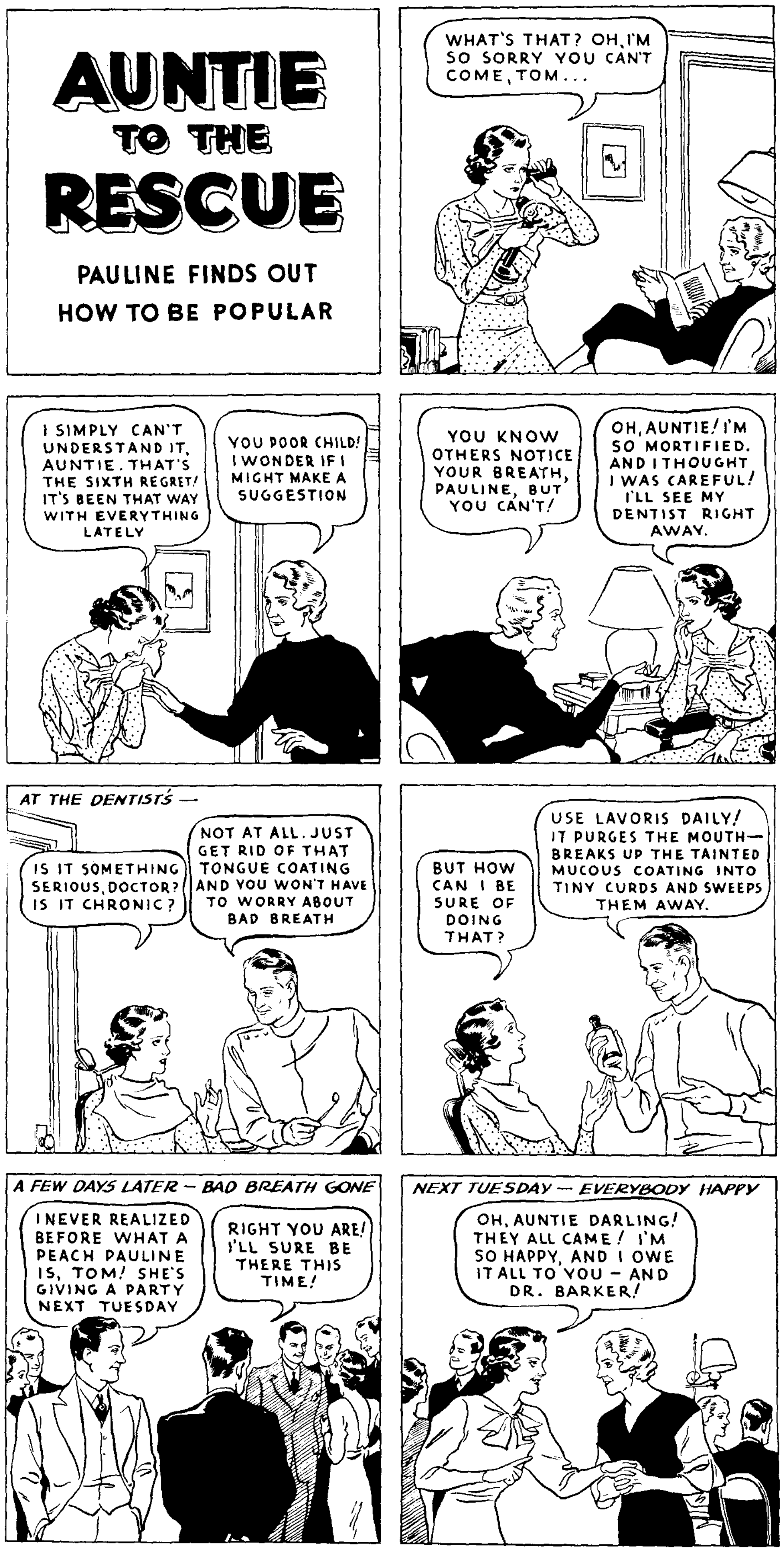
One of the greatest international law suits on record is about to be started by a British company in an effort to recover $150,000,000 worth of real estate in Europe, Asia and Africa which was taken from Abdul-Hamid II, former Sultan of Turkey, when he was deposed in 1909. The company, which includes 100 heirs, will carry the litigation into England, France, Italy, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Greece and Tripoli.

In a number of places in the world, prayer has no part in religious worship. Among the Druses of Syria, who number about 150,000, prayer is regarded as an impertinent interference with the Creator.

In right triangulation, the Coast and Geodetic Survey uses a portable automobile headlight that can be seen at a great distance. Not long ago in the Arizona mountains, a surveyor—with unaided eyes—saw the light of one of these small, dry-battery lamps at a distance of 153 miles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.




AUNTIE TO THE RESCUE
PAULINE FINDS OUT HOW TO BE POPULAR
WHAT'S THAT? OH, I'M SO SORRY YOU CAN'T COME, TOM...
I SIMPLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, AUNTIE. THAT'S THE SIXTH REGRET! IT'S BEEN THAT WAY WITH EVERYTHING LATELY
YOU POOR CHILD! I WONDER IF I MIGHT MAKE A SUGGESTION
YOU KNOW OTHERS NOTICE YOUR BREATH, PAULINE, BUT YOU CAN'T!
OH, AUNTIE! I'M SO MORTIFIED. AND I THOUGHT I WAS CAREFUL! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST RIGHT AWAY.
AT THE DENTIST'S —
IS IT SOMETHING SERIOUS, DOCTOR? IS IT CHRONIC?
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BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE OF DOING THAT?
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A FEW DAYS LATER – BAD BREATH GONE
I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE WHAT A PEACH PAULINE IS, TOM! SHE'S GIVING A PARTY NEXT TUESDAY
RIGHT YOU ARE! I'LL SURE BE THERE THIS TIME!
NEXT TUESDAY – EVERYBODY HAPPY
OH, AUNTIE DARLING! THEY ALL CAME! I'M SO HAPPY, AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU – AND DR. BARKER!

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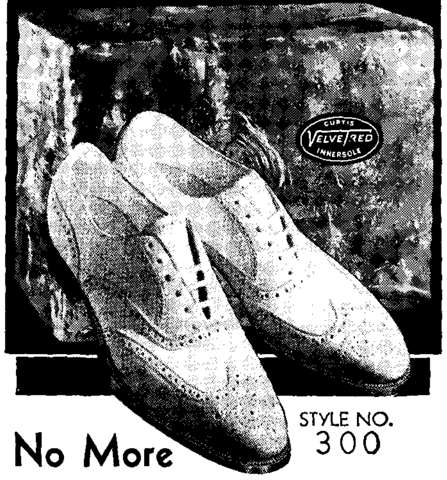

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The Wishing Wind

Continued from page 58

white man was cornered. Takamura was laughing with enjoyment. Instead of promptly seizing Bill's belt and pivoting him from the ring, he began to squeeze him. Gage attempted to break away; there was already agony in his ribs. Inch by inch Takamura forced Gage's head back with a great shoulder, until Bill could see the blackness of the sky, an ominous, windless blackness, thick and close.

Somehow, some way, Bill got an elbow under the wrestler's chin. In desperation he twined a leg around Takamura's. The heavier man stumbled, and instantly let go, lest he fall backward from the ring. One or two voices, including Kumazami's, shrilled encouragement to the white man.

BILL was dizzy from that embrace. He stood where he was; voices came to him only as a rumble like a gathering storm. Disdainful and provoked, Takamura leaned against his pillar, rinsed his mouth, spat, and crouched down for a fresh start. This time, he bawled to his backers, there would be no delay. Kumazami pushed Bill down that he might rest; Bill went to his knees. His eyes never left the wrestler's now. Get the jump on him this time. Hit him hard. Hard and low. And not forget about that confounded belt.

He was up at the precise moment that Takamura's eyes told him he was about to spring; up and across the sand. He saw, all in the same flashing moment, three different things: Marianna's face. Takamura's surprise. A long white prayer-flag suddenly fluttering, where, before, it had hung dead in the still air. Then he left his feet six paces from Takamura and crashed against the wrestler's thighs in a terrific flying tackle. His hands reached up as his shoulder struck . . . get that belt!

The two men were down, Takamura beneath. And the Japanese wrestler's head was outside the ring of sand.

In dead silence Bill stood up. His arms felt as if they had been pounded with hammers. He'd done it. It had worked.

Suddenly, with one voice, the throng began to howl. It was unfair! No! The white man had won! A burly backer of the wrestler was bleating for justice; other angry natives crowded toward the ring despite the waving of the umpire's fan toward Gage. A sake-inflamed geta-mender pulled out his broad-bladed knife as he tried to get close enough to slash the man who had dethroned his idol. Kumazami, backed by the umpire, was screeching that it was all according to the code.

BILL was too sensible to move, to attempt departure. He saw Marianna near the ring, buffeted this way and that, although Cochrane was not to be seen. Staid merchants insisted that everything was correct, but the scum and scour of the village thought otherwise, and geisha urged them on. Near the ring several men, incited by Takamura's manager, had their heads together; they advanced, shoving the valiantly chattering umpire aside, and made for the white man. . . .

Bill yelled, "Marianna . . . get going!"

Then, as the first of the rabble trod on the sand, the canopy flapped once; a swifter flicker of blue flame jagged out of the sky. Thunder came without pause, pealing, crackling, snarling ruin, and then the wind and the driving rain. Lanterns were ripped from their posts. The canopy vanished as if pulled from the pillars by the wind god's fury. It was impossible to determine faces or forms, but . . .

"Bill," Gage heard over the wailing of the wind. "Bill!"

She had kept coming toward him in the darkness; he kept his arms around her as they crouched side by side. Men ran against them. A geisha fell over them, her robes slapping on Bill like wet sheets. Bits of thatch from roofs flew over their heads. The rain slithered off the man's bare shoulders.

Marianna cried fiercely, "He hurt you, Bill!"

He held her tighter, as if saying that it was no matter.

Faint as if in some far distant village, the temple bell sounded as the priests gathered to bow before the image of Hyachi, god of storms from the sea; then a new bellowing of the wind obliterated all else. Bill thought, "That temple's stone. Got to get somewhere. Got to get started. Can't stay here."

The typhoon roared around them as they fled toward the temple's sanctuary; lightning knifed through wet thatch somewhere, and monstrous flakes of flame leaped up. Before the rain beat out the fire, Bill had found the ancient temple.

He had thought of a lot of things on the way. About living. About dying. About Cochrane, and Marianna, and the wishing wind. It came to him that he had really won the girl, but that he couldn't hold her through gratitude. He didn't want her that way. He set her on her feet now and pushed open the heavy door . . . novices closed it immediately.

IT WAS quiet inside, although the muttering of the storm made an undertone to the chanting of the black-robed priests. Some draft blew at the candles. Incense rose in long swirls. Light gleamed on a huge box of black lacquer decorated with silver; the dragons on it seemed to have taken life. Above everything was the god, mouth stern, eyes gentle; in one hand he grasped thunderbolts, in the other a lotus. Behind the image was a painting, a cataract falling between walls of rock; strange clouds rolled across the sky, rendered by furious touches of the brush.

"So," said Bill. "You had your wish. It was a big night."

Marianna watched a priest rise and drop incense in a bowl. She said, "What did you wish, Bill?"

Before he could decide whether to laugh at the question or to tell the truth, the door opened again, and little Kumazami was fairly hurled into the temple. The tapers were almost blown out, the painting slapped back and forth; a frowning priest snapped an order, and one of the novices bolted the door, finally locking it with an immense key. This he took to the priest who had spoken, who tucked it up his wide sleeve.

"No more company," Bill said. He paused. "Cochrane's probably all right." He didn't want to say that, but he had to say it.

KUMAZAMI exclaimed, "Cochrane are too smart. How much he get from you?"

"Not what I should have given him. Oh, well, maybe we'll meet again some day."

This was beyond Kumazami. "It costing me yen two, trying game he show me," he said.

"Maybe his horses needed hay."

The little Japanese puzzled over this. Then he said, "Horse. *Uma?* Not so! *Uma* are not, but bad men are. Go with Cochrane, many praces. They are for assistance. He have many . . . how-you-say? . . many scheme for get money without work." Slyly, "I sink he try scheme on you?"

Bill glanced at Marianna, but she was observing the tip of her shoe.

"It didn't work on me," said Bill.

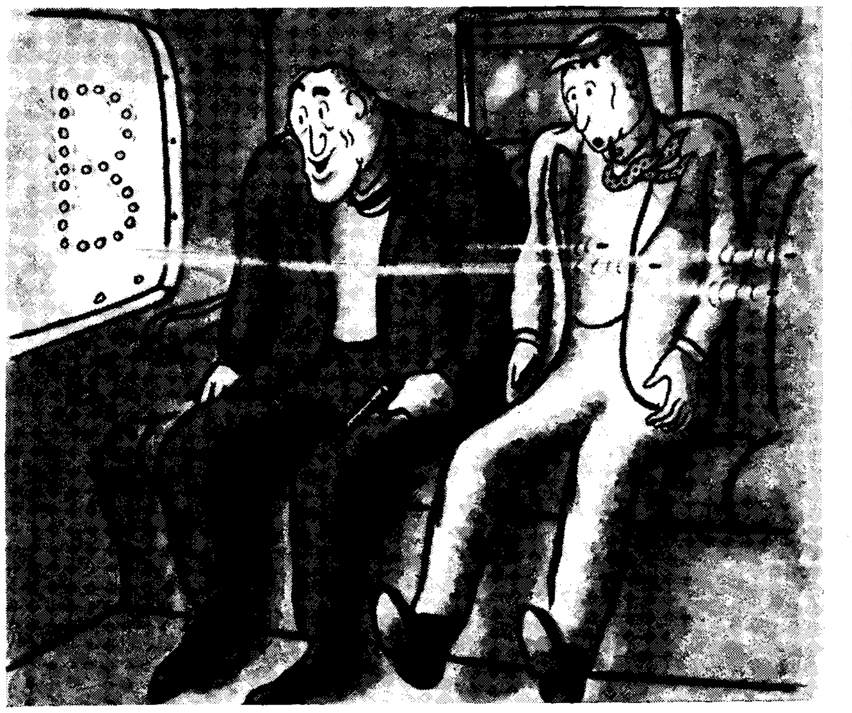
Kumazami rubbed his hands together. "I are gave him two yen," he repeated. "But now I not caring. No. In morning I are correcting bets. Rich odds for me because you win. *Hai!* Very nice!"

Bill looked at Marianna. "Too bad you didn't bet."

Marianna was smiling. "I," she said, "am going to collect, anyway."

"What—what are you going to collect?"

"*You*," said Marianna.



"Y' can't get sore at that guy Butch. He's got such a way of doin' things"

Laurence Reynolds

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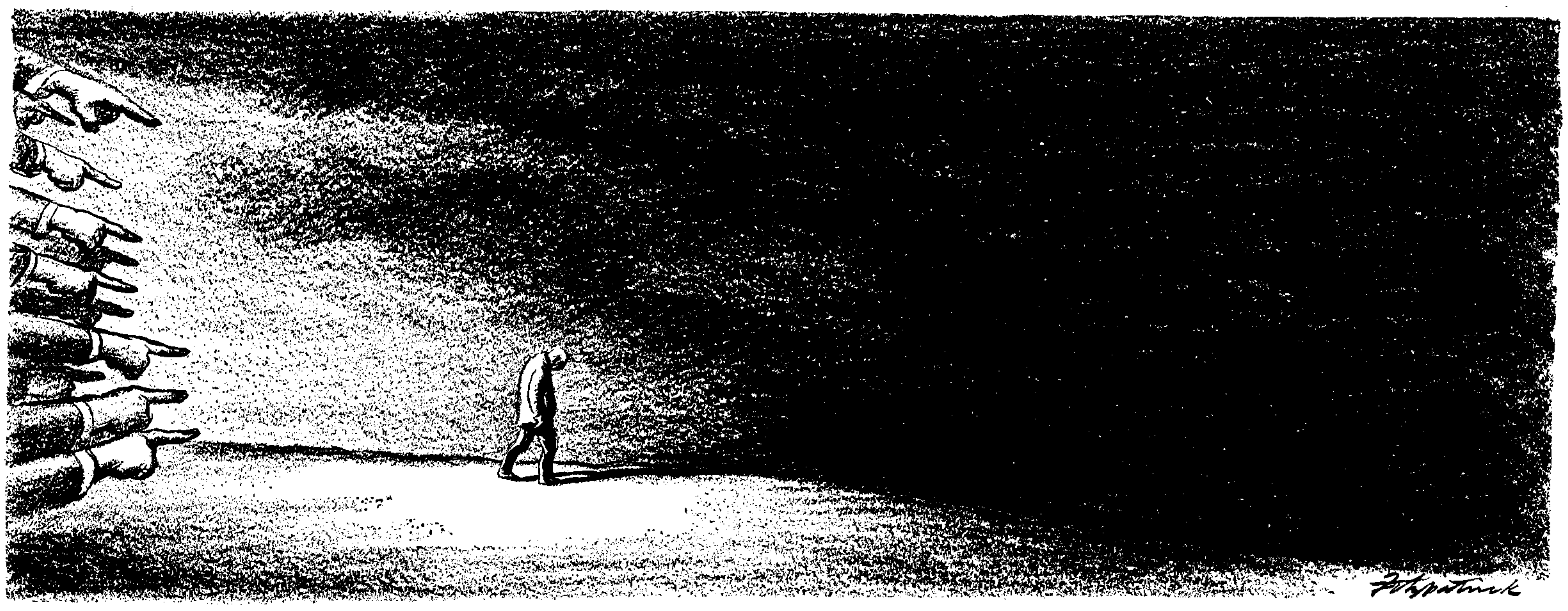

The Tragedy of Insull

SAMUEL INSULL'S shabby tragedy writes the last pages of a closing chapter in the history of our business life.

A forlorn old man, weak, petulant, a fugitive from the laws of his adopted land, the former utility magnate is now sounding the depths of personal misery. His cowardice deprived him even of the sympathy which ordinarily the unfortunate enjoy even when they are criminals.

Four long years ago Samuel Insull was the dominant citizen of Chicago. Seventy years old, he was a conspicuous example of business success. He had come to the United States a poor immigrant. Industry and ability had carried him to the top.

Insull came to America to be secretary to Thomas Edison. The electrical industry was on the verge of a great development and magnificent opportunities lay before ambitious men. Samuel Insull was ambitious and quickly he began to advance.

During his early years in Chicago men spoke well of him. He never had many friends but he had admirers. He managed his growing electrical companies with such skill that rate controversies were avoided. If he had died twenty years ago, he would have been remembered as one of the powerful pioneers of his business generation.

Power came to him because of his achievements and he turned to politics and finance to consolidate and to expand that power. The ambitious boy had become a domineering man who allowed not even common honesty to stand between him and the accomplishment of his designs.

The wretched government which Chicago endured when William Hale Thompson was mayor was largely Samuel Insull's doing. His contributions influenced numerous elections in the city and in the state and the influence was utterly bad. Insull lived in great state, far removed, apparently, from the sordid intrigues of a festering city government, but his was the will which put malodorous men into office.

His influence spread and wherever it went evil resulted. He was the man behind the effort to poison the springs of public opinion by injecting partisan propaganda into the schools and colleges.

No man in his generation did more to injure the industry he stupidly imagined he was defending. The corrupt alliance between such utility operators and their political agents is at the bottom of the vast popular revolt which is now demanding the building of publicly owned utilities.

Because public utilities are legally created monopolies, they are of necessity subject to governmental control. Samuel Insull and his type sought to make these governmental agencies subservient, hoping thus to escape regulation. No more shortsighted policy was ever undertaken. Crooked operators have done in this way more injury to the utilities industry than the worst foes of the corporations could possibly have accomplished.

Insull's financial operations were, however, the final cause of his collapse. A skillful operator, he was a poor financier. Stupidity and a dull conscience led him to the transactions for which he was indicted in the criminal courts. Hundreds of thousands of investors were made poorer by his chicanery. Old people, women and children were deprived of support because of the failure of his enterprises.

As the full story of the unscrupulous methods he pursued was unfolded, everyone who knew him turned against him. Even when his dishonesty was exposed he might, however, have saved himself from the ignominy which came upon him.

Had he had the courage to face his accusers in court and trust his fate to a jury, he might have gone to prison but certainly he would not have been despised as he now is. But the man who lacks the courage to face the bar of justice has no admirers or friends.

So we have the picture of the man who was called king in Chicago running to the far corners of the earth to escape the vengeance of the law. Escape was of course impossible. In all this world there is no place in which Samuel Insull could hide. Lesser offenders can disappear but not a broken king. His very notoriety made concealment impossible. His conduct forbade sympathy. Few men have ever been more alone than he is.

What punishment the courts finally mete out to the broken magnate matters little. Seventy-four years old, shattered in health, his expectation of life is not great. Prison can add little to the disgrace which already has been visited upon him. As a man he is finished. As a symbol he will long be remembered.

The public utilities industry in particular and business in general will prosper as it repudiates all that Samuel Insull embodied during the last years of his active business life.

The covert alliance between government officials and business seeking political favors must be ended if business is to have any assurance of future stability. Honesty is not only the best policy, it is the only one which offers any safety.

More than that, the greedy merging of company with company in the hope of luring investors to finance corporations which cannot reasonably be expected to pay dividends is definitely dead. Insull's frantic operations made possible the Securities Act. Outraged public opinion demanded protection from the Insulls of the future.

Eagerly the immigrant boy came to these shores nearly fifty years ago to find opportunity and fortune. He found both. He betrayed the vast responsibilities reposed in him and he ran away a fugitive from justice. Once more he comes to these shores, reluctantly now, an old man in chains. For him there is no more opportunity. For those able to learn from his sins and follies the world is wide open.

WHY TAKE A CHANCE...

When you buy Motor Oil for your car

INSIST ON CANNED OIL

In New York City the American Automobile Association, through its Contest Board, recently made a check to find out what chance the motorist has of getting the oil he pays for.

More than a hundred calls were made at filling stations by agents in the guise of ordinary car owners. Their cars were specially equipped to trap the oil that was bought so it could later be analyzed.

The results proved startling: 63% of the purchases were not as represented. Sometimes the investigators were given the wrong grade. Sometimes it was a cheaper oil. Some of the purchases were diluted or mixed with inferior oils. And some of them were found to be short measure.

This test confirms that there's only one way to be absolutely sure of the motor oil you buy. That is: Insist on Canned Oil.

When you buy motor oil in a refinery-sealed can, you know exactly what you're getting. You know that the oil goes into your engine just as pure and fine as it left the refinery. No chance for short measure. No possibility of adulteration or substitution. Right before your eyes the refinery-sealed can is punctured and poured directly into your engine. You know you get *what* you pay for and *all* you pay for, every time. So why take a chance? Insist on canned oil as offered by leading refiners.

Before—The hermetically sealed can guarantees that the oil reaches you just as it left the refinery.

After—The punctured can is so badly mutilated that it is rendered unfit for further use.

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY

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"NERVE STRAIN? I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, TOO, MR. FENCER"

RUSSELL J. WOODMAN, who routes 300 trains in and out of New York every day, *says:*

"Mistakes are 'out' as far as this job is concerned. There just can't be any. I know what nerve strain is—and I need healthy nerves as much as a champion fencer. I agree with you about Camels. Camels are full of *real flavor!* They never taste flat or 'sweetish.' And I *know* they don't upset my nerves."

JOSEPH VINCE, Director, the *Salle d'Armes Vince*, and former U. S. Sabre Champion, ***says:***

"Nothing brings out the true condition of nerves more than fencing. I eat sensibly—get my full amount of sleep—and smoke Camels. I smoke as steadily as I wish. Camels give me more enjoyment because of their mildness and better taste. *They never get on my nerves.*"

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How Are Your Nerves?

"Jangled nerves" are easy to see in others. But how about ourselves? Watch for such signs as these in yourself—ring-twirling, nail-biting, jumping at sudden noises, finger-twiddling—frowning.

So check up on yourself now. Go over your eating habits—your sleeping—your recreation. And for your cigarettes—turn to Camels.

☛ **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes.**

Millions of smokers have found that they can enjoy Camels freely—smoke *more* than formerly—and that this mild, rich-tasting cigarette *never jangles the nerves!*

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CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES...NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE